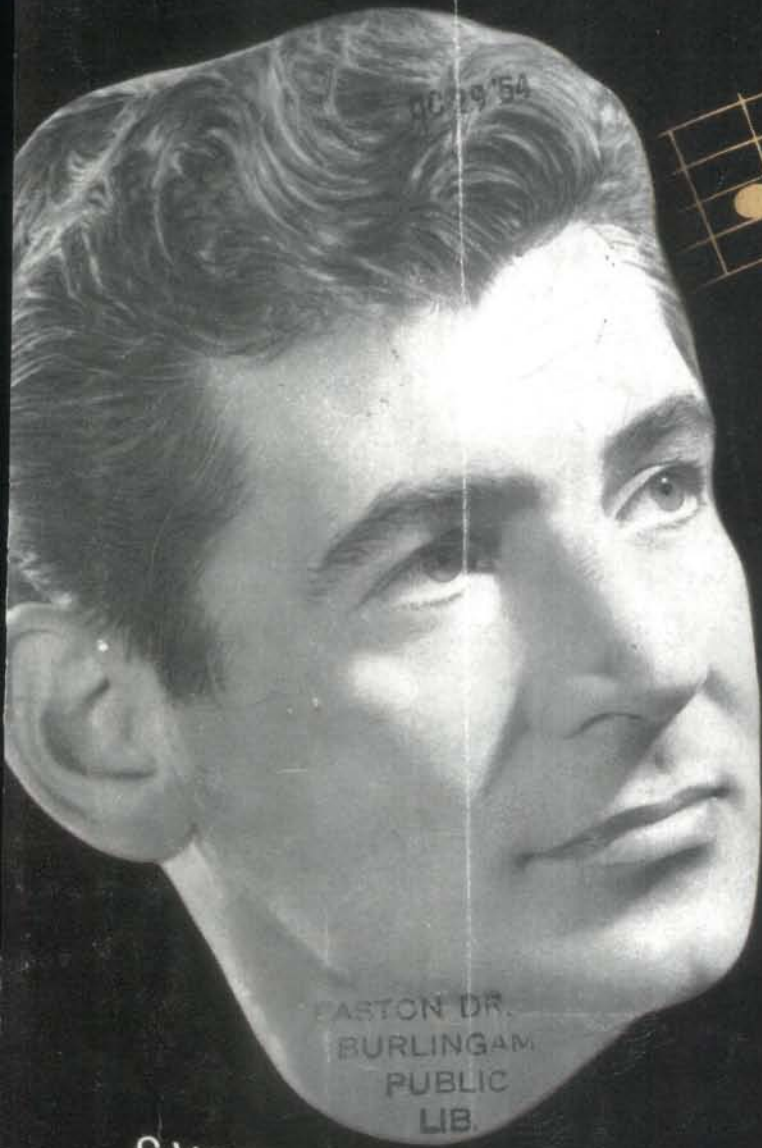


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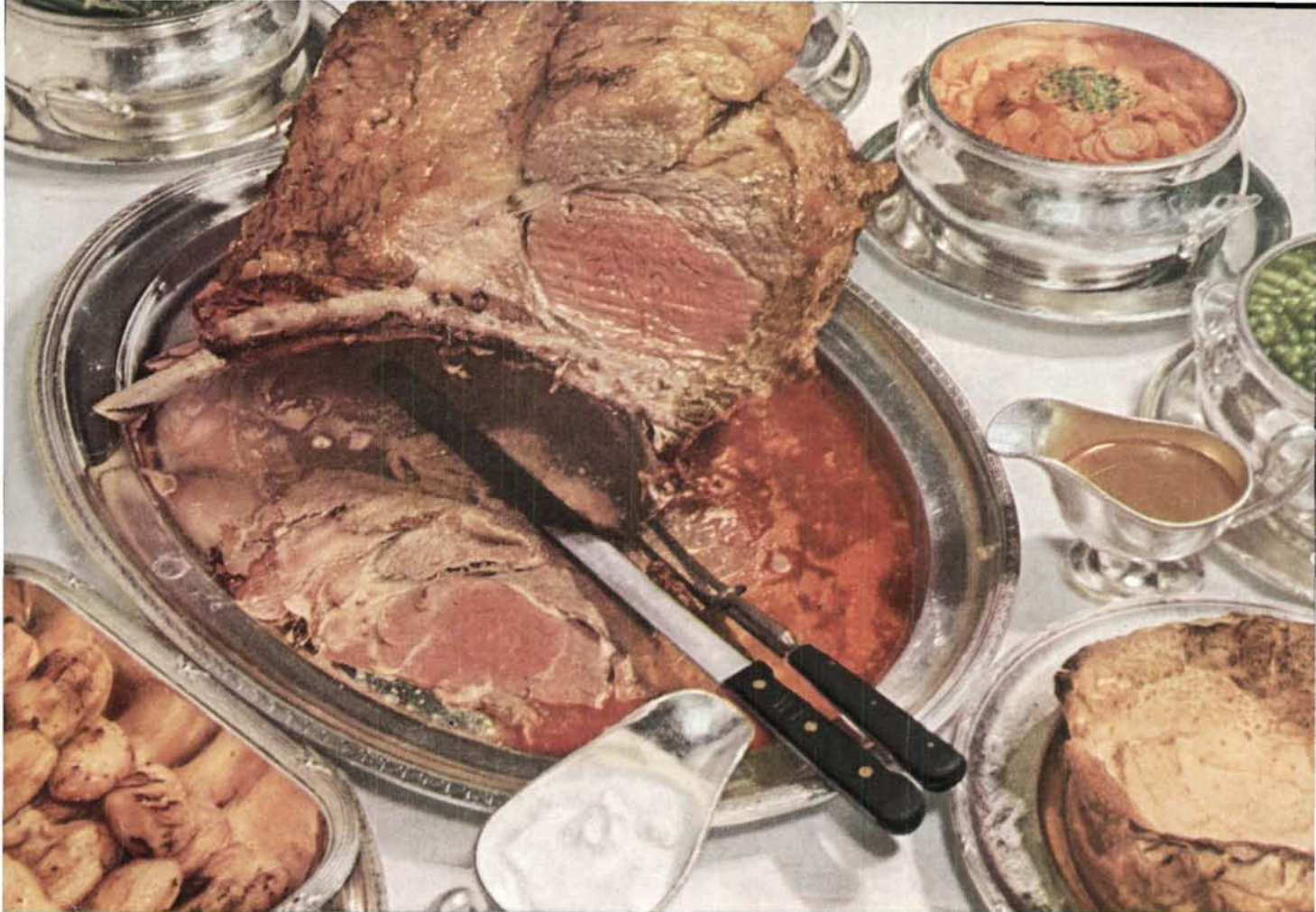
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"When you have to kill a man it costs nothing to be polite"



It was the evening of December 7, 1941, in London. Churchill was relaxing at a table with his American friends, Ambassador Winant and Averell Harriman. When he turned on his wireless set for a regular news broadcast he heard something said about Japan attacking American territory. He at once put in a call to the White House.

"In two or three minutes Mr. Roosevelt came through. 'Mr. President, what's this about Japan?' 'It's quite true,' the President replied. 'They have attacked us at Pearl Harbor. We are all in the same boat now.'"

The very next day Churchill wrote the Japanese Ambassador to inform him that their countries were at war. He recalls that some people criticized him for the "ceremonial" style he used in his letter. "But after all," comments Churchill, "when you have to kill a man it costs nothing to be polite."

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President Roosevelt tried to make a joke of it by offering the compromise plan that only 49,000 be shot. When Elliott Roosevelt made a speech on the subject agreeing with Stalin, Churchill left the table in a huff. He was at once followed by Stalin and Molotov, grinning and eagerly declaring they were only playing, that nothing of a serious character had entered Stalin's head.

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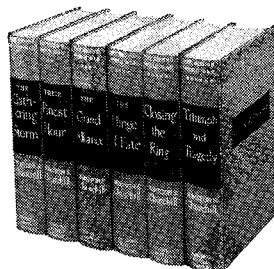
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today



Washington



AMERICANS are facing the probable break of a tradition as old as the nation. Universal military training was commonly viewed here as the mark of the garrison state even before ancestors of many of us began emigrating from their European homelands to escape that system. But experts whose full-time job is to feel the public pulse agree that there has been a sweeping change of sentiment. A majority of Americans, they say, now favor some form of UMT although its opponents continue to be vocal.

Most of our people are unaware that the existing law provides for eight years' military service. The act which Congress passed in 1951 stipulated that a draftee, after two years' service, was to undergo training for another six years; a volunteer, after four years in uniform, was to pass another four years in the reserve. However, this law created a special commission to recommend methods for operating UMT. When the commission reported, many lawmakers at the Capitol glanced over their shoulders and fancied they saw the faces of angry and anxious mothers. So Congress shoved the commission's report into a drawer and there it has reposed, leaving this 1951 legislation dead.

Now President Eisenhower has publicly declared we must build a strong, ready military reserve. He has promised that this will be one of the first items submitted to the Congress next year.

It doesn't need a military historian to remind us of the evolution of the manpower problem. From the Civil War through the conflict with Spain and the First World War, training was focused on individual physical endurance and on concerted mass action. Today sheer muscle is a minor asset.

Skill has become all-important. All the way from the engineer on an atomic-powered submarine to the plain company cook, modern war is pitched on technological refinements. So the plan which the President will ask Congress to enact into law will be designed to provide continuous schooling in many skills that can be mobilized swiftly.

The Eisenhower Administration, like the Truman Administration before it, has decided the feast-or-famine approach to the manpower problem must end. The government was yielding to an irresistible demand for demobilization in cutting U.S. armed forces from a 1945 peak of 12,300,000 to an eve-of-Korea low of 1,458,000. During the Korean War the total swung back to 3,685,054. Now it's about 3,300,000 and is due to recede to some 3,037,000 by mid-1955, the bulk of this further cut to be taken by the Army.

Two years are not enough

The facts may be unpalatable, says the Pentagon, but they are clear. The present two years' selective service has proved inadequate for basic training and education in atomic, radar, and other techniques that now form the backbone of the forces. If volunteers were coming forward in abundance, the problem would be manageable. They aren't. In the Air Force, for instance, the re-enlistment rate in the past four years fell from 66 to about 30 per cent, and at bases with the poorest living conditions it slumped to 6 per cent.

The recent Congress partly corrected one cause of the high percentage of men leaving the services — namely, that the government had been making it more alluring to quit the forces than to stay. For example, until lately a man re-enlisting in an Air

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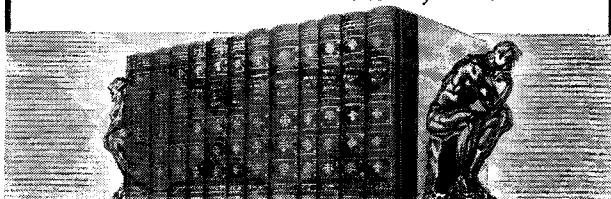
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The Atlantic Report on Washington



Force radar unit got \$650 maximum bonus. If the same man chose to go to college, get married, and buy a home, he could be entitled to a total exceeding \$5000 in government benefits for *not* re-enlisting. New legislation has somewhat diminished such inequities. But the Department of Defense insists that it is impossible properly to man the armed forces from the product of two years' selective service and from badly lagging enlistments.

The manpower dilemma is the more serious because in another war we would almost certainly be denied the couple of years and more we had in 1917, and again in 1941, for intensive build-up mobilization. Where are the allies who could hold off the enemy for anything like such a period in the age of atomic and hydrogen warfare? Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson summed it up bluntly some weeks ago when he warned the nation: "If we got into a war right now, our reserve set-up would be a scandal."

A trained and ready reserve

What does the Eisenhower Administration intend to do about the manpower situation? Last summer the Department of Defense and the Office of Defense Mobilization presented to the National Security Council alternative plans for creating a large reserve of trained, ready troops. Details have not been revealed for the sound reason that some await completion, but the new program's essentials can be described.

Expiration of the present Selective Service Act next June 30 sets an approximate deadline. Secretary Wilson proposes to place the new reserve forces project before Congress in January or February. He said he is aiming at adoption of this legislation by April 1.

Administration leaders are shunning the label of universal military training. Old controversies and phobias cling to that name. Senior men at the Pentagon in talking with their friends admit, though, that if their plan isn't UMT, it's something very similar. Secretary Wilson told a news conference that the proposed law should encompass service by almost all young men in the country.

Robert Stevens, Secretary of the Army, put it like this: "For the first time in our history we are faced by the necessity of maintaining in peacetime comparatively large armed forces ready for immediate action." He said candidly that this will multiply the problems of all Americans, especially those in their formative years.

The plan foresees continuance of the draft and contemplates a minimum eight-year service obligation, part active, part reserve. What is new, above all, is that under the pending scheme men would be drafted for the reserve forces. In contrast to the 1951 project, enforcement this time would not only be included on paper but would be applied.

One idea favored by the Pentagon would make reinduction into active service the penalty for failure to report for reserve training. With variations the norm would be for reservists to participate in a certain number of weekly drill periods or technical schooling and spend two weeks in a summer camp. Those in rural districts, where weekly drills are less feasible, would have to spend four weeks in camp. The entire program would create total armed forces of roughly 6,100,000, about equally divided between active and reserve men immediately mobilizable.

More mobile divisions

There is another change being seriously considered at the Pentagon: a cut in the standard size of the division. What is envisaged is reduction of the army division from its present 18,000 to somewhere between 14,000 and 15,000. The decision on this rests with General Matthew B. Ridgway, Army Chief of Staff, who has been putting two experimental divisions through tests. At stake here are new structural and tactical methods for fighting a nuclear war. Advantages claimed for the smaller division are greater mobility, lessened attraction as an atomic target, and the opportunity to train more officers in positions of command.

All these developments are the sequel to conclusions which the Joint Chiefs of Staff reached almost a year ago. That was when American military policy ceased working towards a peak year of war danger — 1954 — and set its course for the long pull of ten, twenty, or more years of armed world truce.

Bad guessing in foreign policy

We seem overdue for a correspondingly purposeful reassessment of foreign policy, judging by our glaring miscalculations in that field. On September 30, 1953, Washington announced that besides \$400 million which the U.S. was already devoting to the war in Indochina in that single fiscal year, it was allotting a further \$385 million to finance the Navarre plan. This was the two-year program mainly to enlarge and equip Vietnamese forces. On the day this new American contribution was made known, a group of newsmen in the nation's

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capital were authoritatively informed that the Navarre plan would break the enemy's backbone in Indochina.

Four months later, despite growing skepticism in many quarters, Defense Secretary Wilson declared at a press conference that our friends' victory in Indochina was both possible and probable. Around the world, doubts were becoming broader and deeper, but in March, 1954, the chairman of our Joint Chiefs of Staff, Admiral Arthur Radford, proclaimed his belief in the coming defeat of the Communist-led forces in Indochina.

Last spring as Allied disaster edged closer at Dienbienphu, Secretary of State Dulles indicated that this fateful battle was a stroke of good fortune for the French and their comrades-in-arms. "Dienbienphu is an outpost where only a very small percentage of the French Union forces are engaged," Mr. Dulles said, "but where a very considerable percentage of the forces of the Vietminh is engaged."

Six weeks before the catastrophic battle was to inflict defeat on the

American-supported armies, Mr. Dulles publicly predicted that within a year the war in Indochina would turn decisively in favor of the anti-Communists. He added a postscript on May 11, four days after Dienbienphu's fall. On that day, with masterful understatement, the Secretary of State told a news conference that recent events had "somewhat shaken the will to carry out the Navarre plan."

The record in Europe parallels this misjudgment in Asia. Livingston Merchant, Assistant Secretary of State for European Affairs and a man on whom the Administration leaned heavily in shaping transatlantic policy, is on record with the following public pronouncements in spring and summer of this year: —

On April 8 before the House Foreign Affairs Committee, he forecast outright that France would ratify the European Army treaty. On June 14 he testified in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, confidently describing the chances of French parliamentary approval for EDC as "never better than they are today." Finally,

on July 8, Mr. Merchant conveyed to the House Appropriations Committee the fresh encouragement he drew from Premier Mendès-France's pledge to see that the French National Assembly would act definitively on the treaty. Brought to a vote in parliament, the treaty would pass, the Assistant Secretary told this Congressional committee. A man of integrity and charm, Mr. Merchant was expressing the Administration's sincerely held belief.

The only State Department official known to have questioned both the chances and wisdom of EDC was the Deputy Under Secretary, the Department's highest-ranking career diplomat, Robert Murphy. This may explain why, after EDC lay in ruins following its defeat in the French parliament, the Administration chose Mr. Murphy to fly to London and to the EDC capitals to help determine the next moves.

An impartial foreign policy balance sheet for 1954 will of course also register gains. Among them are these: creation, under United States auspices, of the Turkish-Pakistani alliance as the hub of a new alignment on the Soviet Union's southern flank; American finesse in achieving settlement of the oil conflict between Britain and Iran; American assistance in facilitating the Anglo-Egyptian agreement on the Suez Canal Zone.

Apathy toward SEATO

The relative apathy with which the public has received the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization — SEATO — has caused some murmurs of disappointment in the State Department. The theme of much comment was: "SEATO is a positive accomplishment, but —" Its champions saw in it a telling warning to the Communists to keep off the grass beyond their present limits. It would impose fresh restraint on any gambling instinct in Moscow and Peiping, said the treaty's advocates. A further argument advanced in its favor was that the pact reaffirms the existing obligation of each party to resist aggression and that it does this beyond the reach of the Soviet veto.

Shrewder diplomats abstained from indulging in extravagant claims for SEATO. Admittedly, it is full of escape clauses. It fell short of the Philippine-Thailand desire for agree-

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ment on automatic action against an attacker and committed the signatories only to consult.

Soviet propaganda overplayed its hand by suggesting that SEATO is simply a device for harnessing Asian raw-material supplies to the United States arms industry. More discomfiting was Nehru's charge that the West was trying to settle Asia's destiny over the heads of the Asians. Some sustenance seemed to be given this thesis by emergence of the final treaty text from an American draft incorporating British amendments.

At one stage of last summer's secret conversations, the British government and certain American experts thought it would be preferable to omit Pakistan from SEATO unless one or more other nations which are members of Britain's Colombo Pact (India, Burma, Indonesia, Ceylon) could also be brought in. Inclusion of Pakistan alone, it was feared, would further alienate India from the West and put a new strain on Indian-Pakistani relations. The United States and Britain then decided to risk those disadvantages rather than have the Philippines and Thailand as the only Asians in this otherwise White Man's Club. Indeed, when delegates of the eight participating countries signed the treaty in Manila, the absence of India, Burma, Indonesia, and Ceylon underscored our weakness in Asia.

If with the passing of time the treaty should succeed in attracting those Southeast and South Asian states which declined to come to Manila, the critics will be stultified. On the other hand, they will be fortified in their criticism if the new alliance and Pakistan's inclusion in it should cause India to veer from neutralism towards hostility to the United States. The non-Communist world could ill afford to see almost half a billion more people of India, Indonesia, and Burma inch closer to Red China.

Mood of the Capital

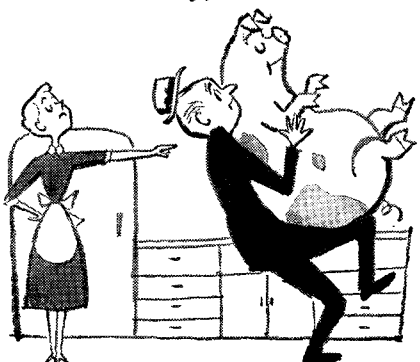
Whatever flaws may have appeared in our foreign relations in recent months can certainly not be ascribed to military weakness. American armed forces are at a record peacetime high of strength and efficiency. The probable creation of a great military reserve will further buttress this impressive power.

Mr. Perkins buys a pig

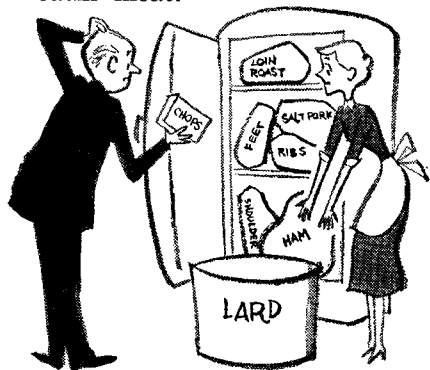
—and gets some first-hand information on what the American meat packing industry does to earn its keep.



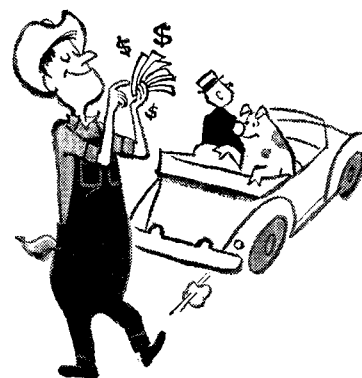
1. "Why is it," Mr. Perkins asked his wife, "that you pay more than twice as much for pork chops as porkers are bringing on the farm? We will buy a whole pig—have pork chops more often and save a lot of money, too."



3. There is quite a bit of difference between pork on the hoof and pork in the refrigerator. He had to hire somebody to turn the pig into eatin' meat.



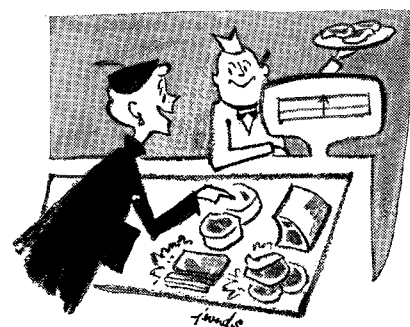
5. After cutting up, the 180 lbs. of pork had shrunk to only 135 lbs. of meat cuts—only 10 lbs. of which were center cut chops. The hams still had to be cured, bacon smoked and sliced, sausage made.



2. So Mr. P. drove to the country, bought a very choice 240-lb. pig (he hadn't known they ran so big). He also found out that...



4. When it was dressed, his 240-lb. pig had shrunk to only 180 lbs. It still had to be turned into kitchen cuts by somebody skilled at that sort of thing.



6. "I much prefer to be able to pick and choose just the cuts I want—when I want them," said Mrs. Perkins. "With packers and retailers on the job, I know any cut I want will be available when I want it."

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The Middle East

FROM the moment when American diplomats assumed the role of intermediaries in the disputes over British bases in Egypt and British oil holdings in Iran, it was inevitable that the United States would continue to be involved for its own sake in the resolution and aftermath of these negotiations. In Egypt, where the agreement on evacuation of British forces from the Canal Zone was signed late in July, the government of the Council of the Revolution scarcely paused for breath before calling on Washington to honor President Eisenhower's year-old promise of economic and military aid.

In Iran, a series of emergency loans from Washington kept the government of General Fazlollah Zahedi from total bankruptcy while the oil negotiations were going on. Further loans are now necessary to keep Iran going until revenue from oil begins to come in again in 1955.

In other potential trouble spots, such as Iraq, the United States is attempting to bolster the defenses of the pro-Western regime of Premier Nuri al-Said with military aid and arms. In Jordan the Foreign Operations Administration has begun to channel some \$8 million into the country's anemic economic system. This first direct cash grant to an Arab state from Washington will go into development of local resources, road construction, and water projects that are beyond Jordan's means but are essential to keep her from going bankrupt.

This grant is distinct from technical aid funds which Jordan and all receptive Middle East countries have been getting since 1951. Both types of assistance continue to go to Israel, which has had \$6 million in technical aid from the United States, \$209 million in cash grants, and an Export-Import Bank loan of \$135 million since 1946.

Back of this policy of expanding economic aid to the Middle East as a whole is the conviction in Washington that the area is becoming increasingly subject to Soviet attention and pressure. As former Assistant Secretary of State Byroade has put it, "The more Russia's aggressive moves are stalemated in Europe and the Far East, the more danger grows for the Middle East." It is Byroade's thesis

that insecurity anywhere can affect our own security; and that in the Middle East there is a chance of building up a security system *before*, rather than after, the outbreak of trouble. A policy of prophylaxis, therefore, was developed during Byroade's tenure as Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern, African, and Asian Affairs.

It has been clear, for example, that the rise of an indigenous, non-Communist revolutionary government in Egypt offered a great opportunity to recast relationships between Egypt and the West. Fortunately, Foreign Secretary Eden and Secretary of State Dulles recognized early that the leaders of this revolution are men of modern mind interested in dealing with present-day realities. It was recognized, too, that until the new government could reach a settlement of Egypt's long-standing demands in the Sudan and the Canal Zone, it would not be possible to interest it in external defense arrangements which the West believes to be urgent.

Aid without pacts

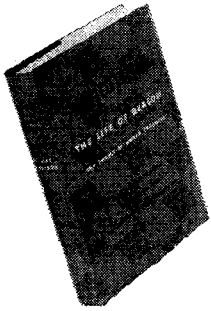
Given the agreements which have finally been reached on the Sudan and Suez, it is still unlikely that formal security ties with the West may come soon. On this point Premier Gamal Nasser pleads for patience, pointing out that throughout history treaties and alliances have meant domination to the peoples of the Middle East. Hence premature agitation for pacts now will be used by extremists of left and right to stir up hatred against the West.

Nevertheless Nasser has stated unequivocally his opposition to both these extremist groups. The actions of his government in suppressing both the Communists and the fanatics of the Moslem Brotherhood, who oppose the Suez agreement and any *rapprochement* with the West, indicate clearly the trend of his intentions. On this basis the United States and Britain are gambling that the Council of the Revolution will continue to carry out its program of strengthening its defenses and reforming the country's social structure, and they are now making arms and economic aid available to Egypt. The army of 50,000 is to be expanded to some 500,000 and, aided by Western arms, it will take up defense of the Canal Zone as soon as possible.

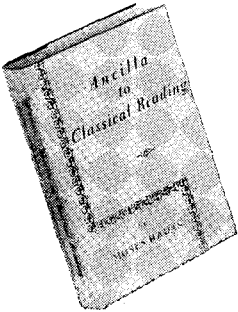
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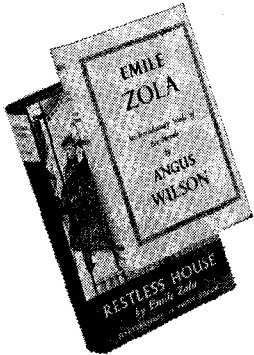
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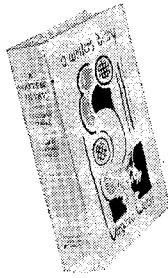
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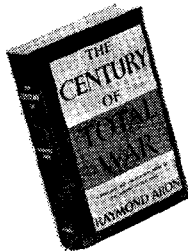
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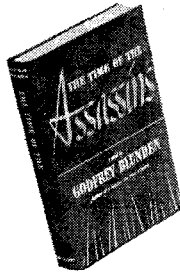
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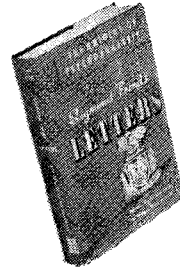
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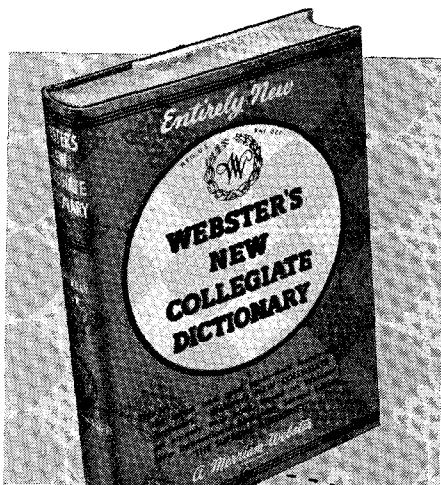
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Equally important from the Egyptian point of view are the securing of economic aid and the attraction of foreign capital to speed up an ambitious program of industrial expansion. Colonel Nasser and his Council seem to recognize clearly that with the Suez problem solved there is no longer a convenient British scapegoat on the political scene. They must now deal with the second of the two revolutions of which Nasser has written so eloquently in his book, *The Philosophy of the Revolution*. Now that Egypt has been freed from external "tyranny," the Council must free it from its staggering poverty.

The first step to this end was the enactment and immediate execution of the land reform law, which has proceeded with novel speed and efficiency during the last two years. The co-operative movement is being pushed to give new landholders a means of marketing their crops. Wheat production has been increased and the cotton market stabilized. The laws regulating foreign investment in Egypt have been amended to attract foreign capital. Sufficient inducements now exist, for example, to make it worth while for a new group of American oil companies to take up the search for oil in the Sinai district.

Next on the program is a project to develop 2 million new acres of farm land by putting up a 475-foot dam at Aswan on the upper Nile to create the largest reservoir in the world. The search for funds for this ambitious scheme is already on. Meanwhile direct economic aid from the United States is available for the first time, in the amount of some \$20 million which has been held in escrow during the Suez negotiations. These funds will be used for highway and railroad development, which have a high priority on Egypt's list of needed improvements.

Already under way is a land reclamation project in the Faiyum area, jointly financed by American TCA funds and the Egyptian government under the direction of the Egyptian-American Rural Improvement Services (EARIS).

There are no strings to the aid Egypt is receiving in these various fields except that military aid there as elsewhere in the region must not be used for aggression. This stipulation

conforms to the 1950 Tripartite Declaration by Britain, the United States, and France guaranteeing the armistice lines with Israel. Nevertheless it was inevitable that Israel should look upon the departure of British troops from the Canal Zone with a paradoxical regret, since they provided a very real insurance against possible attack from Egypt.

Washington's attitude changes

The prospect of a greatly strengthened military force in Egypt and the realization that the Western powers are now helping other Arab states to build up their defenses have created a crisis in Israel which no amount of diplomatic reassurance in London and Washington has been able to calm. At the least, a reappraisal of its actual position in the Middle East will be forced on Israel; at the worst, its extremist elements, those who want to "march to Damascus," will attempt to overthrow the moderate Sharett government.

It needs to be understood that fundamental United States support of Israel has not been withdrawn. At the same time a shift has taken place in Washington to a position of even-handed treatment of all countries in what is now regarded as a highly critical danger zone for the entire free world.

The most definite sign of this shift in policy is the Administration's determination to ameliorate the Arab refugee situation by means of developing new agricultural land in the Jordan River basin. On the Arab side there has been a reversal of the policy of negativism which has refused all attempts to solve this problem through UN agencies. Egypt has taken the lead recently in promoting some practical division of the Jordan waters among the four countries adjacent to the river—Syria, Jordan, Israel, and Lebanon.

This new note of realism about Israel as a fixture on the landscape may help the other Arab states to reach the same conclusion. Much hard bargaining lies ahead on this question and on a practical redrawing of the borders which must precede any real peace with Israel.

Nasser builds his fences

Egypt's pivotal position has been dramatized further in the recent

travels of Colonel Nasser and his fellow Council members to all the Arab capitals. Plainly Nasser believes that he has a mission to draw the Arabs closer together in a defense arrangement which may give some sort of substance to the paper plans which have piled up so long in Cairo, Damascus, and Bagdad.

One of his suggestions for cementing good relations seems particularly significant as an evidence of the modern attitude among young Moslems. Visiting Mecca on the annual pilgrimage in August, he proposed to King Saud of Arabia that the annual hadj be used as an occasion for assembling the leaders of all Islamic states to consider political problems which are common to all of them.

Equally novel is a report that these two leaders laid out a program of Islamic missionary work to be conducted in Africa under the auspices of Al Azhar University. Nasser's own description of the pilgrimage sounds a new and bold note: "Our view of the Pilgrimage must change. It should not only be regarded as a ticket of admission into Paradise. . . . It should become an institution of great political power and significance."

These views of Islam are not unique with Nasser. Current studies now going on with the object of relating the Sharia law to the conditions of modern life in the Levant countries are part of the same modern trend. An eclectic system of legislation is being evolved, borrowing precedents which fit present-day situations from whatever Islamic sources can be found. Thus the reconciliation of an Eastern way of life and philosophy with Western techniques and services may be on the way.

Russia's propaganda offensive

It is somewhat startling to hear the new leadership in the U.S.S.R. reviving the campaign against religion and singling out Islam for attack. A recent talk broadcast by Ashkhabad radio in Turkmen, entitled "Islam and Its Reactionary Role," attacked "the remnants of capitalism displayed in fasting and observing Bairam as a Moslem festival." The real complaint back of this attack seems to have been that agricultural work was hindered by these ritual practices in the workers' paradise of Turkmenistan. Nevertheless the attack seems ill timed if

But Why Don't YOU Pray To The Saints?

Praying to the Saints, we know, is almost solely a Catholic practice.

Many other people, it seems, regard the practice as silly, futile and even idolatrous. They imagine that all prayers must be addressed directly to God, and that there is no need for such intercessors and mediators as Saints. Indeed, some seem to think that the Catholic veneration of the Saints is in opposition to the doctrine that Christ is the one Mediator between God and man.

If it is hard for others to understand why Catholics pray to the Saints, it is equally hard for Catholics to understand why other Christians do *not* so pray. It is a custom which has been observed in the Church since the time of the Apostles. Its merits are clearly indicated in both the Old Testament and the New, and Catholics the world over can testify that God does, indeed, listen with special favor to the prayers addressed to Him in our behalf by His friends, the Saints.

It sounds illogical to Catholics to recite in the Apostles' Creed, "I believe in . . . the Communion of Saints . . ." and then to scoff at prayer to the Saints. The difficulty, it seems to us, is that there is confusion concerning just what the Saints are. There is certainly confusion concerning the Catholic attitude toward Saints, and Catholic customs with respect to them.

Belief in the Saints depends upon the conviction that we can help one another with our prayers. Catholics have no doubt about this. We read, for example, in Genesis, God's instructions to Abimelech to ask Abraham to pray for him: "He shall pray for thee, and thou shalt live" (Gen. 20: 7,17).

God had mercy on the children of Israel because Moses prayed for them. At another time God said "...and my servant Job shall pray for you; for him I will accept" (Job 42:8). The new

Testament contains equally convincing testimony. St. Paul asks repeatedly for the prayers of the faithful. In the Epistle of St. James, we find: "And pray one for another that ye may be healed" (Jas. 5:16).

If God heeds the prayers offered by sinful mortals in behalf of one another, how much more surely will he listen to his friends, the Saints in Heaven, who are in a position to know the needs expressed in our prayers to them? If the individual appeal "of one for another" is heard in Heaven, how much more certainly will God hearken to the swelling chorus of prayer rising up from the "communion of the faithful" in Heaven and on earth? And if the Saints in Heaven are not concerned for us, why should there "be joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth" (Luke 15:10)?

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the U.S.S.R. is hopeful of wooing the Arab masses, as its activities in the Middle East seem to indicate.

In direct diplomatic exchanges with Egypt and Iran, Soviet protests against any alliance between these states and the new defense partnership of Turkey and Pakistan have been firmly rebuffed. But in the Levant countries along the Mediterranean there is evidence of a stepped-up propaganda offensive.

In Iraq this offensive is focused on the Kurdish tribes in the north. Further south there have appeared this year, for the first time, propaganda tracts inviting the Kuwaitis and the Bahreinis in the Persian Gulf to rise up against "the intruders and supporters of imperialism." A "Society of the Free" in Bahrein has appealed to the leftist Voice of the Arabs broadcaster in Cairo to spread its appeal. Fortunately the answer to these inflammatory efforts is at hand in Bahrein and Kuwait, where model welfare states are being built with oil revenue.

Across the Gulf in Saudi Arabia the danger to the established regime of King Saud seems more likely to come from within. The new king has made the customary tour of the country, meeting tribal leaders and as many desert people as possible. In Riyadh he is attempting to reorganize the government on a national rather than a family basis. The most important victim of this reform has been former Finance Minister Abdullah Suleiman, now pensioned off after a unique career as arbiter of all Saudi finances during the reign of Ibn Saud.

Other indications of impending change are the offer to the public, for the first time, of shares in a new fisheries company which a concessionaire company had hoped to operate on the traditional privileged lines. The fundamental problem of channeling the benefits of oil revenue down to the citizenry remains to be solved. There are indications, however, that the younger educated generation of Saudis are forcing the pace of progress.

Certainly Saudi Arabia's days of complete isolation are over. Communications and transportation run both ways, and the new king's disposition seems to be to extend them. A particularly significant indication of this is

the new project which he has initiated with Syria and Jordan to restore the sections of the Jezaz railway destroyed by T. E. Lawrence and his Arab followers during World War I. Nominees from these two countries and Saudi Arabia now sit on a board of directors charged with finding means of rebuilding the historic link between Damascus, Amman, and Medina.

Iranian oil settlement

The oil negotiations in Iran achieved a remarkable compromise of conflicting interests. On the Iranian side, nationalization is preserved and the National Oil Company will carry out the internal functions of the oil enterprise in Iran, being responsible for training, transport, housing, and medical services. It will also work the Naft-i-Shah oil field and the Kermanshah refinery, which supply much of Iran's internal needs.

Two new operating companies, one for exploration and production, and one for refining, will have Iranians on their boards of directors. And Iranians are free to develop their own tanker companies if they choose to enter the transportation field. What the members of the consortium were able to salvage was the fifty-fifty principle of profit sharing which now prevails elsewhere in the Persian Gulf, and the principle of compensation for nationalized installations.

Aside from these tangible results, the rescue of Iran from bankruptcy and almost certain Communist engulfment was the primary objective of the American negotiators in their role of conciliation. But in the political field full success cannot be claimed until ratification of the agreement by the Iranian Majlis assures its implementation. Only after this hurdle is cleared can it be hoped that the revived Seven-Year Plan of development will actually be carried forward and Iran's economic paralysis ended.

The firm replies of the Zahedi government to the U.S.S.R.'s protests over the agreement and over Iranian consideration of defense ties with Turkey and Pakistan are good to hear. But it would be unwise to be lulled by them at a time when the Iranian government is finding that some hundreds of officers in its army have been working early and late for Zahedi's removal and for the Soviets across the border.



Brazil

SINCE the dawn of the twentieth century, if not longer, the strongest and most reliable ally of the United States among the Latin American republics has been Brazil. In world wars and power struggles, in emergencies of Hemisphere policy, Brazil's support, whenever it has been crucial to us, has been forthcoming. One or two other republics — Uruguay and Costa Rica, for instance — have been perhaps more consistently in tune with North American political methods and attitudes. A few minor dictators have appeared who found it expedient to be more subservient than Brazil's leaders. But Brazil, with nearly a third of the population of all the Latin American states and latent economic resources in proportion, has packed a decisive punch in dozens of Hemisphere squabbles and conferences. At the final count her government always has proved dependable.

This autumn, however, planners of Hemisphere policy in Washington have been shaken by indications that Brazilian friendship is slipping. Late in August, President Getulio Vargas, outstandingly colorful political figure in Brazilian history, was driven from office by a combination of uproar over administration scandals and demands from the high brass of the armed services. A few hours later, Vargas committed suicide by shooting himself in the heart.

The melodrama actually erupted from a mish-mash of domestic issues. The regime, in office since Vargas's inauguration as constitutional president in January, 1951, was undergoing a bombardment of charges of graft involving cabinet ministers and other high officials as well as members of the Vargas family. The masses of the population and most business groups were reeling from enormously inflated prices, aggravated by Vargas's doubling of the minimum wage for Brazilian labor on May 1, and by the sharp decline — not to say collapse — of the coffee market in early July. The military, including the officers' corps, were disaffected by the discriminations which the minimum-wage advance had worked against the army, navy, and air force.

Finally, a supercharged personal and emotional issue flared up in the midst of all this turbulence.

On the night of August 5, an effort was made to assassinate Carlos Lacerda, editor of Rio de Janeiro's *Tribuna da Imprensa* and a flamboyant political foe of Vargas, who had led the chorus for months in denouncing the regime. Lacerda was only slightly wounded, but his companion, a popular air force major, was killed. During the next two weeks a fantastically exploited man-hunt for the killers traced the assassination effort back to members of the Vargas bodyguard and produced enough circumstantial evidence to implicate Benjie Vargas, the president's brother.

Vargas's last testament

The excitement stirred up by these developments gave the military leaders plausible grounds for insisting that Vargas must leave the presidency or they could not be responsible for preserving order. Vargas at first publicly proclaimed that he would never quit office alive, but after a night-long argument with his cabinet and the military chiefs he finally agreed to take a permanent leave of absence just before dawn on August 24. Less than four hours later, and before the presidency had been formally turned over to Vice President João Café Filho ("Filho" is the Brazilian equivalent of "Junior"), he was dead.

Yet almost within a matter of moments after his suicide Vargas transformed the domestic political crisis which had produced his downfall into a mourning orgy of nationalistic and anti-American violence, with himself as the sacrificial hero. Always an expert at demagogic appeals, the old caudillo left behind a death message to the Brazilian people which was a masterpiece of issue-twisting and posthumous self-glorification.

"Once more," the letter declared, "the forces and interests against the people are raised against me." It spoke of "years of domination and looting of the republic by international, economic, and financial groups"; of a "subterranean campaign of international groups joined with national groups" working against excess-profit laws, against the minimum-wage increases, against government corporations for oil and industrial power development, and to break the price of coffee. "Foreign enter-

prises" whose import "frauds" against Brazil totaled "more than \$100,-000,000" were described in the document as "birds of prey" wishing "to continue sucking the blood of the Brazilian people."

"I offer my life in the holocaust," Vargas said. "I fought against the looting of Brazil. I fought against the looting of the people. . . . I gave you my life. Now I offer you my death. . . . Serenely I take the first step on the road to eternity and I leave life to enter history."

The letter was released with the news of Vargas's suicide. The crowds had gathered in the early morning of August 24 in Rio, São Paulo, Belo Horizonte (capital of the ore-producing state of Minas Gerais), and Porto Alegre (capital of Vargas's home state of Rio Grande do Sul) to shout for the ousting of the president. Before noon they had converted themselves into roaring street mobs, fighting the police and military lines in Rio to attack the United States Embassy and American banks and business offices, and sacking the Porto Alegre and Belo Horizonte consulates.

Nowhere had the Vargas farewell letter specifically identified North American interests with the "international looters" of the republic. But the street mobs knew at least enough of the outstanding size of American investments and sales operations in Brazil and had heard enough chatter about "Yankee imperialism" from their politicians to make their own identifications.

From the Communist underground, banners and placards were quickly purveyed converting the furious phrases of the Vargas letter into anti-Yankee slogans and reciting the whole list of "imperialismo's" reputed crimes and abominations, from the Monroe Doctrine to last summer's alleged intervention and overthrow of free government in Guatemala.

The general strike fizzles

For nearly a week the turmoil continued. The first real break came when a general strike planned by Communist and fellow-traveling leaders to paralyze São Paulo and Santos on September 2 fizzled, attaining only about a third of its advertised strength and size. Many responsible

labor leaders allowed themselves to be persuaded by the Café administration to talk over their grievances first.

In fact, the Café regime, by a combination of firmness and self-effacing calm, which evidently carried its own sense of rest and refreshment after the constant pyrotechnics of the Vargas era, managed to ride out the immediate storm. In spite of a continuous barrage from the mobs and the Communist and fellow-traveling press and politicians that he and his governing group were hired tools of Yankee imperialism, the new president picked a "caretaker" cabinet, mainly of technicians and shrewd political operators. He made a crucial decision that congressional and state elections set for October 3 would be held on schedule; and he used the armed forces to protect foreign and domestic interests from violence.

Meantime João (Jango) Goulart, the old caudillo's former labor minister and chief rabble-rouser on the labor fronts, who is considered an important link between the Vargas regime and the Communists, was busy organizing a new political party for the presidential elections of 1955, using the Vargas "last testament" as its operating manual. His activities bear an ominous suggestion that Brazilian-American friendship may for the first time become an open campaign issue.

The Vargas record

The post-Vargas political situation is made for political promoters and adventurers of the Goulart type. Vargas had been the central force in Brazilian politics for a quarter of a century. He first seized the presidency in a military revolt during a confused election campaign in October, 1930. In 1932 he had himself formally elected, and in late 1937, using a Communist revolt of 1935 and a subsequent home-grown Fascist movement known as the Integralistas, promoted himself to be dictator. For the next eight years he ruled with considerably more geniality than Mussolini or Hitler, but with the essential machinery of totalitarianism. He maintained authority by issuing decrees, controlling the press, and suppressing civil liberties.

After the close of World War II he promised a return to constitutional democracy and free elections but he

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broke his pledge by indicating that he intended to be a presidential candidate himself. When it became evident that rigged polls might win him another triumph, he was driven out of office by a military putsch in November, 1945.

An unexciting staff chief, General Enrico Gaspar Dutra, was voted in as his successor, and Vargas, although elected senator from his state of Rio Grande do Sul, never took his seat and spent the next five years in retirement. However, his popular hold was so strong that in the 1950 elections he was chosen constitutional president by a decisive majority.

Vargas's death has been followed by a sharp disintegration of the political parties which, whether pro or con, have existed mainly to revolve around his activities. The Brazilian Labor Party, which has been Vargas's main source of support since 1950, has officially announced its complete renunciation of Café, his works and policies. So has the National Democratic Union Party, chief center of the Vargas opposition.

President Café's own party, the Social Progressives, is a minority group, and he was elected vice president only with the coalition support of the Brazilian Labor Party. But he has a chance, if his moderate program catches on, to win over dissidents in the stronger groups.

On the labor front, the Vargas regime's intensive manipulation of the unions, reaching far back into the dictatorship period, has produced a crop of first-string leaders, more interested in political maneuvering than in working for the benefit of labor's rank and file. In cases where old-line leaders have held out against political seduction, the Vargas-Goulart machine has made a practice of replacing them with Communists and their sympathizers, who have felt that a little temporary collaboration with the caudillo's politics was a small price to pay for getting into key posts in the labor movement. Vargas's death has opened the way for a struggle by local leaders and anti-Communists in the unions to oust the Vargas henchmen and the Communists as labor bosses.

Brazil's economic frustration

Brazil is still in the grip of inflation, which cannot be checked by any

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EVERY important discovery relating to mind power, sound thinking and cause and effect, as applied to self-advancement, was known centuries ago, before the masses could read and write.

Much has been written about the wise men of old. A popular fallacy has it that their secrets of personal power and successful living were lost to the world. Knowledge of nature's laws, accumulated through the ages, is never lost. At times the great truths possessed by the sages were hidden from unscrupulous men in high places, but never destroyed.

Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which "whispers" to you from within.

Fundamental Laws of Nature

Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law of compensation is as fundamental

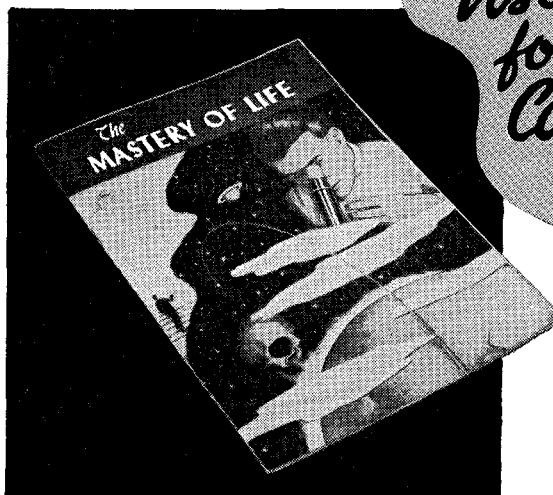
as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

You can learn to find and follow every basic law of life. You can begin at any time to discover a whole new world of interesting truths. You can start at once to awaken your inner powers of self-understanding and self-advancement. You can learn from one of the world's oldest institutions, first known in America in 1694. Enjoying the high regard of hundreds of leaders, thinkers and teachers, the organization is known as the Rosicrucian Order. Its complete name is the "Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis," abbreviated by the initials "AMORC." The teachings of the Order are not sold, for it is not a commercial organization, nor is it a religious sect. It is a non-profit fraternity, a brotherhood in the true sense.

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in this moment

The prayer lingers still . . . across the table as Dad begins to serve . . . it brushes Mother's still-bowed head . . . it caresses Sally's fist as she reaches for the promised drumstick. The words of thanksgiving are being made real in this moment—the words of gratitude from a good provider to the Great Provider . . . in this time of security together.

The most precious gift we give or receive is the gift of security. Only in a land like ours are we free to choose security as a goal of living.

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feasible price control system and can only be further aggravated by government-prescribed wage increases or by the issue of more currency. Brazil's dollar debts are close to the limit of its ability to pay, and its dollar shortages for all but essential imports are perennial.

Restrictions on payment of profits on foreign business enterprises have rendered Brazil's economic climate unfavorable to long-term foreign investment. Brazil pays out more than a third of its dollar income on imported oil and gasoline, but prevents exploitation of its own petroleum deposits, and of other vast natural resources, by virtually prohibiting foreign financial participation in their development. By trying to establish as permanent prices the all-time highs of the 1954 coffee crop, it has incited competing Latin American countries to challenge Brazil's dominance in the world coffee markets. Most of these crippling errors have been products of Vargas's instinct for melodramatic, vote-catching action.

Since taking office, President Café has shown signs of trying to work his way out of the economic frustrations in which the Vargas legacy has trapped him. He has backed a profit-sharing bill which would produce wage increases that Brazilian entrepreneurs could afford to pay without stimulating further inflation. He has proposed a graduated income tax which would make the government co-sharer in the inordinate gains of Brazil's millionaire profiteers. He has continued a foreign exchange auction system, devised by Vargas's last finance minister, Oswaldo Aranha, to make more funds available for essential imports than for luxuries, and has suggested strengthening it.

In mid-September, Café made a radio speech to the nation facing the facts of a \$250 million deficit in the 1955 budget and informing the people that their sole alternative to austerity was the issuance of additional currency—which could only lead to more inflation.

His early hints of policy revisions omitted any reference to restrictions on foreign capital or to the potential role of foreign investors in the development of oil and other natural resources. Café's new finance minister, Eugenio Gudin, was counted on

to discuss these subjects with American financiers, industrialists, and officials of the Export-Import Bank when he visited the United States in late September. Gudin's appointment was considered significant because of his outspoken friendliness to foreign investors over a long period.

Once the new president attempts to lead his people into a program of concrete austerity for the strengthening of their economic position, the Communist clique and the Goulart rabble-rousers will subject him to a drumfire of accusations that he is starving the Brazilian masses to pay his debts to the imperialist Yankees. Should he go so far as to propose more liberal arrangements for foreign investors and to encourage their acceptance as partners in the exploitation of the republic's natural resources, the drumfire will be stepped up.

Brazil needs to be won

Under the circumstances, Café needs help from the United States, but it must be adroit help or it will turn out to be a hindrance. The policy-makers would do well, for instance, not to begin with pronouncements that "we" are on the march to save Brazil from Communism. The Brazilians would rather perform that rescue operation for themselves.

Secondly, our policy-makers need to avoid taking the "traditional" Brazilian-American friendship too much for granted. Like most international friendships, it was never so binding as it was represented. At the time of the fall of France, for example, Vargas was barely restrained by Brazilian Foreign Minister Aranha and American Ambassador Jefferson Caffery from casting his lot with the Axis. When he was driven from office in 1945, Vargas left in a fury with the United States because he attributed his downfall to a speech by Ambassador Adolph Berle, Jr., insinuating that he was false to his pledges of restoring democratic government.

In his last testament he gave expression to a passionate anti-Americanism which the Goularts and their henchmen may use to convince future Brazilians that the celebrated friendship with the United States was a sentimental folly of their pre-Vargas ancestors. In view of all this, the friendship of Brazil needs to be rewon.

ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"Americans As Students"

SIR:

I have read with great interest Pierre Emmanuel's article in the August *Atlantic*, "Americans As Students." Mr. Emmanuel believes that American secondary schools do *not* teach adolescents to organize or to express what they know, and I quite agree with him. Mr. Emmanuel is correct also in his high estimation of the educational job done by the French *lycée*, although even some Frenchmen today find its program rather inflexible.

On the other hand, I cannot agree with Mr. Emmanuel's implications about the superiority of French university education. To me it seems confused, absurdly standardized, and archaic. Advanced work in all the French universities is planned and controlled at Paris without much regard to regional or provincial differences. Texts, at least in literature courses, are uniform for the year, and examinations for the *agrégation* are administered at Paris.

This system discourages professorial specialization and publication, since new authors are selected every year and the teaching staff has no time to concentrate on any one field. A man who has won his doctorate by special study of Byron and the Romantic Age may be able to teach in this field perhaps once in five years.

As a Fulbright lecturer in France in 1952-1953 I was asked to lecture on American civilization for the group preparing for the *licence* and on three authors for the group preparing for the *agrégation*. The three authors were Melville, Crane, and Eliot. I was not encouraged to talk about all the work

of these men or to discuss the period in which they lived. The Paris authorities had decided that three American books should be studied in the 1952-1953 academic year — namely, *Moby-Dick*, *The Red Badge of Courage*, and the poetry of T. S. Eliot. My students were polite and fairly attentive, but they were obviously distressed when I made any effort to find a larger perspective or to present the authors comparatively. They knew that they would be rigidly held in June for a close knowledge of the text of the three books selected, and with Gallic practicality they felt that anything not immediately relevant was unimportant.

This intense concentration has advantages, of course, but it makes any understanding of an author in terms of literary tradition or a period almost impossible. Nor is there much plan in the authors selected. A "course," in the American sense, including Melville, Crane, and Eliot would certainly seem to lack focus if not logic. But the two American authors selected for study in 1953-1954 were Poe and Hemingway, and students were supposed to read only the Poe short stories and *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

Mr. Emmanuel does not mention other peculiarities of the French system of higher education: the almost complete ignoring of twentieth-century literature, the irregular time schedule of lectures, the almost chronic unpunctuality of lecturers (something which American students would not tolerate), the absence of discussion in classes, the arbitrary attitude of many professors to their students.

During 1952-1953, I lectured on

American literature and civilization at Kyoto University, at the University of Groningen, at the University of Bordeaux, and at Nice (in the first summer school ever organized in France for French students). Of the three groups of students to whom I talked — Japanese, Dutch, and French — the French showed the least intellectual curiosity. For this situation, I think, their university system is to blame. The total student effort is geared to the necessity of passing the state-made, state-imposed examination. Success means a life job in the field of education with tenure and a final pension. Consequently the important thing — certainly the practical thing — is to know well the books on which the examination rests, limited and arbitrarily chosen as they may be. To the serious prospective teacher in France, almost everything else is window dressing.

JOHN T. FLANAGAN
Professor of English
University of Illinois
Urbana, Ill.

Other rejoinders to Mr. Emmanuel's article were published in the *Harvard Summer News*. Jean Seznec, Marshal Foch Professor of French Literature at Oxford University and a visiting member of the Summer School staff, told his interviewer: "My students here — particularly the better ones — can certainly match those I have had anywhere."

Rudolf Wittkower, Durning Lawrence Professor of the History of Art at London University's Warburg Institute, another visitor, said of his students at the Harvard Summer School: "I have never had such a

group. They are extraordinary in their depth and background. Nearly everyone reads French and Italian, and they came here with a great familiarity with the literature of the subject. It is partially a social and economic phenomenon. When I arrived in New York, I ran into several students who had hardly any money, but had offers of several good jobs. Yet they elected to continue studying for a few more years. Only in America is it possible for students to keep on studying without being forced to go to work. Students who scrape along here for three or four years know they will be able to find good jobs when they finish. But in Europe jobs are rarer and lower-paid. When a student hears of a job opening in his field, he has to jump at it."

"When Russia Is Ready"

SIR:

As one of the "dangerous counselors" denounced in Thomas K. Finletter's "When Russia Is Ready" (September *Atlantic*), I want to deplore such articles as being, in effect, warmongering.

What reason is there to believe that the Russians, winning the cold war, as they are, would deliberately start a shooting war and thus nullify — and more than nullify — all the economic and social gains already achieved or in the making? But day in and day out, week in and week out, our magazines and newspapers publish articles the effect of which must be to prepare a hysterical people for a third world war. Former Governor Alf M. Landon writes that "hysteria and lack of statesmanship are already undermining the fundamentals of our democracy and causing lovers of peace and freedom throughout the world to lose confidence in us."

Mr. Finletter writes that the Russians have an advantage in that they have the "willingness . . . to make a sneak attack," and that we do not have that willingness. Has he not read the many calls by men in high position for a "preventive" war? Has he not read the reports of the belligerent convention of the American Legion in Washington? Does he not know that President Eisenhower was willing to have Admiral Radford intervene in Indochina and that only the firm veto of Great Britain caused the plan to be dropped?

He writes of our foreign bases and the need for more. Just how valuable will our bases in North Africa be in

a war against brown and yellow peoples striving to throw off the white man's yoke?

Nowhere in his article is there a call for negotiations, for efforts by statesmen to give world opinion time to form; nowhere any indication of realization that the only alternative to co-existence is co-destruction.

One after another our foreign policies have collapsed, but the men responsible for making them remain in office. They are leading us step by step into another war. "Atlas may have carried the world on his shoulders," says former Governor Landon, "but no one has ever accused him of trying also to carry all the planets in our solar system — and demanding that he be allowed to tell them under what system they must revolve."

A third world war is not inevitable, but more statesmanship and good will in Washington are needed to avoid it.

S. MILES BOUTON
Jamestown, N.Y.

I Personally —

SIR:

Dr. Alice Hamilton could justly add two more strays to her "Words Lost, Strayed, or Stolen" (September *Atlantic*). For some time I have been watching *alibi* and *shambles* slowly lose their identities. Not once in a hundred times in current writing is either used correctly. And what is worse, each is used out of its meaning with a sort of smug complacency, as if the writer were sure that *alibi* means excuse and *shambles* a disorderly place. The old New York *Sun* carried on for years a campaign of protest against the would-be purists who insisted on writing *rarebit* when they meant the cheese dish Welsh *rabbit*.

Oh well, this has been going on since the beginning of spoken language, and who am I, or Dr. Hamilton, to try to keep words in their places?

EARNEST E. CALKINS
New York City

SIR:

That article "What's in a Name Plate?" by Elinor Goulding Smith

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Five weeks' notice is necessary to effect changes of address. Please give old as well as new address, preferably supplying actual address label from your copy. Send all changes to THE ATLANTIC, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Mass.

(August *Atlantic*) is priceless! What's more, the name plates are getting larger and fancier — more brass, more chrome. Why don't they leave off the "junk" and cut the price ten dollars?

ETHEL SAVAGE
Camas, Wash.

SIR:

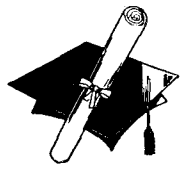
It is undisputed, but usually forgotten, that an eyewitness's testimony attests only what he thought he saw, and that what he saw consists largely of his preconceptions of what he would see. A traveler in Africa says with perfect honesty that he saw a monkey overhead wrap its tail round a branch. In fact he saw the monkey climbing with rapidly moving tail, he knew how South American monkeys use their tails, and he did not know that the power to wrap the tail round a branch is a distinction between American and African monkeys. He thought he was seeing a wrapping.

The latest example is Walt Disney's article, "The Lurking Camera," in the *Atlantic* for August. He has seen the picture of a rattlesnake struggling against a hawk, and has heard the photographers' story of what they saw. He did not know, and they did not know, that a poisonous snake has not the muscular power to exert dangerous pressure by its coils. Consequently, when the desperately writhing snake threw its body around the hawk's, Disney and the photographers described this as a "strangling coil" and a "constricting pressure." They saw the coil; they assumed, and reported, that the coil was a powerful one.

That the hawk came down dying is nothing wonderful. Since the snake had not the weapon of constrictive power, but had the weapon of poison, the hawk's collapse shows merely that the snake had bitten it. If the hawk's breast feathers were an armor sufficient to stop a large rattlesnake's fang (I do not know how thoroughly the photographers investigated this), there is no such armor on the hawk's body under its wing, and this hawk's wings were spread away from its body during the struggle.

If the snake had been a really muscular one (say a large blacksnake), I wonder whether the hawk could have wielded its wings with enough ease to keep itself in the air.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON
Ballard Vale, Mass.



Schools - Camps



PADDLING YOUR OWN CANOE

If your child learns to paddle his own canoe when he's young, he'll probably know how to paddle it all his life. And he should know if he is to accept the responsibilities the world now demands of him, and of you.

More and more our young people are having to fend for themselves. Service duty has placed teenagers far from home. Early marriages are prevalent. We expect our children to be capable of building happy, secure homes. Now they must do it in Trieste, Japan, and other far-away places where no Dad is around to discuss financial problems, no Mother to help when the babies are born.

Under present world conditions, each individual must acquire a mature sense of responsibility and learn the value of cooperation. This should be part of his training, and the American summer camp is playing a unique role in the education of children today.

You can help your child by choosing a summer camp that will teach him to paddle his own canoe under the guise of summer fun. For camp teaches a way of life. Although camp programs vary, they are all concerned with the individual child . . . how he lives, works, and plays with his friends.

Camp directors and their staffs are especially trained for this job. They approach it with all the seriousness it deserves, a fact borne out by the American Camping Association's project to raise even higher the standards of its members.

Every child needs to experience individual recognition. Their world is as competitive as ours. Classes and teams and all extra-curricular activities . . . especially in large schools . . . are so competitive that many children drift through school without ever knowing the feeling of personal achievement.

On the other hand - a child in a small community can have an exaggerated sense of his own ability because he never has met any real competition.

Summer at camp gives each child the opportunity to gain personal successes and to whet his appetite for adventure in a wholesome way. Out of these planned situations comes his self-reliance.

With individual counseling of an informal nature, with trained adult guidance, your child has an opportunity to experience the finest of group relations. You should select wisely in the beginning; it is important for him to want to return to the same camp for a few years to have a sense of belonging to the same group and to establish many life-long friendships.

If you've ever visited a summer camp, you've probably quickly sensed that it belongs to the campers. While they're there it is their world; and in later years, they will return to it in their memories as they would to an island of escape.

There are camps for all ages and all talents. There is a right camp for every child, but that camp is not necessarily the same one that was right for the boy next door or even for an older brother. Because the choice is so broad, the wise parent begins investigating early in the school year . . . when last summer is still fresh in his child's mind, when the camp finally chosen will still have room.

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TO BP, HOTEL GORBEDUC, NEW YORK

VERY SORRY CANNOT ACCEPT KIND OFFER SHOW
BASED BURTON'S ANATOMY MELANCHOLY SPLENDID
IDEA WISH YOU ALL LUCK WITH IT REGRET
UNABLE BUT DEEPLY INVOLVED WRITING NEW
SYMPHONY GREETINGS

LB

TO LB, STEINWAY HALL, NEW YORK

DEAR LB:—

My associates and I were very much disappointed to receive your refusal by wire yesterday of our offer to collaborate with us, and with many other artists of outstanding merit and importance, on our new project for this season. I have long felt

(and now feel corroborated by my associates in that opinion) that Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* would one day serve as the basis of a great work in the musical theatre. We think that you are just the man to write the music for it, thereby enriching our stage which this season cries for such a work. Instead you tell us that you are writing a new symphony—a commendable enough enterprise. But if you will allow me to take a few minutes of your time, I should like to point out a few facts which you may not have taken into account in making your decision.

I begin with a question: Why? Why continue to write symphonies in America for a public which does not care one way or the other about them? Can you honestly name me two or three people in all America who actually *care* whether you or anybody else ever writes another symphony or not? Do not answer this too hastily, or too defensively. The more you consider the question, the clearer will come the answer: that nobody, with the possible exception of some other composers and some critics who live by denouncing or flattering new works, will be any the sorrier if you or any of your symphonic colleagues never writes a symphony again. There seems to me to be no historical necessity for symphonies in our time; perhaps our age

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does not express itself truly through the symphonic form — I really am not in a position to know. I am a simple man, and know mainly through intuition whatever it is I know. I think I have my fingers on the pulse of the people; and believe me, LB, it is not a symphonic pulse that I feel.

So there you are, writing music for which there is no historical necessity, probably; for which there is no public demand, certainly; and from which, if you will pardon me, there is no economic gain. Perhaps now you can see more clearly why I asked: Why? Now let me ask: Why not? Why not give of your talents to that sector of musical art in America where there is hot, live, young blood — the theatre? Here you will find the public waiting for you, and you will be complying with the demands of history. All art, in all times, I believe, has been created to meet a public or private demand, whether it be the art of building Gothic cathedrals, or of painting the portrait of a wealthy patron, or of writing a play for the Elizabethan public, or of composing a mass. Or, if you will again pardon me, the art of writing a symphony. Haydn and Mozart and Brahms surely didn't write their symphonies in a vacuum; their symphonies were expected of them. Nobody today really *expects* a symphony of anybody. Our American composers have an obligation to the theatre, which is alive and which needs them. Won't you think seriously about it again?

Faithfully,

BP

P.S. How had you planned for this new symphony to feed, clothe, and house your charming wife and baby (to whom warmest regards)?

TO BP, HOTEL GORBEDUC, NEW YORK

DEAR BP: —

I have read and reread your most interesting letter of yesterday, and I am impressed. I say *impressed* rather than *convinced*, since I cannot honestly report a change of heart as a result. But I have rarely met a producer operating in the Broadway area who has given so much sincere and deeply felt thought to a situation which basically does not concern his immediate livelihood. I am further impressed with your legal style, which is persuasive to a point where, if I were not more closely acquainted than you with the facts of the case (which is only natural), I might yield to your arguments. But the facts stand, and I feel obliged to report them to you.

There has never in history, by statistical record, been so great an interest in the symphony and in the symphony orchestra as is at this moment manifested in the United States. There are orchestras everywhere — in every small city, in every university and high school, even in some of our most provincial areas. How can you speak of "no public demand" when the latest figures of the

League of Symphony Orchestras show 26 orchestras of major proportions now operating in the United States, as against 9 orchestras of similar size in 1900? The League further reports 395 orchestras of smaller proportions now professionally active, plus 267 college orchestras. Everywhere there have arisen festivals to which the public flocks in unprecedented numbers — and they are festivals which emphasize contemporary music almost as much as the standard repertory. Summer concerts have become as great an attraction as canoeing once was; and the winter seasons of our major orchestras are enjoying a lively increase in both attendance and interest. Community concert services send out great numbers of artists to cities large and small from coast to coast, where they are heard by audiences that a decade ago would not have dreamed of attending a concert.

I am sorry to bore you with statistics this way, but these facts are a matter of record. And think of all the new works being commissioned by such agencies as the Louisville Orchestra. Then think of the prizes, fellowships, awards of various kinds, all of which encourage the writing of concert music. Think of the enormous increase in the sale of records; why, it amounts almost to a craze. No, you cannot say that the public is indifferent to concert music. As to your reference to historical necessity, I simply do not understand you. And when you speak of economic gain, you are right; but economic considerations cannot enter into this area. One is an artist by necessity, and there are other ways of making money.

As you know, I love to write for the theatre; I have done it before, and hope to do it often again. But this is a moment when other things come first. Thank you again for having asked me, and for having taken the trouble to write.

Sincerely,

LB

TO LB, YADDO, SARATOGA SPRINGS

DEAR LB: —

Forgive me for breaking into your privacy again, but in the week that has elapsed since I received your letter I have given a lot of thought to the subject we have been discussing, and have even done some reading to back me up. Besides, your letter was so incredibly solemn and, were it not for its obvious sincerity, so *dull*, if you will pardon me, that I am intrigued. I cannot believe that a young fellow like you, who has grown up in America and has the sense of fun that you have exhibited in some of your works, can possibly be such a fuddy-duddy. This letter is written partly to find out, and partly to acquaint you with my more recent thoughts about the symphonic form. I have given up the idea of trying to persuade you to do our show with us, and we are now negotiating with another composer. But you have awakened in me,

by your refusal and your reasons for refusing, a real interest in this whole subject. I now have what might almost be called a theory. I explained it yesterday to our mutual friend P., who was in town for a day, and he found it silly. But what can you expect of a poet? As you know, he is also up at Yaddo for a month, working on his new volume, *Greaves of Brass*, and that's how I knew where to write you. Please avoid discussing my theory with him when you see him — his sense of historical necessity is appalling, if I can judge by the two poems from *Greaves of Brass* that he showed me yesterday.

Well, then, the theory. All music must begin in the theatre, historically speaking. Does that amaze you? Just think about it. The origins of music are mostly folklore, comprising songs and dances of prayer, of work, of celebration, of love. This means that music first arises attached to words and ideas. There is no folk music, to my knowledge, that is abstract. It is music for working to, or for dancing to, or for singing words to. It is always *about* something. Then, as it develops, music becomes more sophisticated, more complicated; but it is still attached to concepts, as it is in the theatre. The place where music really grew up was the church, wasn't it? The greatest theatre of them all! (If ever there was theatre music in the truest and best sense, it was simple plain chant.) Then we find little operas beginning to emerge, in Italy and in Germany and in Austria. The little operas (or masques, or Singspiels, or whatever they were) become bigger operas, and we have Mozart; while in the church little motets grow into large requiems and cantatas. This is the moment when the big switch can happen, and not until this moment. Now musical idioms have become familiar; and the procedures of western music are enough alike so that the music can be *separated* from the words or the ideas or the concepts — that is, from the theatre — and can exist for the audience in its own right. Now that there is a Mozart opera, there can also be a Mozart symphony. (But never forget that the symphony, as my books tell me, came from the opera overture.) And now that there are Bach Passions, there can also be Bach preludes and fugues. (But remember that the preludes and fugues were first of all reverie pieces used in the church service.) In short, the audience has grown up *with* the music in the theatre, and has reached the point where it can relate to the music *without* the theatre. Ears are ready for abstract sound: F-sharps and E-flats have become in themselves interesting and moving, without benefit of words to tell why they ought to be. But it has taken the audience a long time to reach this point.

Does all this sound like nonsense to you? I hope not — I'm banking on that solemnity of yours. But now to the meat of the theory.

The point I want to make with all my might is

that America right now seems to me to be, musically, just about where Germany was around the eighteenth century. Deep in the Singspiel. (We mustn't talk about present-day church music: that must be traditional, and has all been inherited.) But our secular music is just about where German music was fifty years before Mozart. Only *our* Singspiels are called *Oklahoma!* and *Can-Can*. This is a period we must pass through before we can arrive at a real American symphonic form or a real American style of whatever kind of concert music. It may not be the symphony as we have known it; we may produce something very different. But the musical language it will speak must first be created in our theatre; then one day it can be divorced from "meaning" and stand alone, abstract.

Do you see what I mean? For all our technical mastery and sophistication, we are not really ready yet to produce our own concert music. As a result, all the stuff that is being turned out by the mile every day for concert performance in American halls is really European, and *old* European at that, with perhaps some American spice added by way of cowboy tunes or blues harmonies or jazz rhythms. But the music remains essentially European, because the whole notion of the symphonic form is a German notion, and don't let anybody tell you anything else. All the Russian symphonies are really German ones with vodka substituted for beer; and Franck's is German with some cornets making the difference; and Liszt's are German with nothing making the difference, and so are Elgar's and Grieg's and Dvořák's. Whatever national touches have been added, it's all German deep down, because the line of the symphony is a straight one smack from Mozart to Mahler.

Now here we are, remember, a brand-new country, comparatively speaking — a baby just a little more than a hundred and seventy-five years old. Which is nothing at all when you think of the old empires that produced that straight line I just mentioned. Actually, we have been writing music in this country for only fifty years, and half of that fifty years the music has been borrowed clean out of the pockets of Brahms and Company. Of course we have the disadvantage here of having been born already grown-up, so we didn't start with folk dances and prayers for rain. We started with the leavings of the European development, handed to us on an old cracked dish. But we have an advantage after all: we have jazz. Which is the beginning of some other straight line which will grow here as certainly as the symphonic line did for about a hundred years in Germany. Whatever jazz is, it's our own folk music, naïve, sophisticated, and exciting. And out of it has been born something we call the musical comedy. Well, a hundred and seventy-five years isn't very long for that to have happened (and it really took only the last fifty years), compared with the centuries it took for the

Singspiel to arrive. And here we are at the point of building that Singspiel into real opera — or, in our terms, developing *Pal Joey* into whatever American music is going to become. We are all ready and waiting for the Mozart to come along and just simply do it. That's why I'm in the producing business: I want to be there when it happens, if I live that long. I'm taking bids on the new Mozart. Any comers?

Well, there you have it. Very rough, not really thought out, but as plain as day to me. What I would love to make plain as day to you is the difference that arises out of all this between Europe and America as they relate to concert music. A new Brahms symphony to a Viennese of that period was of consuming interest to him; it caused endless speculation about what it would turn out to be, how it would differ from the last one, and all the rest, just as we speculate now about a forthcoming Rodgers-Hammerstein show. It made table-talk the next morning; it was everybody's concern; it was part of daily living, the air breathed, food taken. As a result, the Viennese or German of today has inherited some of that possessiveness about the Brahms music; it is almost as though he had written it himself. The same is true of the relation between Italians and Italian opera. But in America the listener cannot share these feelings, no matter how wildly he loves the music of Brahms or Verdi, and no matter how much talk he makes about music being a universal language. There will always be the element of the museum about this repertory for him — the revered classic, always slightly remote. It can never be his private property, so to speak. And since he doesn't give a damn about whether anyone is writing new symphonies or not, there is no real vitality for him in our concert life, except the vitality of a visit to the museum. Q.E.D.

This has been a really long one, and I hope you will forgive my going on and on. But I was excited about this when it occurred to me and I wanted you to hear it all right away, even if you are trying to write that long useless piece up there in your retreat. My best to P. — and whatever you do, don't let him talk you into setting *Greaves of Brass* to music. You're being abstract now, remember; you're committed.

Faithfully,

BP

TO BP, HOTEL GORBEDUC, NEW YORK

DEAR BP: —

It is a month since I had your last long, astonishing letter, and I apologize for my lateness in answering; but I have been to Yaddo and back to New York and then here to Milan all rather quickly. I had to suspend work on my symphony to fill this conducting engagement at La Scala, and

now that the rehearsals and first performance are over, I finally have a chance to answer you.

I must admit that I see to some extent what you mean about the sense of possessiveness toward music. Here in Milan people are still spending their time and energy at parties and luncheons arguing loudly about which is the greater opera, *Rigoletto* or *Il Trovatore*. As though it had all been written yesterday, hot off the presses. These Italians (or at least these Milanese) really own that music; and as you say, they seem to think they have written it all themselves. And you are right when you say that the wildest music-lover in the States can never relate himself that closely and familiarly to the same music. I am reminded of people at similar parties and luncheons in New York who will talk for hours about the relative merits of two hit musical shows, and even get excited or angry or hurt as they attack or defend them. All that part of your letter is, of course, perfectly true.

But I must take issue with your historical survey. It all sounds so easy and slick as you put it; and I admire you enormously for going into books and digging out all those facts and making them into ideas. Perhaps your main idea has some validity; but there are remarkable holes in your reasoning. What of the Frescobaldi *ricercare* and the whole seventeenth-century school of organ music? What of Froberger, Pachelbel? Oh, all right, I'm being solemn and dull again, and I won't go into a lot of boring musicology. But you don't say the most obvious fact: that even if America is now in a period analogous to the Singspiel period in Germany, she is at the same time equipped with the foreknowledge of the next two hundred and fifty years. What a difference that makes, after all! Don't you see that the great development of German music was dependent on its very naïveté in its early stages? American composers can never be that naïve now, writing as they are after the world has already known Mozart and Strauss and Debussy and Schoenberg. Perhaps they are condemned after all to be epigonous and to follow in the line handed them by an already overdeveloped Europe. It may not be so exciting to compose now as it must have been in 1850; perhaps this is all very sad, but perhaps it is true. And anyway, what would you have all these serious American composers do? Go *en masse* into the shoe business? They are writing out of some sort of inner necessity, so there must be a real validity to it, whether or not it is explainable by your new theory.

I have a matinee today, so I must leave this and run to the theatre. How is your show coming? Have you found a composer yet? I wish you luck, and hope that whoever finally writes it will turn out to be your Mozart, in spades.

Sincerely,

LB

TO LB, LA SCALA, MILANO

SHOE BUSINESS GOOD IDEA LETTER
FOLLOWS GREETINGS

BP

TO LB, TEATRO ALLA SCALA, ITALY

DEAR LB:—

Hooray! You are a dead duck! You have obviously been convinced of my theory, and that makes me very happy. Your letter clearly shows that you have no real, sensible rebuttal. Of course what I said was full of holes; what do you expect from a brand-new musicologist? What do I know about Pachelbel and Frescobaldi and that other guy? But what I know, I know on all twelves, and at this point I am more certain than ever that I am right. Why, I went to the Philharmonic concert the other night, just to see what is happening in your thrilling concert world. There were empty seats everywhere. People were sleeping on all sides, some noisily, and I do not exclude one or two critics. It was all as dull as it could be, and the applause was polite and seemed more like something to start people's circulation going again after their nap than approval of the music. Dull, dull, dull! After the concert the audience shuffled out in a stupor, not talking much about it or about anything; and I shuffled to Sardi's. It was like waking up. The theatre, the theatre, on all sides: people arguing, recalling scenes and jokes with gales of laughter, people singing snatches of tunes to each other to prove some point, everyone alive. Alive, I tell you!

Sure, there are some American composers who will have to go on writing their symphonies which may get heard twice with indifference. They may even be geniuses. I wish them all the luck in the world, and I hope they make it. But I have a sneaky feeling that they will continue to do symphonies because they *can't* do music for the theatre. Don't think it is so easy to be a theatre composer! In some ways it's harder — there is a discipline of the stage. You're not your own boss; it is the

whole work that counts. A composer of symphonies has all the notes in the rainbow before him; he can choose as he wishes. Not the theatre composer. He really has to *work*! A great theatre composer is a rare thing. He must have the sense of timing of a Duse, a sense of when to go easy and when to lay it on, a preknowledge of what the audience will feel every second of the work. He must have lightness and weight, wit and sentiment, pathos and brilliance. He must know his craft and everyone else's as well. Don't disparage him. I listened to *Tosca* the other day, and what a wallop it gave me! That man knew theatre. And that man does not exactly languish in dishonor.

I tell you again: What is alive and young and throbbing with historic current in America is musical theatre. And I tell you another thing: You know it as well as I do! You know in your heart that the real pieces of importance and interest to America now are not X's Fourteenth Symphony and Y's Flute Soliloquy, but *Finian's Rainbow* and *Carousel* and maybe even *Wonderful Town*, though I doubt it, and *South Pacific*. And all your long lists of dead statistics and all your Pachelbels put together cannot make you feel otherwise.

I want to thank you for giving me the push to go out and investigate all this stuff. I have never been so glad or so proud to be a producer of musical theatre on Broadway. We are going ahead with our show at full speed, as soon as we find the right composer, and I can't wait to begin. I want to be part of this big new line that is forming to the right in the musical history of America, and I want to watch it take its place in the musical history of the world. I couldn't be more sincere when I say this. Good luck at La Scala.

Faithfully,

BP

TO BP, HOTEL GORBEDUC, NEW YORK

PLANS CHANGED HAVE DECIDED ACCEPT YOUR
SHOW STILL DISAGREE HEARTILY YOUR THEORY
HOME NEXT WEEK WARMEST REGARDS

LB



children, based on our own individualistic traditions, Christian heritage, and material wealth, on a country of very limited financial means and steeped in a culture of emperor-worship, close communal living, family loyalties, and the ethical standards of Buddhism, Shintoism, and Bushido.

In doing so we tended unnecessarily to undermine the Japanese people's pride in institutions which with suitable reorientation and adjustment might have provided the cultural foundation for a distinctively Japanese system of free political and economic institutions, and by providing familiar frames of reference achieved more effective educational and sociological results at less financial and social cost.

As a result of our failure to redefine our objectives in the context of the cultural world of the Japanese, who were striving to understand and realize them, there have inevitably been a serious disruption of society, misunderstandings, and regrets.

Thus the concept of individual rights, as against domination by the family or village elders, has often been, to the dismay of the older generation, the excuse for licentiousness and youthful defiance and disrespect for the family and for every vestige of parental or teaching authority.

The eradication of militarism and the renunciation of aggressive war as an instrument of national policy have been interpreted as necessarily implying that complete pacifism is the only truly Christian and moral precept by which to live. This is not surprising in view of the text of Article 9 of the new Japanese Constitution, which reads: —

ARTICLE 9. Aspiring sincerely to an international peace based on justice and order, the Japanese people forever renounce war as a sovereign right of the nation and the threat or use of force as a means of settling international disputes.

In order to accomplish the aim of the preceding paragraph, land, sea, and air forces, as well as other war potential, will never be maintained. The right of belligerency of the state will not be recognized.

It is against this background that we must appraise Japan's present position and what at first might seem to be wholly irrational responses to many current developments.

2

THE unfortunate aftermath of the detonation by the United States of a hydrogen bomb at Bikini atoll on March 1 of this year, in which twenty-three Japanese fishermen on the *Fukuryu Maru* were contaminated by a fall-out of radioactive particles, following a shift of the winds, was the occasion for the creation of considerable hysteria in Japan; and the Japanese press, indulging in an orgy of bathos, renewed after one of the fishermen died, was by no means as responsible as it might have been in reporting the facts. The destruction of a sand atoll was represented as por-

tending the possible complete destruction of the Japanese islands themselves as a retaliation by the Soviets for the launching of bombs by us from our bases there.

This incident is significant, not so much in itself — representatives of the Atomic Energy Commission have proclaimed the groundlessness of fears of long-range contamination of the atmosphere (though some distinguished scientists disagree) or of the contamination of the fish in the Pacific fishing grounds — as because it provided an outlet for a good deal of latent anti-American sentiment which had been building up in Japan during the Occupation period, especially among those displaced or disgruntled by its edicts. It was symptomatic of the current Japanese pacifism, real popular anxiety over the plight of Japan, with its intensely crowded island population, in a hydrogen bomb war between the Soviet Union and the United States that might blow them out of existence, and disillusionment as to apparent American indifference to Japan's economic plight.

In the area of military affairs, much impatience has recently been expressed with the apparent reluctance of the Japanese people to rearm. However, such criticism ignores the concerted effort during the Occupation, by such measures as the exclusion of military leaders from public life, the war crimes trials, and the provisions in the recently adopted Constitution, to destroy, discredit, and abase the military caste and the military spirit in Japan.

This effort was largely effective, though there has been a revival of military societies. Today many Japanese cannot understand how adequate Japanese defense forces can be established without recreating and placing power in the hands of such a caste. Moreover, as indicated above, many Japanese, under the influence of our Christian principles and as a token of their shame at the war crimes of their military leaders, have gone one step further and embraced pacifism and universal disarmament as basic tenets of their personal moral philosophy.

Also, many Japanese, with Japan's limited income and dollar imbalance in mind, are concerned about the high cost of maintaining an adequate military establishment, and do not wish to cut back education and public welfare expenditures to pay for it. They fear, or profess to fear, that Japan's forces are not to be used solely in Japan's interest for her own defense, but as pawns in the international struggle for power between the competing Communist and Western blocs. In the light of this background the American people should be extremely patient with the Japanese political leadership in its approach to the rearmament problem.

Moreover, real progress is being made. The Japanese government has recognized the necessity for increasing the size of its defense forces, and the United States has agreed to help by supplying major items of military equipment pursuant to the

Mutual Defense Assistance Agreement signed on March 8 of this year. Japanese ground forces are scheduled to reach a total of 130,000 men in 1954, and have already taken over the protection of the whole of the northernmost island of Hokkaido. It has been estimated that if this force were doubled and supplementary supply and service troops added, bringing the total to between 300,000 and 350,000 men, Japan could do without United States military support other than naval and air assistance.

3

TODAY the most immediate threat to continued Japanese political stability and security lies less in the realm of internal political crises or the threat of overt Soviet aggression than in the impending crisis in the Japanese economy.

Largely as a result of improved public health programs initiated during the Occupation, the attack on tuberculosis, and better diet, the death rate has declined from 17.6 per 1000 in 1946 to 8.9 per 1000 in 1953, and Japan's population is increasing at the rate of a million persons per year.

Her island territory of 147,690 square miles is about the same size as the state of Montana. Yet she must support an expanding population which today numbers 87 million — 16 million more than in 1940 — and which it is estimated will reach 100 million by 1970. Because of the rugged contours of Japanese geography, with its mountain ranges rising precipitately from narrow coastal plains, only 17 per cent of this area may be cultivated. This amounts to only 15 million acres, farmed by 6 million families, or something less than 2.5 acres for the average farm — 2 acres short of the estimated minimum needed to make farming profitable. With respect to arable land, Japan's population has a density of 4000 to the square mile.

Consequently, despite intensive and intelligent cultivation, with high yields per acre, Japan must import from 20 to 25 per cent of its foodstuffs, and in 1953 spent approximately one half of the revenue from its \$1.2 billions of export trade to buy it.

Japan must also import large quantities of the raw materials necessary for its industrial machine. While the Japanese coal-mining industry supplies virtually all the standard coal necessary to sustain Japanese industry, heavy coking coal is very scarce and must be imported. The estimated Japanese petroleum deposits are merely .013 per cent of the world total, and 90 per cent of her annual oil requirements must be imported. The Japanese steel industry imports more than 90 per cent of the iron ore it requires — a considerably higher percentage than in the pre-war years. In the nonferrous metal field Japan has comparatively rich reserves of copper, lead, and zinc, but almost no bauxite or nickel.

The Japanese textile industry is almost entirely dependent upon foreign sources for raw cotton and

raw wool, though it has a surplus of raw silk.

Japan possesses abundant natural water resources, which are employed for the production of electric energy in hydroelectric power generation plants throughout the country; but owing to the sharp seasonal variations in the water flow, it is necessary to have thermal power generation facilities available on a stand-by basis to fill the gap during the dry season.

In this beautiful land of earthquakes, typhoons, and mountains, these stark physical facts and statistics can never be far from the minds of the leaders of Japan, nor indeed from the fears and aspirations of her people, 45 per cent of whom earn their living from farming. They symbolize a potential of repression, poverty, and malnutrition on overcrowded islands — a potential infected sore in which a Communist virus could grow.

Foreign trade is essential to Japan's existence, for only through trade can she earn the wealth needed to feed her burgeoning people and supply her industry with raw materials. Her trade, shipping, banking, and insurance have suffered severe dislocations as a result of World War II and its aftermath.

Japan's trade with China and Manchuria, which used to be her principal market for chemicals, heavy industrial machinery, and steel, has been drastically reduced.

The post-war plethora of regulations, quotas, restrictions, and prohibitions imposed on international trade by the scramble for dollars and the protection of reviving local industry has seriously hampered Japan's efforts to develop substitute markets in Southeast Asia, Europe, and America. She has not shared in the benefits of countervailing programs such as the Colombo Plan, and has yet to be admitted to full membership in the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, or GATT. Furthermore, because of the vastly increased tempo of the drive to industrialize on the part of "raw-material producing" countries, the textile industry, Japan's largest export industry, in which its competitive cost advantage has been marked, is finding it increasingly difficult to market its wares in countries such as Indonesia and Pakistan, which are adopting the easiest of the manufacturing arts first and protecting this fledgling from competition. Moreover, exports of raw silk to more industrialized countries have been drastically curtailed because of competition from synthetic fibers.

Korea, Indonesia, and the Philippines are in large part refusing to trade until their claims for war reparations are settled, though the reparations agreement recently concluded with Burma may be a favorable augury. Japan is also now faced with the partial loss of a potentially important market in Indochina. Thailand and Burma, in recent years major sources of Japanese rice imports, are doubtless next on the Communist timetable.

Japan's struggle for markets is intensified by the aggressive competition of Western Germany and Great Britain, who are fighting to regain their pre-war industrial and commercial eminence, particularly in the heavy industry field in which Japan is striving to make good her losses in the textile trade. So desperate is the struggle that Japanese steel mills are reported to have contracted to ship 100,000 tons of pig iron to Argentina at a price yielding virtually no profit.

4

THESE external realities are aggravated by internal difficulties. Inflation has tormented the Yoshida government, which has undertaken an "austerity" program designed to cut imports and maintain the sinking value of the yen. Between 1950 and April, 1954, for example, the index of wholesale prices went up 95 points (1948 = 100) in Japan while in the U.S. it increased by only 7. This has discouraged venture capital and kept interest rates as high as 10 per cent for short-term bank loans.

Another legacy from World War II and Japan's isolation from the Western world is the large proportion of obsolete plant and equipment still in use by Japanese industry. Striking examples are the Portland cement, the thermal electric power, and the hydroelectric power industries, where 80 per cent of the facilities are over twenty years old.

In spite of a power development program which includes a purchase in the United States of one of the newest and largest electrical generators in the world, Japan's power requirements will be inadequate for many years to come. The construction of a nuclear power reactor in Japan — the imaginative proposal of Thomas E. Murray of the Atomic Energy Commission — would thus fill a real economic need as well as go a long way to prove to the Japanese people that "our interest in nuclear power is not confined to weapons."

With capital equipment in this obsolescent state, it is not surprising that labor productivity is substantially less than before the war and labor cost substantially greater. Except in the textile field, cheap Japanese labor is often illusory. The Japanese coal miner's production is 10 tons per month compared with 111 tons for the American miner and 27 tons for the British miner. It is only because his wage is one tenth that of his American and one third that of his English counterpart that the unit cost of production is roughly equal. The labor cost per kilowatt in Japan's electric power industry exceeds that in the U.S.

During the Occupation, membership in Japan's labor unions mounted to 7 million. Employers argue that the Occupation Labor Standards Law has been a major factor in raising wage costs and in pricing Japan out of many world markets. They assert that welfare payments, shorter hours of

work, overtime, and compensation have reduced working time per worker by 30 per cent in the cement industry, 40 per cent in paper, 20 per cent in ammonium sulphate, and 20 per cent in rubber, and that they are required to employ more workers than are needed for the job because of the government's concern over employment. To regain a competitive position in world markets and to encourage capital formation, they would freeze wages and abandon some of the progressive (and expensive) elements in the Labor Standards Law. An attempt to carry into effect this program, even if required by the cold logic of economics, would be political dynamite and play into the hands of Japanese Communists.

Because of these various factors, the gap between Japanese exports and imports was \$756 million in 1952 and \$1100 million in 1953. However, buoyed by the Korean War spending by the United States and its troops, which amounted to approximately \$800 million a year, Japan did not need to adjust immediately to this underlying imbalance of trade, because the gap was covered by the war-created receipts she was collecting and the reserve of close to \$1300 million in foreign exchange she had accumulated during the Korean War.

With the continuation of the truce in Korea, United States expenditures dropped substantially (they have currently dropped to an annual rate of less than \$600 million and may decline to \$200 million within a year or two), and the inherent problem of an excess of imports over exports began to make itself felt.

Its most startling manifestation was the drain on the foreign currency reserve. It had been reduced to about \$760 million as of June of this year, of which amount only \$550 million was unrestricted, and at the then annual rate of withdrawal of \$450 million, Japan was only a year away from serious economic trouble and the social unrest and political chaos which would follow in its wake.

Japan is itself at least partially responsible for her present economic straits, for educational and welfare expenditures have been maintained at a level incompatible with the necessary reconstruction of Japanese industry in the light of the competition it must meet to survive. Investment capital that should have been guided into modernization of the export industries has been used to finance industries producing for the home market.

This is perhaps a harsh criticism in view of the Occupation's own sponsorship of many of the welfare expenditures which, cruel as it may sound, may have to be reduced to provide the requisite industrial base for economic and political survival.

The Yoshida government has recently inaugurated an austerity policy involving the reduction of food imports, which increased markedly in 1952, to their level prior to that date, a tighter money policy with priority to the export industries, and

decreased public works expenditures. That this policy has been a step in the right direction was indicated by the sharp reduction in the unfavorable balance of payments in the second quarter of this year and by the favorable balance of \$38 million reported for the month of August. It is understood that this program contemplates an eventual balancing of Japan's international payments in the 1955-1956 fiscal year through an increase of \$256 million in exports and a \$342 million decrease in imports. This allows for a decrease of \$285 million in invisible items, principally United States military expenditures.

The extent to which the Yoshida government can politically continue to adhere to this deflationary economic policy is problematic. It is creating discontent and dissatisfaction not only among laboring groups but also among many businessmen.

It would not be in keeping with our tradition or our long-term interests in Japan to insist that Japan sacrifice all its social gains before the United States will lend a helping hand. Moreover, Japan's most impelling economic need is not for dollar loans from the United States government. A loan specifically earmarked for the replacement of obsolescent industrial machinery and equipment, particularly in heavy industry, producing products salable in hard currency markets would aid in solving Japan's current crisis. (This would also be the most helpful and rewarding role for foreign equity capital.) But what Japan requires most of all over the long term is foreign markets in which she can sell at a reasonable profit the products of the export industry, which the Yoshida government is currently working to expand, in sufficient quantities to employ and support her growing population.

An enduring solution of Japan's economic problems will require a bold undertaking by many countries, particularly by the United States and the British Commonwealth, to remove or reduce obstructions to world markets such as quotas and tariffs; the granting of Japan's application for full membership in the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trades under which the participating countries reciprocally guarantee most-favored-nation treatment; simplification of customs procedures; elimination of discriminatory buying by governments, such as is required by the United States' "Buy America" Act, and by private parties; freer convertibility of currencies, particularly between sterling and the dollar; and a program to increase the purchasing power of the nations of the free world through increased capital investment and technical assistance, especially in the non-Communist countries of Asia.

Great Britain made a helpful start last January when, over the protests of her textile and pottery industries, she signed the Anglo-Japanese trade and payments agreement raising the quantitative limits on Japanese imports. Negotiation of a new trade

treaty between Japan and Canada under which Japan will receive most-favored-nation treatment in the Canadian market is also an encouraging development.

A so-called Marshall Plan for Southeast Asia could indirectly be very beneficial to Japan if focused on the development of natural resources such as coke, timber, and petroleum upon which Japan's industries live and for which she now pays largely in dollars. Since Southeast Asia has not forgotten its recent occupation by the Japanese builders of a co-prosperity sphere, it is understandably reluctant to emphasize this complementary relation to a nation which it still dislikes and distrusts.

Fortunately, the SEATO regional defense pact, which Japan has not thus far been invited to join, erects no economic walls that would contribute to the economic drives encouraging militarism.

The advantages which will accrue from allowing Japan freer access to world markets are not confined to the political benefits of permanently linking Japan to the free world, for Japan is a good customer of the United States and of the Commonwealth and her continued purchases of their exports — she bought 25.7 per cent of U.S. cotton exports in 1953-1954 — must eventually depend on her ability to earn the money to pay for them through foreign trade.

The present one-sided trade ratio may be illustrated by a few figures with respect to her purchases and sales of merchandise (disregarding invisibles): Japan currently buys \$700 million of goods in the United States and sells \$258 million; buys \$105 million from Canada, sells \$15 million; buys \$50 million from the Philippines, sells \$24 million; buys \$175 million from Australia, sells \$9 million. This cannot continue unless Japan can earn the foreign exchange to pay for her purchases.

The selling nations have a vital stake in maintaining their sales even at the expense of additional competition with certain home industries. But the task of convincing local businessmen in the affected industries will not be an easy one. American locomotive manufacturers bitterly complained when the FOA was considering placing an order for locomotives for India exclusively with the Japanese firms which had made the lowest bid. As a result 50 per cent of the order went to American manufacturers.

5

ONE frequently suggested palliative which is politically undesirable, at least from the United States viewpoint, and of dubious economic efficacy to the Japanese, is the lifting of Japan's rigorous export controls on trade with Communist China which Japan imposed in coöperation with the UN despite its nonmembership, and the reopening of Sino-Japanese trade.

While Japan's pre-World War II exports to

greater China were about a fourth of Japan's foreign trade, the conditions which fostered this commerce no longer obtain with their same force. A large portion of exports to the Chinese mainland went to the Japanese puppet state of Manchukuo or the leased territory of Kwantung, where the chief purchasers were Japanese interests. Exports to China proper were about 10 per cent of Japan's foreign trade. Today even in consumer goods free from export controls China is importing very little from Japan. Moreover, the Chinese drive for industrialization means China herself needs the raw materials she formerly exported to manufacturing countries; and what raw materials are available for export, Communist China prefers to ship to Russia and the satellite states. According to a recent report of the Soviet Union's State Planning Committee, projected Soviet assistance to Communist China in the six-year period ending in 1959 will provide the heavy industrial equipment necessary to increase the capacity of China's iron and steel industry 300 per cent, her coal 60 per cent, and electric power 100 per cent. Even discounting the roseate character of Soviet economic statistics, the aid to date has been substantial and will doubtless continue to grow.

Although Communist China could profit from the brains, experience, and capital of her industrialized neighbor, any large-scale economic outlet there for Japan's exports might prove to be illusory. In any case, it is unlikely at any price short of Japan's withdrawal from its present position as an ally of the West. This would include rupture of the Security Treaty, signed the same day as the Japanese Peace Treaty, under which the United States has the right to maintain armed forces in Japan, and some assurance from Japan that she will reject any invitation to participate in SEATO or any other non-Communist regional security pact. Communist China's Mao Tse-tung is reported to have stated flatly that Japan must throw out United States troops and abrogate its bilateral treaties with the United States. If there is even further absorption of Southeast Asian nations into the Communist bloc, the incentive for Japanese acceptance of such terms will increase as the area in which she can earn her livelihood diminishes.

Similar conditions will doubtless attach to Soviet Russia's abandonment of its veto of Japanese membership in the United Nations, about which we hear almost nothing from our Western friends who are so free in their criticism of our opposition to Communist China's membership.

The possibility may not be discounted, especially in view of the recent trip of Diet members to Peiping, that the more opportunistic Japanese political leaders might, as a means of enhancing Japanese bargaining power, flirt with a Communist alternative which they really do not want. The risk of Japan

with all its industrial potential and skilled manpower becoming a part of the Communist bloc is a risk the Western world just cannot afford to take. We can avoid it not by a series of economic hand-outs, but by recognizing that Japan must trade or perish and by making room for her in free world markets.

The particular role of the United States in helping Japan through the current crisis, and in the more lasting adjustments that must follow, does not lie solely in the economic area—in which, in any event, long-term solutions will depend on the joint action of many countries within the Western world and not on unilateral action by the United States.

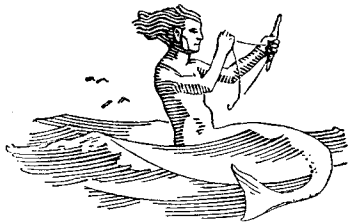
Another basic and equally significant challenge to the United States is the task, largely neglected by the Occupation, of relating the American principles and institutions which we attempted to impose on the Japanese people to fundamental Japanese traditions and institutions which will give them a continuity and cultural basis thus far significantly lacking.

This objective should not be exclusively a governmental project, but should also be the concern of responsible leaders of the business community, educational institutions and foundations, church organizations, and private citizens. Japanese residents of the United States, so many of whom have only recently become eligible for citizenship, as a result of the McCarran Act's change in our naturalization laws, can be of particular service in this connection.

In this process, Americans can learn a great deal from the Japanese. Too often their extraordinary facility to copy others has been mistakenly regarded as a sign of lack of creative ability. The fear which the American and British businessmen have of Japanese competition indicates a grudging recognition of their ingenuity in manufacturing. But even more obvious is their artistic creativity—their art, literature, poetry, and music should not be patronized because they are different from our own. Friendship between the United States and Japan can, and indeed must, rest on more than anti-Communism or mutual material benefits.

Despite a cultivated emotional stoicism, there are a deep substratum of emotion and a great love of beauty in the Japanese character, and we may find with Lafcadio Hearn that an aesthetic sensitivity is a better approach to the Japanese than the ruthless logic of facts.

We must find means to convince them that we enjoy working with them on a truly coöperative basis, and that they are not mere pawns in our war with Communism. We cannot assist them to re-arm in order to have "Asians fight Asians." Such slogans are grist for the propaganda mills of the Communists, and immeasurably harmful to mutually cordial relations with the Japanese people.



An Atlantic Story



*A graduate of Queens' College, Cambridge, T. H. WHITE published his first novel, *Loved Helen*, in 1926 when he was a young schoolmaster at Stowe. He scored his first major success in this country with *The Sword in the Stone*; and then, when he had resumed writing after the war, he again hit the target of the Book-of-the-Month Club with his novel, *Mistress Masham's Repose*. In *Who's Who* he gives as his recreation "Animals"; and one will see why after reading the story which follows.*

THE FAIRY FIRE

by T. H. WHITE

WILD-FOWLING used to be one of the few sports left in Britain which were still done the hard way. It might mean getting up at four o'clock in the morning, with gummy eyes, driving the car for twenty miles to where one thought the geese were going to cross the coast line, plodding for a couple of miles in winter darkness across the sea-marsh at risk of one's life (from the tide), digging oneself a shallow grave in the freezing sand and lying in its icy-harsh water for half an hour or more, like a doll in a cardboard box. Then you saw the lovely battalions pass out of range, drove home for breakfast, and spent the daylight hours spying for the creatures with binoculars, with a view to the next sortie. You went down to the salt-marsh again for the evening flight and possibly had one glass too many after dinner at the Inn.

Goose-shooters used to resemble the White Knight in *Alice in Wonderland*. They had his idealism. They seldom shot any geese. They were hung about, like him, with gadgets. No goose man ever went out without a magnum shotgun, or some even more cumbersome firearm of vast caliber, which went off with a Boom and whose recoil gently but firmly pushed the shooter over backwards, when it was discharged. There were hand-made cartridges for the same in all sizes of shot, a goose-bag into which the dead goose was in theory going to be put — and for sitting on, in the puddles, for it was oiled to be waterproof — a tide-table, a compass, an electric torch, a flask of spirits, and a small shovel for digging the grave. These were the minimum needs.

It was possible to pursue this fantasy in the West of Ireland, among the boundless bogs of the County

Mayo. Geese were more difficult there, because they did not necessarily cross the coast at all. They might fly from bog to lake or vice versa. But there was a rare variety of whitefront at a certain place which had better not be named. These weighed 25 per cent more than other whitefronts, and, in my opinion, did not migrate. I was mad to shoot some, to weigh them for statistics.

To get the feeling of the story, one seems to need some picture of the West.

When Cromwell evicted the native Irish from the more fertile lands, to settle his own adventurers, he told them to get to Hell or Connaught. Perhaps he himself did not actually equate Hell with Connaught; but any cockney, New Yorker, or society figure would do so, even now. In those days, the almost prehistoric settlements were inaccessible by road. There were no roads. The treacherous parts of the bog, on routes known only to the inhabitants, like the footpaths of animals, could only be crossed by throwing down brushwood. The culture of the huge district was prehistoric — like a La Tène culture of lake dwellings. It is still possible to drive fifteen or twenty miles on a modern road across the level, russet plain without seeing more than a dozen dwellings. Round the great provinces of turf and heather, whose peat-soil, when wet, is a gleaming roast-coffee blancmange, the abrupt, lonely mountains make an eternal sky-line. On the coast, the anfractuous cliffs are dotted with a series of promontory forts made long before the dawn of history. The earth is hospitable only to the potato, the fuchsia, and the rhododendron. A fisherman from Belmullet, so Jack told me, once walked the endless

miles to Ballina. When he saw his first tree, he fell down and worshiped it.

In winter, this was a hardy, starving territory, a melancholy steppe. On the few sunny days of summer, it was so beautiful that one's gorge rose in the bosom — coming across a lovely tarn, bluer than the sky, solid cobalt, a secret jewel dropped from heaven, and bluer than heaven. At sunset, in some atmospheric conditions, the horizontal rays would for a few moments turn everything saffron — but everything. The earth, the sky, the turf stacks, the whitewashed cottage, all momentarily would glow into glory, like the bars of an electric fire warming up, and the same color.

2

ON THIS particular evening in the winter, we drove to the furthest settlement — it could hardly be called a village — at the most isolated fold of the vastest bog there was. It was called, in Gaelic, the Cow Bog. Although it was fifteen miles away, Jack knew the people as usual. He was popular with them. They spoke their own language habitually. One or two of the very old ones could not speak English. They were as hardy as snipe.

We arrived before darkness, a freezing evening, with the Atlantic wind unchecked by a single perpendicular between there and America. There were half a dozen thatched cottages, with their black turf ricks. There was a kind of track between them.

The people of Shanataggle received us with stately almost Spanish courtesy. The music-hall caricature of an Irishman as a sort of funny gorilla, with a pig on a string and a clay pipe stuck in his hat — which is now fiercely resented by the real Irish — is their own fault. The people of the east coast clowned it like that about a hundred years ago, to diddle the English, and now the picture has stuck to them. But the true Gael was never so. A spare, gaunt hidalgo of a figure, reserved and sensitive and subtle and wicked in many ways; talkative only when drunk or in emotional release or to mask an anxiety neurosis by buffoonery; innocently brutal or beautiful by turns — in direct, not artificial, immediate response to circumstances; rightly despising the blunt, uncomprehending codes of the Saxon. An intuitive, realistic, feminine ferocity in his mind — for women are ruthlessly real — the Gael was a Spaniard, a Malvolio, no comic. For that matter, when the Armada was driven north around the coasts of Scotland, some galleons did come to wreck among the stony fangs of western Ireland. Who could tell what sorrowful don, escaping massacre, had left his fiery blood among the black-haired, blue-eyed, stately savages of Shanataggle?

They ushered us into the best house and set us down with ceremony to drink strong tea, incomparably brewed in a metal pot with the turf ashes raked around it. The tea had a faint, pleasant tang

of peat. It was obvious that there was only one egg in the house. This was presented to the visitor, lightly boiled, with home-baked bread and sweet butter. It would have been churlish not to accept the egg, or to have made even the most allusive attempt to pay for it. If one had given a shilling or two to the smallest child present, under the pretense of making a gift, it would have been identified at once as a trick, an ungentlemanly and obtuse rejection of the hospitality meant by the egg. Also, it would have been churlish not to sit down to the unwanted meal, although the daylight was slipping away and we still had far to walk. Everything in Eire always was late, so the best thing was to accept the fact.

A certain amount of nonsense gets written about the hospitality of peasants. The true reason for it, if one faces it without being sentimental, is that a stranger is precious to them. The entertainment, the novelty, the something-to-think-about, the mental pabulum, the refreshment of a new ingredient in the cud of one another — which was all they had to chew through winter nights from birth to death — these made me well worth an egg to them. The hospitality was an effort to detain me, and, though it may seem that they were conferring something, it was I who was really conferring a refill of subject matter for their strong, starved, intelligent minds. I was like a new book to some scholar, marooned away from libraries. This was why it would have been unthinkable not to linger with their egg, submitting to be absorbed by hungry brains.

Jack soon had the flow of talk in motion, relating how, on a previous visit some years since, after a whole bottle of *poitín*, the octogenarian of the neighborhood had leapt a ten-foot rivulet, his coat-tails flying. This led to anecdote and speculation, to politics and legend and philology, while every eye watched every motion of the Englishman, a cynosure, to store him up for future nourishment. On the subject of eggs and Gaelic, which I was doing my best to learn, I gleaned one piece of information.

It seems that the great Irish pirate-queen, Gránia O Mhaille, once attracted the attention of Queen Elizabeth — to whom, incidentally, she tried without success to refuse any form of homage. Gránia's headquarters before capture were at a stronghold on Clare Island in Clew Bay. Elizabeth, interested by her savage rival, made inquiries about the Irish and their tongue. An illustration of the barbaric language was given to her, thus: *d'it damh dubh ubh amh ar neamh*. She thought it sounded very peculiar; not so peculiar, however, as Gránia O Mhaille considered a similar English sentence: *Beg a big egg from Peg*.

A thin boy of about nineteen came in, while we were conversing on subjects of similar interest, and sat down in the corner without speaking. He was evidently exhausted by his day's work, and was given a hunk of bread to revive him.

He was a person of startling beauty. He had those lovely, curved shins — skeletal — which made one long to be a timber wolf and gnaw them in some den, or an archaeologist to unwrap them from a mummy. They curved like a Persian bow. His lengthy, fragile fingers were ducal: no, they were princely. The blue-black hair fell over sapphire eyes. He was tired, hungry, so shy in his dignity that I do not think he looked at me or spoke directly to me the whole evening. He was a Masai warrior. He should have leaned on a spear in a leopard skin, drinking bullock's blood, with one leg curled round the other, his body painted a rusty color, like the turf ashes. He was the son of the house, and was to be our guide.

Jack was the merry fellow who got on well with everybody. The Masai trusted him, just enough to speak to him in monosyllables. Such conversation as he was willing or able to exchange with me had to be carried on through Jack, as if the latter were an interpreter. Probably the boy did not understand a word I said, having hypnotized himself into the belief that he would be unable to do so. Once, driving into Galway with an Irish speaker next to me in the long Jaguar, we had drawn up beside one of those black-hatted peasants in a *bainín*, to ask the way. Although spoken to in his own language by a compatriot, he had understood nothing, being convinced by the sight of the car that he would not be able to understand. Besides, with our spearman, there was the vaulting ambition and superbiety of youth, which made him self-conscious, confused, proud and ashamed, friendly and resentful. He had that struggling look of somebody who is sulking and does not want to sulk, the eyes saying tormentedly, I am stuck in this: please help me out. He was a nobleman in hated chains.

When the decencies had at last been observed, I managed to get the party on foot toward the small mountain lake at which we hoped to ambush the geese. It was late. We could not be there by twilight. We had a mile or more to walk, skipping from tussock to tussock over the chocolate bog.

They stowed me away at last in a neat round hole in the turf, which had the shape of a large keg or small barrel. And rightly was it shaped so, for it had been dug to house a barrel.

In the old days, when *poitín* was illegally brewed in Eire, the makers had to conceal their kegs of the true, smoky, water-colored, dangerous, vintage whisky — which was best taken either hot from the still or else, so rarely possible, after being matured. In between these dates, it was a lethal drink, which made people drunk for the second time if they took a glass of water for their thirst next morning. There was a slight blueness in its color, like the faintest wood smoke. The best way to hide the kegs from the excisemen and the guards was to dig a hole in some hundreds of square miles of bog, and to bury them. I was squatting in such a hole. It was next

to the tarn at which we expected the geese, and it made an excellent ambush. My comrades went to other places of concealment.

Incidentally, there was a good economic reason for illicit brewing in distant parts. If one had a patch of corn fifteen miles from the nearest market, across bad tracks, and had to carry one's harvest there on one's shoulders, it was convenient to reduce its bulk. Brewed down at home, it could be carried in one keg on one journey as spirits: in sacks as grain, it might take four journeys.

The geese did come; in fact they had come. But it was pitch dark by now, without a trace of moon. We could hear their wings, their gabbling on the little pocket-handkerchief of water, but we could not see an inch of them. I was furious with our party of three, including myself, for being quarter of an hour too late. We could have poniarded those geese by touch, but we could not pistol them. They were invisible.

Like a mad terrapin in a mud-puddle, I glared into the frozen darkness in all directions, my implements clattering about me. And, oh, it was cold! In the midwinter *poitín*-hole, with my shooting mittens and various dodges, I was somewhat protected from the icy air; but what of Jack and what of that foodless warrior, who had no hole to protect them? The boy had such a thin suit over his bird bones, his best one: a Spartan with long fingers under his armpits, at whose slim breast the fox of January gnawed unprotected.

Eventually they came to fetch me. Jack said with chattering teeth: "Come along now, we can go. It is too late. Nothing can be done now."

They extended gelid hands to help me out of the keg, while I unbent my bone-blue joints, like the round knobs which butchers hack with hatchets, and muttered about the geese. The setter Brownie, who had been trembling in it with me, was released to scamper.

"We must come again. We must come before sunset, properly. Did you hear them?"

"Yes, yes."

We blew out our words, beating our arms for circulation.

3

It will be important to tell the next part of this story with clinical accuracy. It is not a fairy-story, and not fiction.

Evidently Jack and his bashful prince of the Gaels must have noticed the phenomenon as they came to collect me. But the first of them had heard of it and the second had seen it before, so they must have decided to find out what effect it would have on the pragmatism and prating Saxon.

As we tottered the first uneven paces from that agonizing hidey-hole, Jack said, with exaggerated concern and a touch of mischief: "Look, what is this? Look at this!" He pointed, half teasing, half

scared himself, to our feet; and there, a crumbling series of phosphorescent green worms — about as bright as the end of a cigarette, but green instead of red — were tumbling back into the soggy footprints. They were a miniature landslide of light, like a football crowd of crumb-sized spectators pouring out of the exits, all on fire.

It is alarming, whatever one may say, to find that one's footprints have turned into glowworms, in the black night, in the red bog, fifteen miles from anywhere. I said: "Well, it might be anything. Come along; let's go home."

We were in a country which believed in fairies — not fairies with gauzy wings sitting on toadstools, but supernatural beings, largely malevolent. When one's individual unconscious is submerged in the subconsciousness of a place and race, it tends to be influenced by its surroundings.

The nervousness of me, the materialist, grew contagious. The other two, a prehistoric believer and a more modern half-believer, now caught the scare. What had started as one of Jack's jokes turned into a subdued, silent panic. We began to hop and shamle away, from tussock to tussock, in the direction of the darkling settlement where human beings lived.

But, after a hundred yards or so, shame and the scientific attitude triumphed.

They were ahead, more nimble and more accustomed to the moorland. I called to them: "Jack, wait for me. Stop a minute. Don't leave me alone. I must find out about it."

They stopped to wait, and we turned.

For a hundred yards back, exactly like the black footsteps of good King Wenceslaus in the white snow, there were three chains of glowworm footsteps in the sable night. We looked from side to side, and now there circled or arced us at a distance a cantering, high-stepping circumference of green fire. It was made by the feet of my beautiful setter bitch, and it moved with her.

"No, wait. Don't go away. We must find out."

I lifted my boot: it was on fire.

I put my finger to the welt of it and scooped a piece: it stuck to the finger, without burning it.

I smelled it: it did not smell, except of bog.

I gingerly licked it: it tasted of wet turf, nothing else. It was tasteless, scentless, soundless, warmthless, visible.

We stumbled off through the oceanic night, leaving these same footprints behind us, circled by the flaming setter, gradually going quicker and quicker. We joked at ourselves, partly clowning our uneasiness, but feeling inside a real wish to get out of here, out of the whelming winter darkness and the pursuing fire. We took to the bed of a burn, where the going was better than on the hummocky heather. We were in a hurry. We slid and tripped and fell.

Towards the relief-giving end of this eerie trek, whose direction in the ink of evening depended on

our guide, I did manage to pass a few messages through Jack to the grandee.

"Do you often get this?"

"Yes."

"Is it the will-o'-the-wisp?"

"No. That one is a different thing. Often we see him too, but he is more like a tower of flame."

"What do you call it?"

"We call it the *solas sidh* (the Fairy Fire)."

And the gauche, courtly, resentful *caballero* looked distantly, with dignity, into the darkness. He was afraid I was going to make a mock of him.

We went to the car, not to the dwellings. It was parked at the foot of the track which led to them. We wanted to go away.

No tip was given to our proud conductor. Perhaps, when sufficient time had elapsed to make it decent, he could be entertained on his next visit to market, with drink or smokes.

We switched on the inside light of the car, like royalty going to the theater, but for us it was to banish the night. We wanted a bright, small, cosy interior: a shell of civilization to defend us against prehistory, against the principalities of races long defeated. Ireland is a melting pot of conquered cultures, of stone men and bronze men and iron men, of Celts and Vikings and Anglo-Normans, driven remorselessly westward by the volcano of European history, pressed finally together against the rim of the Atlantic in their promontory forts, between the devil of the New Weapon and the deep sea. Their gods went with them. Duk-Duk dancers and Druids, Fir Bolg and Tuatha De Danann, Baal and Beltaine, Crom Cruach and Cromwell, the conquered conquerors, enslaved, revengeful, charged with ancient powers — they pressed heavily in the wind against the weak, lit windows of our motor, tight shut.

We took some whisky from the flask, and drove home thoughtfully, in silence at first.

There seems to be a theory that the *solas sidh* is some kind of phosphorescence — like the lights in tropical oceans — and that it depends on atmospheric conditions. It is not caused by methane or marsh-gas — which may account for the other "tower of flame" which the boy mentioned — since it does not burn or smell. It is no good going to the Cow Bog in the hope of viewing it, because it only comes when the conditions happen to suit each other. Then it is there, glowing like a forgotten kipper in the darkened pantry, but much more so; stepping with the wayfarer, step for step; galloping with his dog in cusps and curlicues of ice-green fire; not showing itself dispersedly, but only on the foot or where the foot has been; cold, corpse-lit, and brighter than the figures on wrist watches which have been painted with luminous paint.

On other nights, which are the usual ones, no frightful fiend doth tread so closely behind the wild-fowler.



A schoolteacher for more than three decades, the mother of a happy family, and former president of the N.E.A., SARAH CALDWELL has been teaching in the public schools of Ohio since 1929 and has worked tirelessly for teacher welfare and advancement. President Truman appointed her a member of the U.S. Delegation to the Seventh Conference of UNESCO, which met in Paris in the autumn of 1952. "Her colleagues swear," wrote one of them, "that this drawling daughter of Georgia did more on one trip overseas to promote international understanding than many ambassadors do during a whole term."

TEACHING IS HARD WORK

by SARAH CALDWELL

DEAR KAREN: The time is drawing near for your first day of teaching, the beginning of what I know to be a happy, interesting, and rewarding career. I do hope you will find it so — and for many years. Across the miles, I want to extend to you a hearty welcome as you come into a great profession. It gives me a warm inner glow to think of you now as one of us. I know you have the personality and the preparation that qualify you to undertake the challenge of teaching. We need a good many new teachers, it is true; but far more important is the fact that we need many new *good* teachers. I am confident that with persistence, patience, and willingness to give your best you are going to be a good teacher.

I have just finished ironing my best cottons — the "High Sunday" as Aunt Belle would call them — dresses that I don't send to the laundry. Our fall weather is unpredictable. I want to be ready for Indian summer. Once classes begin, there won't be much free time for things at home.

Each year in late August I find myself following the same pattern, every activity centered in the preparations for teaching again. Time hasn't taken away any of my enthusiasm. I love to teach school! I certainly never thought seriously of choosing any other profession. Even when in the fourth grade, I was playing school with younger children during recess. Well do I remember tutoring your uncle Pat when he had to miss most of the first grade because of being sick — and how proud I was when he went back and was not required to repeat the year's work! I guess that was really when I decided that I wanted to be a teacher. I've always been glad of that decision.

But with all the pleasure and satisfaction I derive from teaching, there are problems which are downright frustrating. I'm referring to the teaching

load, the working conditions, the size of classes, the inadequate remuneration, the double shift, professional security, academic freedom, personnel practices, and community status.

With the great increase in today's enrollment it is inevitable that you will be faced with the first three of these problems in some measure. I can only hope you're fortunate enough not to be completely weighed down by them. They can produce tension, anxiety, and exhaustion to the point of taking the joy out of teaching if you try to meet them all head-on. Use whatever devices you can to save wear and tear on the nervous system, especially in class when the varied demands of many pupils, the unexpected visitors, announcements, money collecting, disturb the quiet efficiency necessary for effective teaching. I've learned that these interruptions can best be cushioned with a sense of humor. To your routine teaching of several subjects may be added the extra tasks of lunchroom, study hall, or bus monitorial duty — you may not even have any free time to plan or relax during school hours.

Teaching is hard work and a steady pace. Frankly, my dear, it does not end with the dismissal of classes. School is never out for the good teacher. Planning lessons, grading papers, and faculty meetings invade the after-school hours, as do extra-curricular activities such as clubs or plays. And of course, to keep up, you must continue your professional studies. If only you can view this overloading in proper perspective; if you can mix understanding with efficiency, and can somehow break the day and not your health, you will have made a good beginning in seeing the right side of teaching.

Even though I am not now faced with all of the problems I've listed, they are nevertheless very

real to me and to every conscientious classroom teacher in the country. We realize that wherever one of these problems exists it is a serious handicap to teaching. We know that the ones who *really* suffer are the children and the communities they will grow up to serve.

Did you know that when I began, one of the deciding factors in my being elected to my first position was my church membership? I was the applicant with necessary preparation who would make a balance on the faculty for the two leading denominations in the town. Right away I was asked to teach a Sunday School class — which I did and enjoyed. Having this responsibility meant that I stayed in town almost every weekend. These were not actually requirements — just things that were expected of a teacher.

I was never told of any rules or regulations concerning what teachers could or could not do. I was simply told to teach my class for the next nine months. There were no such things as a probationary period, tenure (I hadn't even a written contract), a retirement system, or a salary schedule. One bargained individually for his salary. Mine was \$720 for the year. To share a room with another teacher in a private home, where we also had our meals, cost more than half of that income. (And I should add, the landlady made many an effort to supervise our activities, even to suggesting a bedtime!) The year ended with your grandfather paying for my having had the privilege of teaching. I simply could not live for twelve months on the money I received — and remember there was no inflation or income tax deduction then.

I never thought of quitting, though. Instead, I began a program of summer study that June which was to last for the next four years. The inspiration to work for higher professional qualifications had been engendered by the example of Miss Zell Rozier.

Miss Zell, who was principal of the elementary school in Sparta where I first taught, belongs high on my list of Unforgettable Characters. She was generally too busy with her own classes to give practical supervision, but always had time for conferences before and after school. She encouraged me to try out my new ideas and methods, and tactfully curbed my enthusiasm for any theoretical notion which, from her wisdom and experience, she knew would not be the best procedure. Never once was I afraid to talk with her about anything that concerned my work, and I often sought her advice on personal matters. I had confidence in her judgment. I respected her counsel. I can truthfully say that working under Miss Zell's leadership left little to be desired. All the teachers felt the same way about this fine, capable, and understanding person. She had no favorites.

There was no organized PTA in the school, but there definitely was an association between the

parents and teachers. Those mothers and fathers were interested in the welfare of their children and in the program of their school. To them a teacher was a Very Important Person. This attitude permeated the thinking of their own households and generally those of their friends and neighbors who had no children in the classroom. Thus the townspeople were most cordial to the teachers. Their hospitality was warm and personal. We were invited to their homes for meals and parties. There were many pleasant drives, and I recall a couple of real excursions, when I went with families to the city for a play and we stayed overnight to shop on Saturday. These folks did things to make us feel we belonged in the community. We were invited to join their cultural, civic, and social clubs. Many friendships begun then have lasted through the years for me — friendships that I cherish.

It was this knowing and being known which made possible the many unscheduled, informal conversations I had with parents about their children. You see, I knew each one of the twenty-three students I taught as an individual, an individual in whose growth and development I was genuinely interested.

I remember the three Toms — the small immature one so interested in the store windows and visiting along the way that he never got to school on time until he was given the responsibility of watering our potted plants. It took a second year for him to be ready to learn to read, but his understanding parents were willing that he take the extra time to grow up. Once he became interested, he was a brilliant student. The handsome Tom was large for his age. He wanted to play with all the older boys. He learned quickly and was never satisfied with anything short of perfection. It was this desire that almost created a home-school problem when a perfect attendance record had to be broken because he had measles — that is, until the mother was convinced that other children shouldn't "be exposed to a childish disease and get it over with early." Then there was the short, chubby-faced Tom who was a slow learner. He was the one who lived in the country and came to school on the bus. His mother got quite angry because he wasn't allowed to bring his reader home. She wanted the older sister to "learn" the little fellow at night. She even wrote a note demanding that the book be sent home or else she would come in to meet me with a buggy whip! Fortunately a conference where the principal, the sister, and I talked over the reasons for keeping the book at school cleared up the misunderstanding. When the lady did come to school later for a Mothers' Day program there was no whip — nor any mention of the incident.

In those years I had the time to give personal attention to all the children, trying to meet their varying needs. There was also time to evaluate each one's total progress, but the formal record

sent home on a traditional report card could not tell the story adequately. I was glad of the opportunities to report in person. This gave me the chance to learn about the children's out-of-school life, too. As a result of these contacts the parents and I worked together in a natural sort of partnership to help their children do their best. We were both agreed that getting an education came first in a child's life; consequently there was no competition of part-time jobs for school hours. Because of this wholehearted home coöperation, the discipline problems were minor, and truancy cases and juvenile delinquents nonexistent in Sparta.

In the thirty years since I started to teach, I've certainly known many changes — changes for better, for worse. When I came to Akron I was able to select comfortable quarters where I could live independently and within my budget and enjoy a pleasant home life.

Life in a large city presents complications not known in a small town, however. My school is only one in a system. I belong to a faculty within a faculty, to a community of many parts. It is a complex society where almost everyone's life and work follow a definite routine. There is little time or opportunity to establish social contacts with parents. Conferences must be planned in advance. Telephone conversations must often replace informal, personal visits between teachers and parents. PTA meetings are held during schooltime or at night. The remarkable thing is that in spite of these circumstances a fine coöperation is maintained between the majority of the homes and the school in their district.

I've always had a written contract here. At first it was yearly. Now, by law, it is continuing. Teachers throughout the state, having satisfactorily completed a probationary period, are protected from dismissal, except for justifiable cause — and even then they have the right to a legal hearing. There is a sound retirement system for teachers of the state, one that has been continuously improved; now it includes some benefits for dependents. State laws provide for an accumulated 90 days of sick leave ($1\frac{1}{4}$ days per month of service) without loss of salary, and a minimum salary schedule for all full-time teachers, regardless of grade or subjects taught, who have equal preparation and experience. Another law makes it permissible for a local board of education to pay a teacher's expenses and salary while having visiting days or attending professional meetings. (I want to pay genuine tribute to my current superintendent and board of education for their willingness to observe this law. I could never have had the privileges of growth and enrichment experienced while serving as an official of the National Education Association had they not granted me a professional leave of absence, on two occasions, without loss of pay.)

If I stopped here you might conclude that I am now teaching in the State of Utopia! Not quite. These legal professional advantages and securities are good and vitally necessary — *of this I am fully aware* — but not all are as sufficient and ideal as one might judge.

You see, I have known the struggles of teaching in the days when we had only very limited sick leave and when there were great differences between the salaries of teachers in elementary and high schools, regardless of qualifications. I can remember drastic salary cuts, using script for currency, borrowing money to live. I have known days filled with more than these causes of anxiety: they were days filled with fears, first of being denied the right to full professional status, along with several hundred other married women on the staff, and then of personal reprisals because of my activities in the local classroom teachers' association.

Neither of these latter fears became realities, because an able administrator, one having vision and leadership, with the support of professional colleagues was able to avert these crises — both of which could have happened quite within the legal provisions of the time.

I recall those incidents with no feeling of personal animosity. Indeed, I felt none at the time. It was understood that the person responsible for the dilemma was really a sick man, unable to think clearly in dealing with the pressures of misdirected public sentiment or about the importance of democratic teacher participation in organization work. I simply draw on my experience to illustrate why I have come to have such a deep appreciation of the importance of sound school-legislation that provides security for teachers.

Such laws are not easy to enact. None in our state was handed down on a silver platter by the governing bodies. It took long years of hard work on the part of the organized teaching profession and of laymen interested in the schools to achieve their passage, and the program is not yet complete.

The retirement system, for instance, is not wholly adequate, in terms of today's inflated dollar, to meet the needs of old age. This is particularly true for teachers who retired several years ago. Our state education association has set up a special fund to help some who find themselves in dire circumstances. The new income tax provision to increase personal exemption to \$1200 for all retired persons is of substantial financial value to these former teachers.

Although the school board in our city abolished several years ago the policy of not employing married women teachers (establishing a two-year maternity leave at the same time), there are still places in the state where such a policy is in force; thus a woman teacher who marries is considered to have automatically terminated her teaching contract. In my opinion this (and all other forms of dis-

crimination in employment of qualified teachers) is an unwise use of local authority. There are weak spots in our tenure law. (A compromise on the wording of the original bill was necessary in order to get it passed.) As a result, after thirteen years only about half of the teachers in the state actually have the full security which the law provides. There are still far too many dismissals near the end of the five-year probationary period. Such a constant turnover of teacher personnel is false economy and detrimental to any school system. Ways must be found to bring about coöperative thinking between the profession and the public on this problem.

The law on salaries is just what its name indicates, *minimum*! The \$2500 it guarantees is not much of an inducement to one who has spent sixteen years in preparation for the job. It is difficult to talk to young folk about the joys and satisfactions to be derived from teaching when they look realistically at the financial side of the ledger. They know about the costs of living. They look not just at the beginning salary but at the possible maximum. That is when some of them really decide against teaching as a life profession. In communities where emphasis has been put on an adequate starting salary as an inducement to attract good teachers, they recognize that teaching compares favorably with other occupations. But there is little assurance that one will ever be able so much as to double the amount earned in the first year.

The inability to achieve a good top-bracket salary is one of the reasons why every year nearly one tenth of the total number of teachers in the country leave the profession. Some of those who leave have used the first few years of employment as a steppingstone, never intending to follow teaching as a career. Others, like the man on a bus in Idaho, discover they can't afford to teach.

Another teacher and I were riding along together, deep in conversation about *our* children and schools, when we suddenly realized that the man across the aisle had moved into a vacant seat in front of us. He was making no effort to conceal the fact that he was listening to what we were saying. In a few minutes he politely introduced himself, presenting his card, which identified him as an engineer with a large corporation. He then went on to say, "I apologize if I seem rude, but I'm interested in your conversation. I used to teach school. I first graduated from engineering college. Later I went back to study four years in a teacher-training institution, because I realized that what I really wanted to do was teach children. I had nine happy years in the classroom. But somehow eating got to be a habit with me and my family, so here I am — back in business."

This is no isolated testimony. The same thing is happening to thousands of qualified teachers all over the nation. It will continue to happen until

the salaries of teachers are substantially raised so as to be in proper relation to purchasing power of the dollar and to salaries in other professions.

I hadn't intended to write a dissertation on salaries, but nation-wide this is still the number one problem. Our schedule has been greatly improved in the last few years. Another upward revision will go into effect this fall. This puts us in line to move forward with the other city systems in the state. Even in this more favorable financial position I can't shut my eyes to the known facts: salaries directly affect the manpower supply in teaching, and there aren't enough qualified teachers at work in the classrooms. If the existing concept of adequate salaries for teachers is not soon changed in some communities, the boards of education are certain to find themselves forced to employ anyone willing to "keep school" — if their schools are to be kept!

Truthfully, that phrase "keeping school" has a frustrating connotation for me. Often I feel that is really all I am doing. Of course you realize that ever since I was asked to transfer from elementary school to high school I've had to meet far more students each day. Last year was just about average. I had 182 in my six classes and 33 in the home room. I managed to learn which names and faces belonged together, even to recognize everyone outside of class; but honestly, it was the smart ones and the slow ones I knew best — plus any discipline cases, which always *must* have attention so as not to disrupt the work of the others. If it were humanly possible to give each student the individual help he needs and deserves — which it isn't in a 41-minute period — I'm convinced there wouldn't be too many class disruptions!

Maybe I am an idealist, but I don't believe there is really a youngster who is *bad at heart*; at least I've never taught one. There are a great many with problems who need understanding and guidance. They also need to have someone with time and patience who can just listen to them talk, too. Parents, ministers, scout leaders, counselors, coaches, and teachers *all* have a role to play in helping adolescents to grow up. I seldom was able to do my part except in hit-or-miss fashion. There was little opportunity on the schedule to meet students in private conference, and we had no adequate place to talk when there was time. Our large student body required that practically every room be in constant use during the day. Many students were employed after school or had responsibilities at home while their parents worked. We sometimes got together before eight-fifteen, when school started in the morning.

I have always gone early to school in order that I might have at least a half hour in my room when it was not occupied. This habit was established eighteen years ago when the building first began to

look like a Herblock cartoon, "bursting at the seams." On double-session days my first class was at seven-thirty!

We had two faculties in the building then — overlapping between 10.30 A.M. and 2.30 P.M., when all in the first faculty went home. That was teaching on a production line, for the students came in shifts, too. Some of us were always coming or going in the dark during winter. With a school day of only four and one-half hours many students had full-time working jobs during the war years, especially the upperclassmen. (It was not unusual for the older boys to get more pay than I was getting.) The result was that school became a part-time occupation for too many students. Some of those big boys, having worked all night in the factory, were so tired they would go to sleep in class.

Of all the things I've written about, *the one* that directly concerns me most as an individual is being asked to do more than I can get done to my own satisfaction and the students' advantage. I have the freedom to teach. Our schools have been spared the unwarranted attacks known in some parts of the country. There is no lock-step method imposed by the course of study. There is just too much to do! All of our teachers face this problem. I should like to think the situation will be improved this fall. The prospects are not bright. New schools are opening in the city, but the number of new rooms and new teachers does not keep pace with the ever-increasing enrollment.

I am going to be in one of the new schools. Of course I shall miss the students and faculty where I have been for twenty-three years. Roots go down deep in that time. I was teaching my second generation there.

I'm wondering about Don, that chubby-faced chap with an IQ of 150. Can he hold up his own standards of scholarship and still command respect as "a regular guy"? He will need encouragement to keep his values straight if he's teased about being "a brain," for he is only fifteen.

And Bob — will he have matured enough to understand that his rebellion against women teachers was unconsciously rooted in his home, where he was surrounded with women and had no father?

Will Maureen keep on her diet? She looked and acted like a different girl after losing those 35 pounds.

What has Pat been doing since she dropped out of school? Will she be back? She was a bright girl who matured very early. I hope she finds herself before it is too late.

How will Ruthie be able to do in the three subjects she didn't pass? She wasn't quite ready for our high school with its routine of no supervised study and floundered from the beginning.

And there are many others. Maybe I shall see some of them during the year.

I am not leaving the community, just moving into another section with the Junior High School. The change will have many advantages and offers stimulating challenges. I have never taught in a brand-new building. This one is lovely, a modern laboratory for learning designed in keeping with the findings of scientific research. The selection of teaching equipment was as exciting as buying furnishings for a new home. All my personal files and room reference books are in place. I wanted to have everything ready for the students' arrival. It will be a strange environment for them. Just like the faculty, they will come from many buildings. We shall be pioneers together in a new place with a new program. It will mean a transfer of loyalties. There must be a "welding together" of students and teachers to make *our* school the *best* school, a goal that will require extra hours, hard work, and genuine desire to accomplish. I look forward to my part in the experiment.

I want to tell you, though, there will be butterflies in my stomach when I face the new classes — just the same as you will have. Years of experience don't eliminate that kind of fear. Teaching is such a big job and the opportunities are so vast — even with the problems that I have been writing about — a teacher who measures herself against such a responsibility always wonders, "Can I do it? Can I do it well?" There is comfort in a remark attributed to Mr. Coolidge: "We can't do everything at once, but we can do something at once." I shall try to follow that sound advice again this year.

The best part of teaching is the pupil personnel — boys and girls with a wide variety of abilities and needs. They all offer a great challenge and I love to teach them! I hope you will love teaching too — always.

AUNT SARAH



The daughter of American missionaries, who was taken to China at an early age, PEARL S. BUCK made her first appearance in print in the Atlantic for January, 1923. Since then she has contributed to us as the spirit prompted and we were particularly proud of her when in 1938 she received the Nobel Prize for Literature. The paper which follows is drawn from her new book, My Several Worlds, autobiographical in nature, touching on her life in China, Japan, and in this country. It will be published in early November by John Day.

THE TOUCH OF LIFE

by PEARL S. BUCK

1

THE modern lay mind is secretly troubled by the rise of power of the professional over our lives. The lay person today does not go as readily even to the doctor as he used to, though he knows that go he must or he may die. Why is this? I can remember twenty years ago, when I first came to live in my own rural region, our country doctor was trusted far more than any doctor is today. Our people sent for him as they sent for no one else. He was at their beck and call at all hours and he enjoyed a confidence that was astounding and touching.

People trusted not only his skills: they trusted him. He could talk to them about their minds affecting their bodies and making them ill and they believed him as they do not today believe the doctor or the psychiatrist, separately or in combination, although the skills in both these professions have developed enormously. The lay person, while he realizes the development, is nevertheless more troubled than ever. Because he does not trust either professional as much as he did that old country doctor, his general confidence in human beings is shaken, and because his confidence is shaken he does not get well as fast as he ought to.

What has caused the change from confidence to doubt? The development of the specialist — and the specialist is the professional in essence — has something to do with it. The division of the profession into specialties has greatly increased costs, for one thing. A call from the doctor in our country region used to cost two dollars. Now it is three or four times that amount and so high that a poor farmer or factory worker will often let illness develop too long before he undertakes the expense of being treated. Health insurance societies as yet are too full of jokers to provide the help they should. For example, some of the best known will give no further help when a disease is pronounced chronic. Yet the person with a chronic illness is the very one

who must have continuing help. So far, health insurance has not built up much confidence in the medical profession among laymen.

Another development in professionalism is that the doctor, even in the country, usually demands nowadays that a sick person come to him at his office, even though this may mean a journey of many miles. I myself have had to say firmly that I will not take a sick child with a temperature out of the house, and I will change my doctor before I do so. The decision costs me money, of course, and I am tolerated to an extent that is perhaps unfair. I do see the doctor's point of view. He is a human being, too. Yet somehow our old country doctor did get around; he did comfort people as well as heal them; and his fees were small in relation to fees today.

Modern doctors live at a far higher standard than our old country doctor did. I have no objection to anyone living as well as he can, but it must be recognized that when the lay mind sees the high average income and living standards of today's doctors, compared with the simplicity and devotion of the old country doctor, it is inevitable that people do not trust this new doctor as they did the old. I am against socialized medicine, I shall always prefer our system of personal and private doctors, and yet I feel concern because though I can pay my doctors' bills, thanks to chance, I know that some of my neighbors often put off getting medical attention because they are too poor to pay and too proud to take charity, and medical charity is no sweeter than any other. Few doctors can or do treat a charity patient as they treat one who pays well.

I deplore the increasing loss of trust in the idealism of the professional, especially in the medical field. The lay person is so helpless when he falls ill, so pathetic in his need of confidence. His wretched body is all that he possesses, and he clings to it in

the face of death and extinction. I understand, of course, that the physician cannot allow himself to be torn daily by emotions or he could not do his work.

Yet I believe the professional is mistaken when he declares that he must be detached, must be removed from personal interest, must be unsharing and remote, in order that he not be destroyed. I think he destroys himself by his very emotional detachment. If I am to commit my body to a man or woman to cut up while I am unconscious, be sure that I shall search not only for the skillful surgeon, but for the surgeon who is first a feeling human being. As a lay person, I do not want a surgeon, however expert, who never comes back to see how I am, who turns me over to another automaton house doctor, who in turn leaves me with an automaton nurse.

I once had my life saved, many years ago, by a surgeon who not only performed a skillful operation, but who, coming back often to see for himself how I was, delivered me out of the hands of a nurse under whose oppression I would surely have died, so cruel was she when left alone with me. I was at that desperate point between life and death when the slightest discouragement could and very nearly did push me over the brink. The surgeon understood instantly that this nurse had the touch of death and not of life.

The touch of life! That is what I mean. Some professionals have it and some do not have it; but when the lay person feels the touch of life in a professional, he willingly entrusts himself to the superior knowledge, the perfected skill. And what is this touch of life, this life-giving force, except the fruit of rich emotional understanding, the fruit of experience richly shared? Those professionals who do not have the emotional understanding of those whom they are supposed to serve do hasten the death of many.

2

BUT it is not only the medical profession that the lay mind may distrust. For it is the peculiar power of the professional that he is needed at the crises of human life, and there are other crises than that of illness and threatening death. Let me take an example from another profession — that of the social worker, especially in the field of child adoption.

I first came to know professional social workers through the adoption of four children nearly twenty years ago. My husband and I, loving children, decided to adopt a family, since nature had denied us the joy of children by birth. We went to a reputable agency, made ourselves known, and began the process necessary to prove ourselves good parents. It did not take too long in those days; the process was courteous and civilized. In due course our big third-floor bedroom became a nursery, but without

a nurse, for we wanted to take care of the two lively babies ourselves. A year and a half later they were joined by an equally lively boy and a girl, each a few weeks old.

In the rich years between the day they came home and today, I have kept myself abreast of developing adoptive practices as well as a layman can, and have taken an active part as a member on the boards of three adoptive agencies. My interest in this subject is far more than personal. I doubt that I am a good mother in the old-fashioned "mom" sense. I love people from the moment they are born until they die of old age on their way to a hundred. The newborn child is to me first a human being and only second a baby. I am not a peasant mother — that is, not an instinctive one. I do not wish to mother the world. I am not infinitely maternal. But I have deeply enjoyed being a mother to my children.

Aside from this, my firm belief is that all human creatures deserve a happy childhood as a right and as a prerequisite to normal adulthood, and that the first essential to happiness is love. I have observed that if a child does not have a wholehearted love from and for someone before he is five years old, he is emotionally stunted perhaps for the rest of his life. That is, he is unable to love anyone wholeheartedly and is to that extent deprived of a full life. This loving and beloved person is ideally father or mother or both, but lacking these, a kind-hearted maid or nurse or grandmother will do. It should be someone who has the permanent physical care of him, so that through the daily washing and dressing and feeding and play he feels the pervading and continuing presence of love. It has to be real love. The professional coddling that a trained nurse or attendant gives a baby in a foundling home or hospital does not fool even the baby. It takes more than a clock-watching employee to make a child feel secure.

It is amazing how discerning a baby can be. A child in the care of a good but unloving foster mother soon sinks into impassivity and begins to fade. Love is the sunshine of his growing soul, and when there is no sun, the soul stops and body and mind begin to lag. That is why children in orphanages and boarding homes look dull and are either too silent or too noisy. Babies used to be kept in hordes in orphanages until it was discovered how quickly they died of nothing at all, apparently. Of course they died for lack of true love.

What about the professional adoption agencies? Their function is to get children adopted. Alas, they are too often so involved in their professional standards, their lists of questions, their vested interest in the job of homeless child and impatient adoptive parents, that sometimes I fear more children are prevented from finding homes than are ever placed by them.

Children ought to go as quickly as possible from

natural mother to adoptive parents. Let us admit that sometimes this speed would mean a mistake. Even so, I believe, the total damage would not amount to that which the long delay now causes. There is a fearful lag in the average adoptive agency. Workers put in their eight hours a day faithfully enough, I daresay, but far too much of their time is spent at paper work, filing, and red tape. This is made necessary to some extent, I know, by the differing laws of the individual states. A child is often limited to one state or one area in his chances for adoption, each agency serving only one area, without possibility of interchange between areas. Again the child bears the brunt of his sad exclusion. He continues to wait upon laws and professionalism and bureaucracy.

And the prospective adoptive parents wait, eating their hearts out, anxious lest the delay mean that they do not measure up to some perfectionist demand of the professional, that the "matching" in religion or race is not perfect, that the house is not quite big enough, that one bathroom is insufficient, that the father is not a college graduate or that he is a college graduate, that their marriage is not perfect in its adjustment and security, that they themselves are not perfect but only ordinary human beings.

And the boarding home where the baby waits? There he is probably one of several children, all waiting for adoption or else a mixture of the family's own children and the boarding children. Let us bear in mind the significant fact that boarding mothers are paid for caring for homeless children. It is true that usually they are kind, good women, but many times they are ignorant women, not at all suitable for adoptive mothers, and the professional would not consider them so. Yet the social worker leaves the child there for an indefinite period, seeming to think that because the boarding home is an approved and licensed one, the child is doing well. Meanwhile, during the first months of a child's life, the all-important months, he is without real parents. For no boarding mother can take the place of the true mother.

Moreover, I have often found that while an agency may be an excellent one, its supervisor enlightened and well-meaning, the social workers all graduates of the best schools, and the psychologist and pediatrician skilled, none of this guarantees the child anything. The child has to live in the boarding home alone without any of these professionals present. The boarding mother receives from the doctor, for example, a diet list and instructions. More likely than not, she puts the list in a drawer, saying that she reckons she knows how to take care of a kid. And the child is fed noodles and macaroni instead of meat and vegetables and fresh fruits. It is only human nature to save money if possible. And starch fattens a baby and makes a nice show, does it not?

Many professional social workers know little about children. They do not seem able to see the difference between firm, healthy, muscular flesh and flabby fat. Too many social workers have never married and have no children of their own to teach them. To my thinking, one who works with babies or little children should not be without experience in the daily care of a baby. Even being married is not always enough. There has to be the loving heart.

Yet it seems that the loving heart is the one possession which the professional is taught to avoid as the disqualifying possession, for a professional social worker must be "detached." And this is the basic stupidity, for how can one have the right to care for children and place their destinies if one is "detached"? I understand very well what is meant by the term. Emotional clinging to a child is, we are told, the great sin. The professional must act like God, who pours down rain upon the just and the unjust with equal indifference. A child must therefore simply be a case, "a referral," if you please, and it is very important to have just the right terminology, if you are a professional, so that other professionals will know that you belong to the gang.

The profession is becoming a hiding place for small people, too timid to break petty rules and come out for the great principles of child life. And the greatest of these and the first commandment is love. Everybody who comes near a child, or who influences the life of a child in any way, must be capable of love — a love so generous that every child is dear and every child a valuable treasure.

This is not to say that social workers as a profession are insincere or wilfully cruel or even selfish. Not that at all! On the contrary, they are for the most part too conscientious, too careful, too critical — and too self-conscious. They are professional perfectionists in a far from perfect situation. They complain because doctors and friends and relatives place children for adoption; they give instances — true, I am sure — of misplacements, but they ignore the damage their own failure to solve the problem does to the waiting child or the "unadoptable" child. I believe there is no unadoptable child. There are parents to be found for every child.

The professional in the adoption field has, indeed, a power over human lives which demands a largeness seldom found. She — or he — sits in judgment upon two people, weighing them, examining them, prying into their private lives, and it is this professional who decides whether or not they shall have a baby.

3

It is an old war of mine, this war against professional perfectionism in an imperfect world. I used to wage it in China against the American doctors

and the western-trained Chinese doctors. While millions of people died of preventable diseases and millions more went blind from trachoma, the doctors insisted that anyone who practiced medicine must be a graduate physician. But few could be graduates; it was too expensive and there were too few medical schools. To go abroad was prohibitive. I used to argue: Why do we need such high professional training for everybody? Why not train field workers who could give quinine for malaria, treat ulcers and wounds, swab eyelids for trachoma, yet who could be taught to realize when a malady was beyond their knowledge? The serious cases could be sent to a medical center, and if the illness was too grave for that they could be sent still further to a central hospital. It would mean that the time of highly paid professionals would not be spent upon familiar diseases, easily recognizable; and best of all, it would mean people were being helped.

But no, I was told, this was the absurd idea of a layman. I am now enduring considerable secret agony when I hear that the Communists in China are doing exactly what I had hoped could be done by our earlier professionals and are getting full credit for it. The manner in which a job is done is certainly very important, and the methods should be the best possible. I put only one aim above all this: to get the job done, for if one group fails to accomplish it in this needy world, another group will take over. Thus in the United States the black market in babies flourishes and will flourish, in spite of efforts to forbid it, until the supply meets the demand.

In our industrialized culture the professional mind is a necessity. The lay mind cannot function alone. In so complex a society as ours, which is in itself the product of professional science, the lay person is at the mercy of the professional, from the plumber who comes to fix the kitchen sink to the psychiatrist who tries to cure the schizophrenic adolescent. The lay person today feels he is only part of the great machine and that nothing can stop the machine. As he realizes his helplessness in this predicament, he will rebel blindly and desperately because he knows he must not yield his individuality.

There is the possibility of return to a healthier situation, and it lies within the power of the professional to bring about the change. How shall I

express a truth at once simple and profound? It is only that the professional must be first of all a human being — not a scientist, not a physician, not a social worker, not a soldier, not a politician, but primarily a human being! For if he is first of all a human being, he will feel for other human beings; and feeling, he will know a cosmic love. Then all his work, his research, his teaching, his training, his skills, will serve the human individual as the supreme creation, before whom he must remain entirely humble. To save life and never to destroy it must be his single goal — not just to save life when it is already spoiled but when it is new and fresh and strong.

Such a professional mind will not accept the death of many human beings as relief to overpopulation, but will devise new sources of food and energy. Such a professional will think of the entire human race, for truly we are dependent upon one another, and if what is happening today in Asia has not taught us that, then we are backward indeed and unable to read history past and present. Such a professional, with such a spirit, will restore hope to the now despairing layman. For what the lay mind needs today is the professional mind that he can trust. He wants to believe in his specialists. He wants to have the inspiring faith that they are devoted to mankind through him, that they are honest and just plain *good*, in the ways in which he understands goodness. If his faith can be revived, his bitterness will fade away. What the human race needs today is not faith in some far-off future or even in some unknown god. What we all need above everything is faith in each other as human beings. We need to be able to trust one another, all countries, all races, all creeds, and this is the primary necessity not only for peace but for very existence upon this globe.

Upon the professional the burden lies for creating this trust, for he is the one *who knows*. The professional is continually telling the layman that only he, the professional, knows, and because it is his business to know. The burden is on the professional to prove that he can be trusted not only to wield his scalpel, but also to be true to the human being. He must not only *treat* with professional skills, he must *serve*. Create this faith honestly, and with continuing and relentless honesty, and you will see relief and comfort coming back to the human race.



PLAINS

by W. H. AUDEN

I CAN imagine quite easily ending up
In a decaying port on a desolate coast,
Cadging drinks from the unwary, a quarrelsome,
Disreputable old man; I can picture
A second childhood in a valley, scribbling
Reams of edifying and unreadable verse;
But I cannot see a plain without a shudder; —
“O God, please, please, don’t ever make me live there!”

It’s horrible to think what peaks come down to,
That pecking rain and squelching glacier defeat
Tall pomps of stone where goddesses lay sleeping,
Dreaming of being woken by some chisel’s kiss,
That what those blind brutes leave when they are through is nothing
But a mere substance, a clay that meekly takes
The potter’s cuff, a gravel that as concrete
Will unsex any space which it encloses.

And think of growing where all elsewheres are equal!
So long as there’s a hill-ridge somewhere the dreamer
Can place his land of marvels; in poor valleys
Orphans can head downstream to seek a million:
Here nothing points; to choose between Art and Science
An embryo genius would have to spin a stick.
What could these farms do if set loose but drift like clouds,
What goal of unrest is there but the Navy?

Romance? Not in this weather. Ovid’s charmer
Who leads the quadrilles in Arcady, boy-lord
Of hearts who can call their Yes and No their own,
Would, madcap that he is, soon die of cold or sunstroke:
These lives are in firmer hands; that old grim She
Who makes the blind dates for the hatless genera
Creates their country matters. (Woe to the child-bed,
Woe to the strawberries if she’s in Her moods!)

And on these attend, greedy as fowl and harsher
Than any climate, Caesar with all his They.
If a tax-collector disappear in the hills,
If, now and then, a keeper is shot in the forest,
No thunder follows, but where roads run level,
How swift to the point of protest strides the Crown.

It hangs, it flogs, it fines, it goes. There is drink.
There are wives to beat. But Zeus is with the strong.

Born as a rule in some small place (an island,
Quite often, where a smart lad can spot the bluff
Whence cannon would put the harbor at his mercy),
But it's here they chamber with Clio. At this ditch
The Christian cross-bow stopped the Heathen scimitar;
Here is a windmill whence an emperor saw
His right wing crumple; across these cabbage fields
A pretender's Light Horse made their final charge.

If I were a plainsman I should hate us all,
From the mechanic rioting for a cheap loaf
To the fastidious palate, hate the painter
Who steals my wrinkles for his Twelve Apostles,
Hate the priest who cannot even make it shower.
What could I smile at as I trudged behind my harrow
But bloodshot images of rivers screaming,
Marbles in panic, and Don't-Care made to care?

As it is, though, I know them personally
Only as a landscape common to two nightmares:
Across them, spotted by spiders from afar,
I have tried to run, knowing there was no hiding and no hope;
On them, in brilliant moonlight, I have lost my way
And stood without a shadow at the dead center
Of an abominable desolation,
Like Tarquin ravished by his post-coital sadness.

Which goes to show I've reason to be frightened
Not of plains, of course, but of me. I should like
Who wouldn't? — to shoot beautifully and be obeyed
(I should also like to own a cave with two exits);
I wish I weren't so silly. Though I can't pretend
To think these flats poetic, it's as well at times
To be reminded that nothing is lovely,
Not even in poetry, which is not the case.



An Atlantic Story



A Londoner who cherishes every vestige of the cockney, WOLF MANKOWITZ graduated from Cambridge University and within six years established himself as one of the leading dealers in Wedgwood. Now in his late twenties, he writes as he pleases, dividing his time between authoritative studies of the Portland vase, plays for the London theater, and fiction. His two latest novels, Make Me an Offer and A Kid for Two Farthings, are being filmed. In the months ahead we shall publish a series of his short stories, of which this is the first.

THE FINEST PIPE MAKER IN RUSSIA

by WOLF MANKOWITZ

MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER was certainly the finest pipe maker in Russia — or at least in that part where he lived. Not only did everyone worth noticing buy a pipe from my great-grandfather, but landowners and the owner of the large timber business in the next village came to him for their best pipes even if they sometimes smoked others made by inferior craftsmen. And so my great-grandfather was a very famous man indeed, for, although you can live your whole life and only hear of Napoleon when someone digs up a French coin or an old rusted saber, you cannot smoke a good pipe without remembering who made it, and you wish him many more years, so that he can go on making you pipes, although, of course, my great-grandfather's pipes were not such bad workmanship that you needed perhaps more than two in a lifetime. But you would be pleased for him to live a long time, anyway. Once, however, my great-grandfather made a bad pipe — and even then he made it bad for a good reason. He was the finest pipe maker in Russia and would never have made a bad pipe without having a very good reason.

It happens that this pipe was bad because of what took place on a Sabbath morning. Not that my great-grandfather made the pipe on a Sabbath. I would not like anyone to think that of him. Any pipe made on a Sabbath morning — it goes without saying — is not likely to draw well after the Sabbath has gone out. And my great-grandfather was not the man to make pipes at any time except when a respectable man should make pipes. No, my great-grandfather was not in his workshop on this particular Sabbath morning. He was in the syna-

gogue with the other men of the village. Where else would he be? But it had to be on this particular morning that somebody should want to make himself a nuisance by coming to my great-grandfather for a pipe. My young grandfather was not at the synagogue. If he had been thirteen yet and confirmed, he would have been there. As it was, he was sitting in my great-grandfather's workshop playing with a chisel and a piece of wood. Suddenly my great-grandmother rushed into the workshop, calling out: "So where are you, Yankele? Why don't you answer? Put down your father's tools. What do you mean on a Sabbath morning playing with tools? Run quickly to the synagogue and tell your father he should come home straight away."

My grandfather was young, but he was not so young that he did not know my great-grandfather to have a big, heavy hand all hard with working wood. So he did not rush out like a mad person straight away to do as my great-grandmother had asked. Instead, he thought for a moment, and then he said: "Supposing I go and tell my father he should come home. What will he say? He won't say anything. He will give me a clout on the head. On the Sabbath he doesn't want to know about the house. Only if it's burning down should you try to fetch him from the synagogue." Which was true, because my great-grandfather was a pious man. He used to say: "If God has given us six days, can't we spare him one?" And who could answer him? There was no answer. Everyone stood dumb.

But my great-grandmother said: "Yankele, if you don't hurry to the synagogue and bring home your father I will give you a clout on the head."

This made my young grandfather think: If I stay here, I get a clout on the head. If I go to the synagogue, I get a clout on the head. At least let me get away from the nearest one first. But he looked obedient and said to my great-grandmother: "All right, but what shall I tell my father so that he won't give me a clout on the head? Why should he come home right away? The house isn't burning."

My great-grandmother could see that what my grandfather said was reasonable, so she answered quickly: "Outside is waiting a lord with a big carriage with horses and a coachman, and he wants Father to make him an extra-special pipe."

Not many lords came to my great-grandfather's workshop. "If they are satisfied with inferior workmanship, it is their own business," my great-grandfather used to say. So that when a lord came my great-grandmother was bound to be very excited. My young grandfather was also excited, and rushed out to see the carriage and the horses and, of course, the lord himself.

2

THE lord was in the kitchen sitting by the stove. He was a big man, with a lot of furs on him, and he was sucking a thick cheroot. My young grandfather could see he needed a pipe badly and told him: "I am going to fetch my father, who is the finest pipe maker in Russia, to make you a pipe."

And the big man said: "Good. Here is a sixpence for you. Run quickly." And to my great-grandmother he said: "Have you any vodka?"

My grandfather ran out of the house without even putting his hat on. It was snow everywhere, you understand — real heavy thick snow covering everything; not like in this country, where an inch is a lot, but real heavy thick snow. When it melted, sometimes you could find a cow which had been lost all the winter, or sometimes even a drunken man last heard of months ago. But my young grandfather was very strong although he was not yet confirmed, and he was thinking of the boiled butter beans he could buy at school with the sixpence, so he ran over the snow like a wolf.

Still, the synagogue was two miles away, and before my grandfather got there he stopped running, and when he stopped running he began to think of how (without letting himself in for a clout on the head) he could ask my great-grandfather to leave the synagogue. When he got there he still had not thought of a way, so he went up to my great-grandfather, who was praying with a big shawl round him, and he touched his hand and waited. Then my great-grandfather, who was a very big man indeed, looked down and smiled through his beard and nodded his head and went on praying. He thought my young grandfather had come to the synagogue to be with the men praying, and said to himself: "Perhaps he will be a student and a teacher after

all. Perhaps he will turn out to be a credit, although he is developing late."

But my young grandfather was feeling very nervous with his hand in his pocket fingering the sixpence which the lord had given him, because he suddenly remembered that he would get a clout on the head even if it was only because he had taken money on the Sabbath. After a while he looked up at my great-grandfather again and said quietly: "My mother wants you to come home."

My great-grandfather was greatly surprised, and replied: "What?"

My young grandfather looked away and said even more quietly: "She wants you to come home because someone wishes to see you."

My great-grandfather looked even more surprised and was also beginning to look angry. He blew through his beard: "What? Yankele, on a Sabbath morning you come to the synagogue to bring me home to the house? What does it mean? I will give you a clout on the head."

My young grandfather knew to expect this, so he had already moved a few yards away, and he answered: "A lord is waiting by the house. He wants you to make him a pipe. He is a lord with a carriage and horses and even a coachman. And he is wearing a big fur coat."

But my great-grandfather still looked angry and surprised. It had never happened before, this being sent messages at the synagogue in the middle of the Sabbath morning to come home and make a pipe. Well, what could you expect from a woman and a boy not yet confirmed? But this was too much already. He chewed his beard and said: "A lord is waiting? Well, and why shouldn't he wait? Tell this lord he must wait for my Lord. And leave me alone on a Sabbath morning or I'll give you such a clout on the head you will never forget it."

My grandfather was already out of the synagogue. He ran for a time, but because it was two miles back to the house he began to walk and think of how he could tell the lord what my great-grandfather's message was without getting maybe the hardest clout of all.

He saw the lord walking up and down outside the house, and he was breathing out big clouds of steam like the horses, which were also breathing out big clouds, but the lord's clouds were even bigger than the horses'. The lord was walking up and down with his hands in fur gloves behind his back, so my grandfather went first to the closet which was at the bottom of the piece of ground on which my great-grandfather kept my great-grandmother's cow, Masha, and his own cherry trees. He hid his sixpence under the seat, and then called out to the lord what the message was and quickly ran back to the closet. My grandfather heard the lord shout at my great-grandmother: "Well, then, must I wait a month for this pipe maker? Is he a lord, or am I? Must I wait until the thaw? Well, must I wait all

day?" And the lord got into his carriage, and his horses pulled him away to the inn at the next village.

When my great-grandfather arrived back from the synagogue he greeted my great-grandmother, and the next thing he said was: "Now, Yetta, is dinner ready yet?" And then he asked: "Where is that Yankele? And what did he want? And don't you know any better than to send him for me on a Sabbath morning? What do you mean?" When my great-grandmother explained to him he said: "Aha! So the lord is getting tired of his bad pipes. When he tries everybody else's pipes and finds out how bad they are, he comes to me. Aha!"

In the afternoon, when my grandfather had come out of the closet, he was taken with my great-grandfather to the next village, to the inn. The inn smelled very strong. "Faugh, faugh," said my great-grandfather.

All the peasants who spotted my great-grandfather greeted him with respect, because they knew he was the finest pipe maker in Russia and a credit to the neighborhood, and besides that, he was a very big man, who had beaten a drunken peasant once who shouted after him in the street.

The lord was drinking in the inn, and when he saw my great-grandfather he shouted: "Well, are you the pipe maker? Why do you keep me waiting? Are you a bigger lord that you can keep me waiting?"

My great-grandfather answered him: "Sir, if when you are in the army your general calls for you, you go?"

The lord drank a glassful of vodka and replied: "Yes, of course you go. In the army when a general calls you, you go."

My great-grandfather continued: "And how long do you stay with your general?"

The lord looked at my great-grandfather with an unpleasant look: "So you have not done any military service? What do you mean, how long? When a general calls you, you don't ask how long. You stay there until he tells you to go away."

All the peasants were standing around my great-grandfather looking at him as if they were dumb, and my young grandfather knew that they thought he was a clever man because he was getting the lord into such a deep argument. My grandfather had heard the argument before and this time he did not think it so clever. Why argue with a lord? With a peasant, yes; with my great-grandmother, yes; with the rabbi even, yes; but with a lord — it was like arguing with a policeman. But my great-grandfather was completing the argument: "I was called by my general," he said, pulling his side whiskers, "and I had to stay until he told me to go."

All the peasants looked at one another, and the lord drank another glass of vodka, and my grandfather thought: It is a very fine thing to make arguments, but with a lord I don't think it is so clever.

Then the lord drank still another glass of vodka;

whereupon he shouted: "All right, then, all right. Well, then, I want a pipe, a specially good pipe for a present for a prince. You hear, a present for a prince. It must be a good pipe, the best."

My great-grandfather looked down his nose, and he made some more argument: "My pipes are all the best. Would you be coming to me for a pipe if it wasn't the best?"

And my grandfather thought: Arguments, always arguments he's making.

The lord went on: "Very well. This one must be better. And, most important of all, it must have a carved eagle on the bowl. It is no good without a carved eagle. It is for a prince, and he must have an eagle; otherwise it is no good."

My grandfather expected more arguments, but, instead, my great-grandfather said very quietly: "Very well. With a carved eagle it will be good; otherwise it is no good. Right."

"Yes," said the lord. "It must have an eagle, and I want it tomorrow."

Now my grandfather really expected arguments. Sabbath was not yet out, and the lord wanted his pipe tomorrow! When could it be made? To make a good pipe takes a long time. My great-grandfather liked to make a pipe in his own time. You said to him one day: "Moishe, you know I would like a pipe." And he would say: "Yes, a good pipe is a very good thing." And two or three months later when he met you in the street he would say: "Here you are. Here is a pipe you will like."

But for this lord a pipe had to be made with an eagle; otherwise it was no good. "All right," said my great-grandfather. And he sat up all night to make a pipe with an eagle carved on the bowl.

When in the morning my grandfather went into the workshop, he saw the pipe lying on the bench. It had a fine eagle carved on it, with big wings curling down to the stem, and the wings were made up of Hebrew letters carefully carved to look like a row of feathers.

The lord arrived early with his coach and horses, and he came in and saw the pipe and paid my great-grandfather what he asked — twelve rubles; and he liked the finely carved eagle very much. He gave my grandfather another sixpence, and now my grandfather had two sixpences in his pocket.

Afterwards my great-grandfather said to my grandfather: "This lord must have an eagle carved, but the pipe is not so important. He knows what one of his generals can do, but my general is not so important. All right, then, I have given him a pipe I should wish my worst friend. Two, three years a pipe like this could last" — my great-grandfather knew when he made a bad pipe because he was certainly the finest pipe maker in Russia — "and I have carved on it the Prayer for the Dead. How long can a prince like that live, anyway?"

But my grandfather thought: For two sixpences I can have boiled butter beans every day for a year.



Editor and publisher of the Arizona Daily Star, WILLIAM R. MATHEWS is a spokesman for that body of Americans who feel that a race in rearmament will defeat its purpose. Mr. Mathews has visited the Orient four times and the Soviet Union three times, his most recent trip being last spring; he has crossed Siberia once, and has covered Indonesia from end to end. That he is no stargazer is evidenced by the fact that on November 28, 1941, he published in his paper an editorial forecasting the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

NO ARMAMENT RACE

A reply to Thomas K. Finletter

by WILLIAM R. MATHEWS

1

THOMAS K. FINLETTER's article in the September *Atlantic*, "When Russia Is Ready," raises a fundamental issue affecting the future of our country. That issue is whether the threat from the Soviet Union constitutes such a potent danger that we must engage in an ever-increasing armament race, or whether it can be met in a more moderate way.

An armament race in which we try to secure ascendancy over the Soviet Union, while it reciprocates by trying to exceed us, can have but one end: war and revolution. When has there ever been an exception to this rule of history? An armament race will make larger and larger deficit-financing mandatory. This in turn will generate an ever-expanding inflation which will necessitate economic controls. Gradually we would grow into a regimented state and defeat the historic purpose of American life: the maintenance of a free society.

Surely there is a way of moderation that can give us reasonable security. At least we should search for it before we commit ourselves to a policy fraught with ominous dangers of another kind.

Freedom implies taking risks. It also implies faith in the spiritual and intellectual strength that comes when souls and minds can express themselves without undue restraint. We must be prudent, but we should not allow ourselves to be stampeded by undue fears into exaggerated positions.

I do not question Mr. Finletter's sincerity. He has made one of the best arguments for an isolated Fortress America I have read anywhere. He reflects the views of the Air Force high command, which fears, now that the Korean War is over, relaxation in support for its needs.

Mr. Finletter says that by 1956 the Russians will have enough atomic bombs and aircraft to make a

sneak attack on the United States "which will destroy our major cities and most of our industries," and, as a part of the same assault, knock out enough of our retaliatory power to make it possible for Russia to survive "our enfeebled counterattack." This is an appraisal of Russian air power and Russian intentions which minimizes our own strength.

For instance, such a widespread "sneak attack" would compel the Russians to attack simultaneously our allies, on whose territory we have bases and planes. Would the Soviet Union precipitate war with most of the world at one stroke? Does Mr. Finletter mean to say that the Russians will have sufficient aircraft to carry out such a sweeping attack simultaneously — which, presumably, is what a sneak attack would require?

For many years to come the Soviets will lack the air power to do this, because they lack the industry to produce planes in such numbers. Of course they have aircraft factories, and they produce good planes, but they will scarcely produce them on any such grand scale as Mr. Finletter indicates.

An attack of such magnitude would require an enormous number of bases with 10,000-foot runways to handle jet bombers. Of course the Russians have scores, if not hundreds, of bases — many of them for fighters — located along the subpolar line from Kola in the west to Kamchatka in the Pacific. They undoubtedly have bombers that can reach some of our great cities; but to assume that they have facilities and planes sufficient to "destroy our major cities and most of our industry" in one sneak attack credits them with a military recklessness they have never shown and air power that borders on the incredible. Their nearest bases to New York are 5000 miles distant, while we have bases within 2000 miles of the Leningrad-Moscow-Odessa line

and within 3000 miles of the Ural industrial district.

We have already made it plain to the Russians that it will be national suicide to attempt such an attack. We have round-the-world bases; we have the planes ready to take off; we have the atomic weapons to deter an attack and to retaliate effectively if "our major cities are destroyed."

What we can bear in mind is that a sneak attack will give us full reason to counterattack from our air bases in Canada, Britain, France, Africa, Greece, Turkey, the Philippines, Okinawa, and Japan. If they attack our overseas bases, they attack our allies — and take on the world. The Soviets are not so foolish as that. It is foreign to their creed. Stalin preached that the capitalistic nations must first go to war. In the chaos that would follow, the communist nations would win control by infiltration and sabotage. The masters of the Kremlin will confidently wait for this to happen, rather than provoke a world war by attacking us.

Certainly we must retain our deterrent air power and in the future maintain it as an alert, powerful force, but to do so does not mean an increase in current armament procurement and obligational authority. As President Eisenhower said, if 120 wings cannot defend our country, neither can 137 wings.

An annual expenditure of \$12 billion for planes, bases, and equipment can keep our Air Force and aviation industry strong enough to do their part.

The \$18 billion suggested by Mr. Finletter as a minimum annual expenditure would promote the same waste that went on — some of it before my eyes here in Tucson — prior to the election in 1952. After the election it was refreshing to see the Air Force and local aviation industry tighten up their operations. Once the aviation industry and the Air Force know that they will have no more than \$12 billion a year to spend, competition for the business will probably produce nearly as much as Mr. Finletter's proposed \$18 billion.

We should never allow our aviation industry to shut down, as we did after World War II; nor should we let ourselves be frightened into producing a vast number of planes that would become relatively outmoded within a few years. We should set a standard of production that the nation can afford — that we can pay for on a pay-as-we-go basis. We should set a production level that can be maintained indefinitely.

2

MR. FINLETTER takes little account of the fact that the Soviet Union is going to exist for many, many years, and that whatever we do to meet its threat must be done in a way that will fit in with our normal way of life. This is not a temporary situation. It is one that will last for generations. The Russians have been expanding for several centuries. For the past century and a half they have been an active influence in Eastern and Middle

Europe, the Orient, and the Middle East. They will continue in that role, whether they have a capitalistic or a communist government.

They have been contained in the past, although they have expanded. They must be contained in the future, although their frontiers will move back and forth in a minor way from time to time. They will not conquer all of Europe, let alone the world. We face an everlasting job — not one that can be finished in 1956 or 1960 — of containing Russian imperialism, which would continue to exist as a threat even if communism were magically brought to an end. There will be periods of tranquillity, periods of unrest, and periods of political aggressiveness, just as there have been for centuries.

As one who as recently as last April was in the Soviet Union, I insist that the fears Mr. Finletter expresses are alarmist. I was in Russia in 1935 and 1937, so I could compare conditions and attitudes of today with those of the pre-war period.

We have been making the fundamental mistake of failing to distinguish between the Soviet power of defense and its power to take the offensive. The Soviet Union can be battered and bruised, but it cannot be conquered. On the other hand, it lacks the resources, the industries, the railroads and lines of communication, the food supply, to sustain a war of conquest against another great power.

Moscow will not for a long time dare risk a war with the United States. The Russian people will fight to defend themselves as they did against Napoleon and Hitler, but I doubt that any Russian government could successfully drag them into a war of aggression.

The Russian people speak of war with horror. They wonder why we want war. All that the Soviet government has to do to prove that the United States wants war is to quote verbatim the many public statements of our generals and admirals, our newspapers, magazines, and radio commentators.

The coming of committee rule, with the death of Stalin and the rise of Malenkov, marks an historic change. Committee rule, as distinguished from one-man rule, will prevent the Russian government from marching in any direction for many years. The members of the committee, the nine-man Politburo, deliberately champion their domestic and international peace program for a very good political reason. It makes them popular with the people. The people will support any government that gives them peace.

In addition, the Russian government must step up its production of consumer goods. The big increase in the birth rate forecasts enormous increases in the needs of the people. No government that pours too great an excess of capital expenditures into armaments can meet the indispensable minimum needs of the people.

In view of their lack of industrial and military strength to sustain a war of conquest, their aware-

ness of our existing strength, and the curb that their own philosophy puts on any ambition to provoke a world war at this time, I doubt whether they will risk the destruction of their country in any air force duel that entails such consequences. Instead of making war, they will continue the operations of the Communist Party everywhere, support their allies, and let *them* make trouble for the West.

There is no danger of a Russian war of conquest until we see the rise of another Stalin-Hitler type of rabble-rouser. The glorification of committee rule that now exists in the Soviet Union contrasts vividly with the worship of Stalin I saw in Moscow in 1937.

Unfortunately, Mr. Finletter's article plays into the hands of our war hawks. They are the politically active individuals, in and out of office, Republicans, Democrats, and our lecturing admirals and generals. Most of them are good, sincere American citizens. Some of them are advocates of a preventive war. They reason that we can get the upper hand of the Soviet Union by an intensive armament drive.

Their ideas fit in with the demands of members or advocates of various refugee groups who see war as their only way to achieve their ambitions. Still others are articulate publicists, professional lobbyists associated with America's biggest industry — war. Mr. Finletter's argument adds to the din of their war drums and thereby creates a feeling of futility among a growing number of people, with their fatalistic acceptance of "If this is true, we might as well go to war now and settle things once and for all."

A well-financed and well-organized lobby has been operating out of New York and Washington that seeks to promote vastly increased armaments. It helped to promote the notorious "Operation Candor" of 1953 which came within an eyelash of winning presidential support.

This operation represented an organized effort that brought together the Department of Defense, Department of State, important leaders of Congress, and the White House to carry on a program of fear and terror.

The President was to take the lead and, in a series of seven weekly television programs, add his voice and prestige to the clamor. The aid of the Advertising Council of America was enlisted to give technical perfection to the publicity, the advertising, and the television and radio programs. "Operation Candor" got under way, but it failed when President Eisenhower refused to join in the movement, refused to frighten the American people. Nevertheless, the lobby has continued to work.

The campaign reached a climax last May when, in the course of one week, I received three articles. One was by Fred Sparks, of the Newspaper Enterprise Association Service in Washington, with a lead sentence, "A plan to bleed Red China until it can no longer expand . . ."

Mr. Sparks went on to explain how the Chinese Nationalists are going to initiate a series of commando raids. He described our American interest in such a plan by saying: "It is 19 days to Moscow by the Comrade Express. If need be, our carrier boys, become expert railroad wreckers in Korea, could clobber the timetable." Those words suggest acts that mean war with the Soviet Union, although Mr. Sparks writes as though it were a kind of sporting event.

The second story was by William H. Gregory and Donald B. Jones, prepared for North American Newspaper Alliance. It presents a shockingly distorted comparison of the Soviet, U.S., and British navies. It builds the Soviet navy up as a serious menace. The authors compare obsolete Soviet battleships with our four Iowa class battleships. They take no account of our enormous reserve strength in ships, and compare the American and British carriers in active service without describing the overwhelming power those carriers can exercise. The article creates more fear by showing how defenseless we are; whereas in fact we have the greatest naval power history has known.

The third story is an unsigned one from the Washington bureau of the Associated Press. Instead of leading off with the more reassuring news sent out from Congressman Scrivner, chairman of the subcommittee that handled Air Force appropriations, the Associated Press quoted "informed diplomatic officials who may not be identified otherwise."

It is an old story about the Red army in Germany being poised for attack; how within thirty days the Soviet Union and its satellites could muster 400 divisions. Not a word of qualification was used to explain how those 400 divisions, scattered from Kamchatka to the Elbe, from the White Sea to the Black Sea, could be transported rapidly to the west and supported in action against the NATO forces.

Any discussion of armaments should include some thought about diplomatic policy. The purpose of armament is to support and advance our foreign policy. If there is any one great objective of American life, if there is any one great reason for America's existence, it is the creation and growth of our free society. Our ideals of a free society exercise such a revolutionary influence that many parts of the world ring down an iron curtain to keep us from corrupting their tyrannies.

We should be as strong militarily as our normal peacetime financial strength permits, and still maintain a healthy freedom. As President Eisenhower suggested to the meeting of the American Legion in Washington, we should devote more attention to the organization of our reserve strength in our industries and our military forces. We should not allow our fears to trap us into changing into a garrison state.



For more than four decades CLARK C. VAN FLEET, a native of San Francisco, has fished for that gamiest fighter in Western waters — the Steelhead. He knows the best pools in the great rivers of Washington, Oregon, and California; he knows the habits of the Steelhead and how to handle him with light tackle; he knows what roads to take and where to stay. A racy blend of his wisdom, direction, and experience is to be found in his new book, Steelhead to a Fly, published under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint on October 28, from which we have drawn the pages that follow.

WADING FOR STEELHEAD

by CLARK C. VAN FLEET

1

IT IS fun to watch an experienced angler while he covers a steelhead stretch in one of our major rivers: the bright glisten of the bamboo as it arcs the line back and forth, its nodding grace as the lure is manipulated across the lie, the supple bow when the line is retrieved for the next throw.

The current swirls around his waist leaving a plume of wake downstream. His movements are slow and deliberate as he shuffles forward a few steps here or backs away from an invisible barrier there. If the bottom is highly irregular, his progress is a series of climbs and drops from a possible knee depth almost to his chest, yet the measured rhythm of his casting seems undisturbed. To attain this mastery of broken bottom walking takes plenty of practice. Yet a tenderfoot will realize that he has gained in balance and confidence the first week. Certain precautions will help to increase that proficiency.

Such boggy tales as have been circulated about in the big river! Each stream has its dreadful story of the poor fellow who was picked up against a log jam, or found pressed into the willows, with his head under water and his feet in the air. They would have you believe that, the fisherman having fallen in, the air had gone to the feet of the waders and prevented him from either swimming or raising his head above the surface. This, of course, is sheer nonsense. Even should you plunge in headfirst in waders, the air would be pressed out of them in a few seconds. When wading in a normal manner, all the air except that held in layers between the clothes is pushed out of the stockings as you go deeper.

Inevitably you will fall in. We all do, not once but many times. I have dunked in every major river I have ever fished and most of the smaller ones. I have spilled in the Mackenzie a score of times, and

an icy experience it is. I go amply prepared for this emergency regardless of how short the stay. Besides the accidental soakings, I have deliberately taken to deep water a number of times to save a particularly heavy or obstinate fish.

The most important thing to remember is to avoid becoming panicked when you lose your balance, or stumble and fall in. More accidental drownings have been caused from pure terror than by any intrinsic element of danger under such circumstances. A surprise tumble might startle you, but be sure, very sure, it does not frighten you.

In wading you have to make a continuous adjustment between two forces, gravity and the sweep of the current — and the dynamics of the current are never constant. You feel a surge of pressure, then a distinct letup, followed by another and possibly heavier push, much as you do when walking in a high wind. Keep a little spraddled out in heavy wash and you will avoid trouble.

The next maxim to keep in mind is this: don't try to keep high in the water. Put your feet between the boulders or cobbles, not on top of them; go around the larger ones, not over them; stay in the valleys along the reefs, not on top of the mountains. If you do lose your footing momentarily, don't rise up in the water, but sink down. The natural tendency is to try to come erect after a stumble and rest on the foot that is securely anchored. If you try it, as sure as shooting the current will push you over.

The safest way is to drop down to breast depth and put out your arm for balance. You will nearly have reached buoyancy level by that maneuver so that the water will be bearing most of your weight. A touch of the free foot to the bottom will then put you right. I have often floated as much as thirty yards downstream, barely touching my feet to the bottom and then only at intervals sufficient to hold

my waders' top clear. I thus made time equal to the speed of the current, shipped no water, and saved my fish. Paradoxically, you are always safer fairly deep than you are in the shallows. My most painful spills have invariably occurred near shore in water less than a foot deep, where accumulations of slime and algae set traps for the unwary.

If you do fall in where the current is strong and deep, scramble around until you are facing upstream before you drop your feet to the bottom to attempt a recovery. The force of the flow will then help you to your feet. If you have floated beyond your depth, one-hand paddling (assisted by a few kicks) will serve to sustain your head and shoulders above water until wading depth has been reached again. Angle towards shore *always facing upstream*. If you are turned downstream when you reach water shallow enough to wade, an attempt to stop your progress and rise to your feet will offer resistance to the flow and its shove may knock you down again.

To become familiar enough with water so that you do not fear it is, of course, the ideal. Even for the veteran, that takes time. A beginner would do well to equip himself with a good stick on a thong. The best of these are iron shod, have a sound type of grip at the handle end and a loop in the strap that goes over the shoulder and under the armpit. The stick can then be dropped when you are fishing, yet is always ready to hand when you set out to work farther along in the stream.

In most cases of a spill you can suffer nothing more serious than a wetting. The Eel and the lower Rogue can be waded with ease. In the Klamath, where the beaches and foreshore consist mainly of large cobbles and boulders and the flow is uncommonly swift, you may well take your dunking and the battle is to the experienced.

The upper Rogue and the North Umpqua present the most difficult problems, since their flow is over bedrock with all the irregularity normal to this type of formation. The ability to read water plays a most important part in the day's wading on these streams, as the proper interpretation of surface signs will warn of deep-lying boulders, channels, or pockets before the necessity rises to negotiate them.

2

THESE admonitions are all very well for the preliminaries: reaching fishing water and putting a line over the prospect. It is when you have hooked a steelhead that you really need your wading knowledge. If the fish stays in the pool of origin the problem is not complicated, since you have ample time to decide a fitting spot for the beaching after your antagonist has begun to tire. Unfortunately steelhead are not always so cooperative.

The fish will often tear downstream in their wild fear, go through the riffle at the tail of the pool, and

seek sanctuary in the waters below. With control thus completely lost, you must quickly reach some advantageous spot from which the fight can again be pressed. You must decide your course on the instant, as the line pours off your reel and your steelhead dashes wildly down the chute. For your battle sight there is one fixed axiom: never put pressure on the backing line, but wait until you have at least twenty feet of silk back on the reel before you force for victory. There are three courses open to you: make for shore if you can; follow on through the wading water; or, as a last resort, plunge boldly in and swim to some point of vantage. Your conduct will be largely determined by what your interpretation of the water's surface tells you.

Honey Creek riffle is just downstream from the mouth of a brook on the North Umpqua. The course of the river brings a fast race of channel to the near bank. To reach the lie, one has to wade out on a reef in this channel far enough to hold the line well above the current and thus avoid excessive drag. The fly can then be drifted through the slack of the lie just beyond the riffle, at fishing speed. The holding water is in two parts; the fish may rest in a series of reef or boulder pockets at the upper end of the quieter drift, or along the indentations of an exposed slab near the end. For the upper pockets, the rod must be held high, but as you work down the reef and onto the gravel bar below, the flood slackens sufficiently for you to angle the lure along the irregularities of the slab in the orthodox manner. By this time you are out from shore pretty well, with a deep gouge between the bar and the bank. The wade over the gravel is waist-deep for most of its length, with a dip or two to breast height.

I worked the upper reaches thoroughly, and had a follow from a fine fish but no raise. The edge of the shoulder at the lower end of the run is a longish cast even from the bar and has to be angled slowly with an upstream borrow to hold the fly in the best swirls. I covered those bays and projections with all the skill I could muster.

As my fly dropped at the end of the rock dyke, I had a vicious take. Up the run the fish sped to break in a shower of spray. Then down the pool with a lightning rush and over the lip into the channel that broke through the bedrock for the pool below, so many, many yards away. The chute appeared to have no breaks in it for at least a hundred yards.

I toe-danced down the gravel with the aid of the current, barely missed a ducking in a deep pocket just short of the rock plate I was headed for, and hurried after my fish. Immediately another complication loomed before me. A huge boulder stuck up between my position and the speeding steelhead. I desperately threw a high loop in the pouring line and barely cleared it. Twice more I looped an intervening rock, with the last taking all but a few turns in my backing. A small bay in the bedrock then

held that boomer long enough for me to catch a couple of breaths and take back some sorely needed line. That was as wild a trip through the windings of a rocky sluice as I ever hope to enjoy, and I was still in backing when we reached the pool below, where the fight was soon done. The steelhead was an elegant seven-pounder which, under normal conditions, would never have given me so close a call.

Swimming in waders is a lot easier than would appear; in difficulties, such togs are much to be preferred to rubber boots. If you are in for only a few moments' submersion, and if your waders fit snugly and are properly cinched at the belt line, you will take in much less water than if you had fallen in fully clothed. The chief annoyance is that you are forced to stop fishing until you have had a change. Attempting to continue soaked to the skin is both chilly and disagreeable. Even if you are forced to hike a considerable distance from one spot to another on a stream, it pays to shuck off the protectors and carry them. A long walk in waders will cause sufficient perspiration to make the dampness of your clothes chill you uncomfortably on re-entering the stream.

Of one thing I am certain: wading tends to even the chances between the angler and his fish. Moreover, the use of an artificial fly, plus the light gut that is mandatory with this lure, weighs the balance actually in favor of the steelhead. For myself, I would not have it otherwise.

There is a vast difference between casting a fly from a deep position in fast water and standing on a platform some foot or two above it. In wading over irregular bottom, often with precarious footing, with the body frequently braced and very likely at an awkward angle to the desirable or necessary cast, the angler has a real problem trying to reach a particular target with accuracy and control. Distance is of secondary importance, yet there are times when one would like to handle from seventy to eighty feet of line. Since this cannot be accomplished with one pickup and a shoot when you are waist-deep in a fast current and there is no handy platform on which to coil your spare loops, you had

better learn to take care of that line in your left hand and have it in such condition that it will not tangle.

I assume that your silk is well seasoned so that it will fall loosely from the hand without twisting as the coils are gathered. When the fly has reached the retrieve point in the drift, you are ready to make the pickup for the next cast. The first bit of line you pull back from the guide can be dropped, since you will need it free from the reel to your hand. Make the next pull as far back as your arm will permit, shortening each succeeding coil as you gather them. I normally hold the first three coils between the first and second fingers, picking up the last two or three between the dexter and the thumb.

When enough line has been retrieved — usually from twenty to thirty feet — the backcast is executed, followed by one false cast with the release of a coil or two, then the final cast — opening all the fingers to pay out the shoot. If the loops have been gathered properly, no trouble will be encountered, and the throw will be smooth and well-controlled. This is about the limit of precise casting possibilities in deep, fast water.

There are a number of good reasons for the practice of wading as deep as possible in the fishing riffle. First it shortens what might be an impractically long shoot; next it aids materially in avoiding mischievous backcast hazards; and finally, and of the utmost importance, it improves the drift of the lure as it passes over the fish. You maintain better command of the fly's actions for a far longer period in the vital angling area than would be possible from the bank. You have a much better chance, therefore, of inducing a raise during that all-important interval in which the fly is swimming during the drift.

My final suggestion to the wader in these larger rivers is to keep the body supple and not tense. If your footing gives way or rolls under you, you will be ready for that contingency. Gravel has a regular habit of mining out from under you in fast riffles and a cobble can be displaced with the pressure of your foot. Recovery is simple if you meet the emergency as a well-trained boxer would, well-balanced on your feet, without strain.





A daughter of South Carolina now in her eighty-ninth year, LOULA AYRES ROCKWELL has a crystal-clear memory of an American election in which violence and intimidation were more rife than at any time most of us can recall. Mrs. Rockwell is the mother of two famous flyers, Paul and Kiffin Rockwell, who were decorated for their exploits in the French Foreign Legion and the Lafayette Escadrille in the First World War.

THE RED SHIRT ELECTION

by LOULA AYRES ROCKWELL

THE most vivid recollection of my childhood days is the election in November, 1876, of General Wade Hampton as Governor of South Carolina, which ousted the carpetbaggers and their Negro henchmen from power. I was ten years old at the time and could realize fully what was going on, especially so since from babyhood I had lived in stirring and perilous times.

I was born on a cotton plantation in Hillsborough Township, Marion County, South Carolina. My father, Enoch Shaw Ayres, was a former Confederate soldier. When South Carolina seceded and the South was in danger, he was one of the first to volunteer, and joined the Eighth South Carolina Infantry Regiment. He served throughout the more than four years of war. His regiment was one of Kershaw's Brigade, which was part of the First Division of General Longstreet's First Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, and he fought in every important battle of his regiment from First Bull Run to Gettysburg to Bentonville. When General Joseph E. Johnston surrendered the Army at Greensboro, North Carolina, my father mounted a horse and rode home. He never took the oath of allegiance, and remained until the end of his days what some call an "unreconstructed Rebel." He married Samantha Tyler, of Horry County, South Carolina, in December, 1865. I was born almost a year later, the first of nine children who followed each other at about two-year intervals.

Long after the death of my father in July, 1914, F. A. Thompson wrote of him in the *Charleston News and Courier* (September 26, 1932): "The late Enoch Ayres, like Washington, was never known to tell a lie or do a dishonorable or dishonest act." Herbert Peele, editor and publisher of the *Elizabeth City, North Carolina, Daily Advance*, wrote in his paper: "... a tall, bearded man who loved his friends and knew how to hate his enemies thor-

oughly and picturesquely, his was the kindest heart in the world. Also he was the most genial host, and a farmer who 25 years ago knew how to get the best results from his acreage. Mr. Ayres ran his farm well, better than anybody else in the community. He ran his church . . . they called him 'the pope.' He ran the political activities of his neighborhood, and we can see him now talking politics on the church grounds before and after service, and that without mixing 'em."

My father never would run for public office, but he always wanted to see that the best men were elected, and he always was consulted by candidates about political conditions in our section of the state. His advice and support were sought and relied upon. He must have been active in controlling the Black Terror of the late 1860s. One of the first things I remember is my mother sewing on long white robes she made for my father from sheets, and making hoods out of pillowcases. He was away from home a good deal during this period; he would get on his horse and ride off, usually at nightfall and frequently with other men, and occasionally he would be away for two or three days. I never heard him mention where he had been or what he had done, and my mother never questioned him.

The overseer of our plantation was a big, faithful Negro named Henry, who took orders from my father and passed them on to the other Negroes. He knew how to handle them, and there was not as much trouble as we heard of elsewhere. He was kind and gentle with the children, and we all adored him. My small brothers would follow him by the hour. He drank whisky from time to time like all the Negroes, but I never saw him come around the house drunk. He would have nothing to do with the Freedmen's Bureau and the black troopers over at Marion Court House.

As I grew older, I felt more and more deeply that

something terrible was wrong in our country. I heard increasing talk about trouble with Negroes, carpetbaggers, scalawags. (The last two terms had to be explained to me, as they were new to our language.) My father and mother and their guests discussed, at table and elsewhere, instances of property owners who could not pay the exorbitant taxes and were being sold out, and of young men — usually former soldiers we all knew — who had got into trouble with the occupying military and had left for the West (most of them never to return home). There were stories of shootings and murders and riots at Charleston and in various other parts of the state.

Marion County was one of those most continuously occupied by Yankee troops — they were not withdrawn from the county seat at Marion until after the elections of 1876. Sometimes the garrison was black, sometimes white. These soldiers patrolled the county from time to time. I do not remember ever seeing any of them, but I heard enough about them.

My father and his friends said the situation was growing worse and worse — that it had become intolerable and desperate means must be used to put an end to it. I was mature for my age, and little that was said escaped me. I heard a lot about Democrats being counted out and Radicals being counted in; that Marion County was in the hands of three ignorant and corrupt Negro commissioners, who were increasing taxes so that they could steal more; that white men were being murdered and decent, orderly Negroes who tried to coöperate with the white Democrats were being intimidated, beaten, sometimes shot and killed. The native white men had obtained firearms and even some small cannon. They had an almost military organization; and, while not in uniform, many wore red shirts. I watched my mother make one for my father. The summer before my tenth birthday, there was frequent mention in the conversations at home of a "Straight-out" Party which, it was hoped, could take over full control of the state in the approaching elections. The "Straight-outs" refused all compromise with the white Republican carpetbaggers and scalawags and the Negroes; it was to be all or nothing for the white Democrats.

During the summer of 1876 more and more people came to the house, and my father was rarely there alone. I still remember some of the more frequent callers. There was of course Uncle Tommy Ayres, my father's brother, with his two brothers-in-law, John and Joseph Williamson, and Major Henry Cooke, who had married my father's sister Catherine. There were my cousin Levi Grainger and Captain Andrew Harlee, who had been all through the war with my father in the Eighth South Carolina Regiment, Colonel John Blue, Colonel Stackhouse of the Eighth Regiment, several of the Rogers and Page men, and others. I

now realize that these were bitter and determined men, who were resolved to regain control of their native soil or die. They had lost much or almost all in the war. My father's youngest brother, Dwight, died before Richmond in 1862. Uncle Tommy had seen his two oldest sons shot dead at his side during the defense of Petersburg in the fall of 1864, just before he himself had been wounded seriously in the head. Others had had their homes pillaged and their lands confiscated. Every one of these men had suffered; they were ready now to suffer even more.

General Wade Hampton was nominated for the governorship by the "Straight-out" Democrats. It seemed to me that all the former soldiers, from generals to privates, had rallied to his support, and great pressure was put on the Negroes to get them to vote the Democratic ticket. Some of them came over to the white people, although at great risk to themselves. Several times Negro armed bands fired on colored Democrats and beat and killed others.

In the fall of 1876 my father was away from home almost continuously. In late September he rode north with a troop of several hundred Marion County Red Shirts to attend a giant rally at Bennettsville, at which his old commander, General Kershaw, and other wartime leaders spoke. He escorted General Hampton back to Marion Court House, and at all the crossroads and villages along the way the General was greeted by large crowds of whites and blacks. There was a tremendous rally at Marion. Eighteen "clubs" of Red Shirts from various sections of the county reported in military fashion as they rode in, and there was almost a full day of speaking, by Generals Hampton, Kershaw, Kennedy, Richardson, and others, as well as by several Negro leaders who had come over to the Democrats.

In October there was a big Democratic barbecue at Marion Court House. Naturally, I was not taken to any of these meetings, nor was my mother. The times were stern, and the political struggle was for the men. My father was warned early in November that he might be arrested at any time, but he continued to ride day and night with his fellow Red Shirts. Deputy marshals and bands of Yankee soldiers were going about the country arresting former Confederate soldiers and locking them up in jail, but we did not see any of them in Hillsborough Township.

Election day was November 7, and on the 6th my father rode over to Marion Court House with his brother and other comrades. Before he left home, he called Henry aside and told him, "I do not intend to dictate to any of the Negroes how they are to vote tomorrow. I only want you to tell them that if they vote against General Hampton, they had better not ever let me catch them on my plantation again."

Henry started out on foot for Marion Court House about dusk, and he told us afterwards it took him almost all night to get there. He said that on all sides he saw and heard men riding, shots being fired into the air, men shouting for General Hampton. This was to notify the Negroes the Red Shirts were out in full force.

My mother was a firm believer in the power of prayer. After an early breakfast on the morning of the 7th, she returned to her room, got down on her knees, and began to pray. I stayed near her most of the time, while Aunt Barb, our old colored cook, looked after my little sisters and brothers. My mother did not get up from her knees all day long, and she remained on them long after night came. She told me later that for weeks she had fully expected my father would be killed, and that every time he went out she feared never to see him alive again. It must have been well after midnight when, away down the road towards the Mill Branch, we heard Henry singing. My mother arose from her knees and began to smile. She knew from the sound of Henry's voice that he had been drinking, but something in the tone told her that all was well, that the Red Shirts had won the day for General Hampton, and that my father was coming home and the long nightmare would be at an end.

I went off to my bed and to sleep, but I suppose my mother stayed up until my father came in

about dawn. He slept all of the next day. I don't know what he did with his red shirt, and do not recall ever seeing it again. He never had occasion to wear it after that day.

I was grown, married, and a mother myself before I ever heard my father tell one of the things that happened at Marion Court House on that election day in 1876. The captain commanding the Yankee troops garrisoned in the little town had been stationed in South Carolina for several years. He had learned to know the Southern people and had made friends among them, and he was sympathetic with them. When he saw the hundreds of orderly, disciplined, but determined Red Shirts drawn up on one side of our stately old Court House, and looked at the thousands of armed Negroes milling around on the other, he feared trouble. He called a few of the Red Shirt leaders around him.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I understand your feelings and your situation, and I fully sympathize with you. However, I have my orders from Washington, and there must be no disorder, no fighting between the white people and the Negroes. I hope you understand me. My men are over there," he continued, pointing to the company of Blue Coats drawn up in front of the Court House. "But," he added almost in a whisper, "no ammunition has been issued to them."



LAST NIGHT, WHEN TIRED OF MYSELF AND FATE

by MORLEY DOBSON

LAST night, when tired of myself and fate
That mocked our love and set unholy bars
Across the path we entered on too late —
Last night I saw your head against the stars.

I was so sure you'd come that when I woke
And found you there I felt no least surprise —
Only a great content — and never spoke,
But looked up through the darkness to your eyes.

Gently you leaned above me, your cheek pressed
Mine, your hands touched me, met behind my head,
Drawing your warmth down close upon my breast —
No room then for despair! "Good," you said.

And yet I knew it was the wind that kissed me,
And yet I knew past doubt you had not missed me.



A Bostonian and a veteran of both World Wars, CHARLES R. CODMAN served as a combat pilot in the American Air Force (1917-18) and as Senior A.D.C. to General Patton (1942-45). As a connoisseur of wine and a life-long friend of France he has selected and brought back many a famous vintage to S. S. Pierce, and on these visits he has been admitted to a charming, touching association with that intimate circle responsible for some of the best-known vineyards of Europe.

GOOD BURGUNDY

by CHARLES R. CODMAN

I

ROUTE NATIONALE 74, twenty kilometers south of Dijon. "We must be getting close," my wife said. "Yes, there is the sign, Vosne." Right turn. The road, such as it is, winds up through the vines to the tiny village. We passed the church which dominates the microscopic Place, turned into a lane with a high wall, and stopped before the entrance to a modest courtyard flanked on three sides by low farm buildings. No name, no number. Nothing to mark the threshold of the most illustrious domain in all Burgundy. One is just supposed to know.

We left our car outside and walked in. In the middle of the yard a slender lady with fair hair was talking to a youngish man in a raincoat with his back to us. At our approach he wheeled around and came to meet us with quick short stride. The gait was familiar. So were the steady intense eyes. Here surely was the man we had come to see, the son and the successor of our old and regretted friend, Monsieur Edmond de Villaine.

"I am Henri de Villaine," the young man said. "And this," turning to the lady, "is my wife. Welcome to the Domaine de la Romanée-Conti."

The *bureau* or office of the Domaine consists of a small room in the left wing. Its door opened and a figure in black emerged, her spectacles glinting in the sunlight.

"Ah, Madame Clin, it is good to see you again."

Madame Clin, widow of the Domaine's former *régisseur* and at present carrying on his responsible functions, seized my wife's hands. "You have made a good journey?" she said. Madame Clin's lips smiled, but behind the glasses her eyes were moist.

"Shall we descend to the cellar?" Henri de Villaine asked.

"With pleasure."

"You know the way."

Halfway across the courtyard we were joined by

Noblet, the husky cellarman. Like so many of the staff, he grew up in the Domaine, where his father and grandfather before him had worked. At the top of the stone steps Madame Clin drew from the folds of her dress a large key. "Be careful of your heads," she cautioned.

There is nothing fancy about the cellars of the Domaine. The floor, dark damp earth. Walls and low vaulted ceilings glistening with moisture. The rows of casks, neatly aligned, are strictly utilitarian. The cool obscurity redolent of wet soil, seasoned oak, and the aroma of Pinot grape is pinpointed with fireflies as Noblet lights and hands around the candles in their pewter holders.

"Shall we begin with the wines of the year in the usual ascending order?" Henri de Villaine's voice.

Setting his candle on a nearby barrel, Noblet removes the stopper from the top of the first cask, plunges the glass tube of the pipette into the bung-hole. In a moment he withdraws it, a shining column of red, and carefully fills each extended tasting cup. "Echézeaux 1952," he murmurs.

Concentration, rumination. Color deep and clear. Aroma clean and fresh to the nose. To the taste, grape juice rather than wine. But what grape juice! Mouth-filling flavor of fresh-picked fruit. Plenty of sugar to work on. Acidity in balance. *Tanin*, not too much but enough.

Next cask. "Grands Echézeaux, '52."

Not the greatest or the most complete of Burgundies, but in some years — '29 for instance — it had very few equals. This looks like a good year.

Next cask. "Richebourg, '52."

A delighted exclamation from my wife brought a smile to Madame Clin's face. "It has invariably been your favorite," she said.

"My father always said you were a keen taster, Madame." Henri de Villaine's face is in the shadow.

"Yes," Madame de Villaine laughed, "and my father-in-law was not lavish with compliments."

We move on to the next-to-last group of casks, to a name which in the hierarchy of great Burgundies is seldom far from the top.

"La Tâche, '52."

For a while we taste in silence. A bad wine is easily described, a good wine with difficulty. A great wine defies description. Here in embryo, unless I miss my guess, is a great wine.

And now as finally we gather about the dozen barrels set slightly apart from the others, there is a collective sense of tenseness and expectation, for these historic casks contain something more than wine.

In the autumn of the year of victory, 1945, the great vineyards of France, rising to the occasion, produced some of the most superb wines of this century. In that extraordinary year the yield at Romanée-Conti was pitifully small. The ancient vines, deprived during the war years of elements essential to their care, were on their last legs. After the harvest Edmond de Villaine was faced with a major decision. He did not hesitate, and with characteristic promptness gave the order for the replanting of the vineyard. The old stock was uprooted and to the new roots were grafted cuttings from selected Domaine vines which in turn owed their pedigree to earlier grafts from the Romanée-Conti itself.

It was not, however, given to our old friend to see the full fruition of his ceaseless labors and his act of faith. In the winter of 1950, shortly before Christmas, we received a black-bordered envelope containing the news of his untimely death following a heart attack.

"As eldest son," wrote Henri de Villaine, "I succeed my father in the management of the Domaine. It is a difficult task to follow in the footsteps of a man so competent."

Perhaps it was something about the set of Henri de Villaine's shoulders, the glint of candlelight on Madame Clin's spectacles — one can't explain those things, but somehow the hands of the clock spun backward.

2

OUR first tasting in this very cellar, almost exactly twenty years ago. Monsieur Edmond de Villaine, hands behind his back clasping gray gloves. Alert, quizzical, charming. Madame Clin in the same black dress. Monsieur Clin drawing with a flourish the pipette from the bunghole of the last cask. "Romanée-Conti 1929."

From the silver knobs and convolutions of the *tastevin* the candle draws flashes of deepest ruby. Flavor so fresh and full and round as to be three-dimensional. Even the novice cannot fail to recognize the complete, the perfect Burgundy. Rolling it around in the mouth, one keeps putting off the

moment of expelling it onto the hospitable earth floor. "Is it permitted to spit out Romanée-Conti?" Mock horror in my wife's voice.

Taking a sip of his own wine, Monsieur de Villaine savors it, then with a quick turn of the head propels it with skill and accuracy into the corner. "As my grandfather used to say" — with his handkerchief he gives his mouth a thoughtful dab — "in the cellar one must never be proud."

"Has any wine ever equaled this one?" my wife asks.

"We have rarely made a better one," Monsieur de Villaine smiles.

Madame Clin is complacent. "It will make a good bottle," she says.

Other visits, other vintages. The '33s, the '34s, the '37s. Ah yes, the '37s — what anxiety they had caused us. It was the fateful spring of 1940 and for once it had been a relief to leave Paris, an edgy Paris full of staff officers and rumors. As we stood with Edmond de Villaine among his vineyards on the Burgundy hillside, the Phony War seemed remote. With his tightly furled umbrella he indicated the gently rising rows of vines beyond the ancient stone cross.

"As you can see," he said, "it is not large, la Romanée-Conti. Less than two hectares — roughly four and a half of your acres. There to the right, separated only by that narrow path, is Richebourg. Below the road here is Saint Vivant, and there to the west is La Tâche. All are planted with the same species of grape, the Pinot Noir; all give great wines, but la Romanée-Conti remains in a class by itself. Why? A special quality of the soil? The ancient roots? The tilt of the land exposing the vines to the earliest rays of the rising sun? A particular confluence of air currents? A combination of all these and other factors? Be that as it may, for centuries la Romanée-Conti has held an irresistible attraction for wine-lovers of high and low degree. Its origins go back to the Romans and the wine-minded monks of the Cistercian Order. From then until now, though various owners have come and gone, the vineyard has remained intact. Among others, Madame de Pompadour exerted her considerable influence and charm in repeated attempts to acquire it. However, for once she was outmaneuvered — and outbid — by that wily courtier of Louis XV, le Prince de Conti, who, having bought it in 1766, took care to insure his own immortality by giving it his name.

"During the Revolution the property was seized by the state. Thereafter it passed through several hands before being acquired by a gentleman from Santenay named Monsieur Duvault-Bloch. Since he was my grandfather, la Romanée-Conti has remained and will continue to remain a strictly family affair." Standing there in his tightly buttoned business suit, Homburg hat set very straight on his fine head, Monsieur de Villaine seemed to

personify the enduring qualities of the landed Frenchman: tenacity, continuity, permanence. Yet we felt concerned.

"Have you seen yesterday's communiqué?" I asked. From the preceding night's Paris paper we read it aloud. Standing before the low wall and stone cross marking the lower boundary of the Romanée-Conti, Monsieur de Villaine, hands behind his back, clasping the umbrella, listened impassively — listened with his eyes rather than his ears. "Yes," he said, "France is at war — not, I would remind you, for the first or, presumably, the last time. Like France itself, la Romanée-Conti has survived many upheavals. I repeat, it has remained and will continue to remain intact."

The sky had become overcast and a few drops of rain began to fall. Monsieur de Villaine unfastened the strap of his umbrella. Opening our car door he removed his hat and smiled. "Have no fear," he said. "Your '37s will be shipped."

3

OCTOBER, 1944. Headquarters, Third U.S. Army, Nancy, France. The General had spent the day visiting the 26th Division and the 4th Armored. A cold, wet run in an open jeep. That evening at dinner he was unusually silent. The Chief of Staff and the Aides concentrated on their soup. When the General was silent it was just as well not to break in on his train of thought. Even Willie, the white bull terrier, knew that. Sitting up on his chair by the sideboard, watching his master's every mouthful, he kept quiet.

At length the General pushed away his plate. "That village we went through this morning. The one where the Mayor was addressing the townspeople — all fifteen of 'em — from the top of that rubble pile. What's its name? Buissoncourt?"

"Yes, sir," the Chief of Staff said.

"I'm not sure about the Mayor," he continued, "but that identical pile of rubble was there in 1917, twenty-seven years ago, when I had the tank school at Bourg."

"The Germans bashed that intersection yesterday," the Chief of Staff said; "155s."

"You would think that by now anyone would know enough not to build houses in the vicinity of a crossroad." The General crumbled a slice of toast on the tablecloth and with a flick of thumb and middle finger lobbed a piece in the direction of the sideboard. Willie did not have to move. His jaws just opened and snapped shut.

"No, the French never change," the General said. "That is why they are indestructible."

The Mess Sergeant passed the meat. The General took sparingly of it. His nervous, agile fingers toyed with another piece of toast but Willie, sensing his owner's mounting restiveness, knew there was nothing in it for him.

With a sudden motion, the General brushed away the littering of toast, picked up a spoon, bent it double, tossed it aside. "How long, O Lord, how long?" His eyes flashed dangerously. "We roll across France in less time than it takes Monty to say 'Regroup,' and here we are stuck in the mud of Lorraine. Why? Because somewhere up the line some so-and-so who never heard a shot fired in anger or missed a meal believes in higher priorities for pianos and ping-pong sets than for ammunition and gas."

The Mess Sergeant refilled the General's glass with chlorinated water.

The General eyed it wryly. "Is this the best the vineyards around here can do?" he said.

"This is beer country, General," I put in.

"True," the General said, "and by now every unbombed brewery from Maxeville to Charmes is undoubtedly occupied by Com Z or the Service of Supply. Too bad we didn't take Dijon," he mused. "I could do with a good Burgundy. That reminds me" — the tone was crisp — "Hap, find out where Seventh Army is and send someone up there tomorrow with a request for that fat engineer who was with us in Sicily. No, never mind, I'll write Patch myself. You, Codman, be ready early in the morning. Take my Command Car, I'll be using the quarter-ton."

The field set in the next room rang. An Aide went in to take the call. In a moment he returned. "General Bradley for General Patton," he said.

The General arose. Willie slid down from his chair and pattered along at the General's heels.

"Hello, Brad, this is George. What does SHAEF want now?"

3 P.M. the following afternoon. Mission accomplished. But hold on. Hadn't the General said he could do with a good Burgundy? "We'll go back a different way, Sergeant," I said. "Bear left."

"Boulevard Sévigné?" he asked.

"Yes. Been here before?"

"Six weeks," he said, "during World War I."

Changeless Dijon. As we clattered over the pavement of the Boulevard Sévigné down the incline to the Gare Dijon-Ville, under the railroad bridge, along the tramline past the canal, it all looked much as it had in the spring of 1918 on the way up to the Toul sector. Only now it was autumn and the slopes to the right of Route Nationale 74 were golden indeed.

Gevrey-Chambertin, Vougeot, Flagey-Echézeaux. The signposts read like the Burgundy Section of Nicolas's wine list. "We must be getting close." I could almost hear my wife saying, "Yes, there it is — Vosne."

"Right turn."

With the silhouette of a 1913 Maxwell, the weight and speed of a medium-sized steam roller, and a transmission whose song might be likened to the relentless grinding of boulders on the Reef of

Norman's Woe, the Command Car of World War II surpassed all other vehicles of the U.S. Army in majesty and discomfort. As we roared and coughed up the rocky road, the *vendangeurs* among the nearest rows of vines turned with astonishment from their picking. A man waved his hat. A girl held up a purple bunch of grapes and waved that. Someone started shouting. Others took it up. You could tell only from their open mouths. No sound could possibly compete with the scream of the Command Car's low gear. The Sergeant was saying something. Rounding the last curve, we chugged into the empty Place and slowed down.

"What were you saying, Sergeant?"

"I was just thinking that Seventh Army must be popular around here," he said, "or maybe they just haven't got this far yet."

"Maybe. Round the church," I pointed, "and into that lane."

"Okay."

"Next right. And don't knock down the wall."

We made it, and came to a halt in the middle of the courtyard. The door of the *bureau* opened and there was Madame Clin, her spectacles glinting in the sunlight. The thing about Madame Clin is that nothing ever catches her off balance. She looked at the Command Car and its occupants, first through her spectacles, then over her spectacles. Having taken everything in, she advanced neither slowly nor rapidly across the yard. "Well," she said, "for a good surprise this is a good surprise."

Monsieur de Villaine? Well. Monsieur Clin? Not so well. And the Germans, how did they treat you? The Germans are pigs. Unfortunately the local Gauleiter knew his Burgundies only too well. Fortunately, however, his eyesight was imperfect.

Somehow I could not bring myself to ask about the '37s. At length Madame Clin drew from the folds of her dress the familiar key. "Come," she said.

The Sergeant and I followed her down the stone steps into the cellar. With candle held high she proceeded on past the rows of casks. "The '43s," she said. "Later we will taste them, but now —"

The cellar ended in a wall of seemingly solid masonry; against its damp surface the last barrel snuggled closely. "If you will just move it, please," Madame Clin said.

A full cask of Burgundy is a hefty proposition. The Sergeant spit on his hands and grasped the further rim. "Gently," Madame Clin murmured.

In response to the Sergeant's trial tug the big cask upended with disconcerting ease. "Empty," he said, regaining his balance.

In that portion of the wall against which its side had lain, a number of stone blocks had been removed. Bending down, Madame Clin thrust the candle through the irregular black hole. "See," she said.

The yellow rays penetrating the gloom revealed the damply gleaming masonry of the end wall, the *real* end wall, and, stretching off into the darkness, a double line of neatly stacked bottles.

Madame Clin reached in and withdrew one, wiped off with her apron the heavier layers of caked dust and mold, set the bottle together with three glasses on the upended cask, and reached into her pocket for her corkscrew. The long straight cork came out with a resounding pop. Madame Clin smelled it, then poured the wine into each of our extended glasses and her own. For a while no one said anything. As hands cupped around the glasses warmed the wine, the pungent aroma of great Burgundy coursed through inhaling nostrils. "To your health," Madame Clin said.

"To yours."

With the musical clink of thin crystal, the three glasses touched. We drank. Sergeant Hawley was the first to speak. "Some pinard," he said. "What's it called?"

"Romanée-Conti 1937," Madame Clin said. And for once she really smiled. "It will be shipped," she said. "Of that you can be certain."

And now as we stand with the eldest son, before the dozen casks which are grouped slightly apart from the others, casks filled to the brim with hope and promise, there is confidence in the eyes and pride in the tone of Henri de Villaine as, filling the silver cups, he announces, "La Romanée-Conti 1952."

The silence is complete. The tasting of wine is lonely business. So few of its impressions are communicable. Essence of truffle, violet, wild-cherry? Silk, satin, and velvet in liquid form? How much do such fancies convey? Madame Clin, chary of metaphor, economical of words, as of wine, remains down to earth. Carefully pouring back the remaining contents of her cup into the open bung hole, she removes her glasses, wipes them, puts them on again.

"It will make a good bottle," she says.



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EDWARD GIBBON

by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

I

I was born" — so Gibbon begins his Autobiography — "I was born at Putney in the county of Surrey, the 27th of April O.S., in the year 1737." The date of his birth had a good deal to do with the tenor of his life — few people have been more the child of their age; while the family he was born into had its eighteenth-century significance also. His father — also named Edward — had received a gentleman's education and, both before and after marriage, had come to indulge a gentleman's tastes. Capricious and unstable, a Tory M.P., a London alderman, he had of his wife seven children, of whom Edward alone survived. Mrs. Gibbon did not survive the final childbirth; and the motherless boy, who had been an invalid baby and continued sickly through childhood, was fortunately cared for by a most devoted maiden aunt.

At school, Gibbon showed no interest in games, nor talent for friendship. He early became a bookworm — "the dynasties of Assyria and Egypt were my top and cricket ball." His aunt was his ally: they read Pope's Homer and the *Arabian Nights* together, while by himself the boy was soon reading volume after volume of the *Universal History*. He was fourteen when, paying a visit to his father, he pitched on a work dealing with the later Roman Empire, and had just become — as he puts it — "immersed in the passage of the Goths over the Danube, when the summons of the dinner bell reluctantly dragged me from my intellectual feast."

We can easily credit his account of his entering Oxford at not quite fifteen: "I arrived . . . with a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy would have been ashamed." He considered his fourteen months at Oxford the most wasted period of his life. There were things he much wanted to do, such as study Arabic; but his tutor promptly discouraged him, and Gibbon, bound as he was to devour books and think about them, could only, if he

wasn't to be guided, explore for himself. He got deep into the Church Fathers, and then into Bossuet and the Elizabethan Jesuit, Parsons; he got in so deep, indeed, that at sixteen, with the help of a London bookseller, he was admitted a proselyte to the Catholic Church.

It was not without a certain satisfaction, an air blending mischievousness with martyrdom, that Gibbon informed his father of what he had done. As a Roman Catholic, he could not continue at Oxford; and his father, acting for once with sagacity and dispatch, decided he had better not remain in England, either. He was packed off to the house of a Protestant clergyman at Lausanne; and the sixteen-year-old boy, who had no friends there and spoke no French, whose very room displayed a strange stove rather than a fireplace, and whose penance included bad cooking, might have pondered the paradox of being cured of Catholicism by being sent to purgatory. But matters very quickly grew better: the pastor was an understanding man, who reclaimed the culprit from Romanism and rebellion by letting him gradually reclaim himself.

Gibbon soon came to enjoy Lausanne. At first he went about with a group of pleasure-loving young Englishmen; once, indeed, he lost 110 guineas at faro and was sufficiently perturbed to flee the city, though his father, on hearing of such unexpected frivolity, was pleased to make good the debt. But inevitably — and all the more as French became his daily language — Gibbon turned toward the native life, and the intellectual life, of Lausanne. There were glimpses of Voltaire acting in one of his own comedies; there were exchanges of letters with Swiss scholars. Thus early in life, Gibbon successfully attempted an emendation in Ovid; thus early, too, he began to respond to the discipline, he began to acquire the balance, of one of the most stable of cultures. How thoroughly he responded he made plain in the matter of his celebrated romance.

Celebrated the romance may surely be called, however special the reasons. When they met, both Gibbon and Suzanne Curchod were extremely young. Suzanne was a Swiss clergyman's daughter and a girl with ambitions; these included marrying outside the clergy and, if possible, above her class. How deeply Suzanne loved the short, gauche, socially desirable young Englishman is open to conjecture, though how deeply Gibbon loved Suzanne is open even more. Intrigued he certainly was, and smitten possibly; he swore, at any rate, "an attachment beyond the assaults of time." There is also a story of his stopping strangers at sword's point to compel their praises of Suzanne's superlative charms; a story that can just be believed because it is so out of character — because it reveals a Gibbon who protests too much. Both Gibbon and Suzanne were perhaps in love with love; in any case, after a number of meetings and a regular exchange of letters, they found themselves engaged.

The matter of marriage, however, was something else: Suzanne lacked a fortune, Gibbon his own income. And at the moment there were other complications. Gibbon's father, as it happened, had just got married himself, and Edward was now, on the eve of his twenty-first birthday, summoned home. It was an opportunity for the young lover, who while saluting his father's marriage might try to seal his own. His father greeted him, after five years, in the friendliest fashion, and his stepmother proved in every way kind. Between her and her stepson there began a lifelong relationship of affection and esteem.

Actually his father's main reason for calling him home was to dock his son's inheritance: he offered Gibbon three hundred a year for life if he would agree to break the entail. The son consented and now, in respect of Suzanne, sought his father's consent in turn. He was refused it; Mr. Gibbon could not approve his son bringing an unknown foreign girl to England, and even less his settling down in a foreign land. He did not forbid the match: he merely reminded Edward of his duties, he merely spoke of an action that would bring his father the earlier to his grave. Highly overwrought, Edward thereupon — as he wrote to Suzanne — retired for two hours to his room. When he emerged, it was to do as his father asked. "Farewell!" he wound up the letter. "I shall always remember Mlle Curchod as the worthiest and most charming of women. . . . Assure M. and Mme Curchod of my . . . regrets."

Suzanne's answer mixed self-pity with real feeling, and indignation with both. "You made up your mind in two hours!" she breaks out; but soon good sense reasserts itself and she wonders why Gibbon can't marry her with the idea of passing a few months each year in Switzerland till set free by his father's death. But Gibbon had already lowered their romance into its grave and would in due time carve out its monstrous epitaph: "I sighed as a

lover, I obeyed as a son." The result could hardly have been happier: Gibbon achieved the serene bachelor life that suited him so well, and Suzanne in due course married the great French finance minister Necker and became the mother of Mme de Staël; became, too, a notable hostess, with Gibbon among the most famous and favored of her guests.

2

HE, back in England at the age of twenty-one, now set about becoming an Englishman again, and mapping out a career. He took rooms in London, but socially — what with a lack of exalted sponsors — things were inclined to be slow. Many of his evenings he spent at dull family parties or with "old Tories of The Cocoa Tree"; many others he passed, "while coaches were rattling through Bond Street," alone with his books. In the matter of a career, no choice was really necessary. "I know that from my early youth," he wrote in the Autobiography, "I aspired to the character of an historian."

The real question was what history to write. In the next few years he chose and rejected the crusade of Richard I, the Barons' War, the history of the Black Prince, of Sir Philip Sidney, of Sir Walter Raleigh, of Florence under the Medici. He was plainly just glancing about; and between strolls along the corridors of history, he sat down and wrote, in French, an essay on the study of literature. By the time it got published, his quest of a theme had to be put aside. The Seven Years' War was on, and largely as a gesture Gibbon and his father had obtained commissions in the South Hampshire Regiment. But in 1760 the regiment, to their surprise, was called up. Gibbon's response was at first good-humored; to be a captain of militia for a season might be rather a lark. But it was quite something else to cease, for two years and more, to be the captain of one's fate, and lead "a wandering life of military servitude." Entry after entry of the *Journal* he kept begins "We marched" or "We paraded" or "We halted"; while the only thing the young scholar learned, beyond how to drill, was how to drink. In time, however, the *Journal* entries tend to start off with "I read . . ."; and before he was finished with soldiering, he had begun to resume a life of scholarship.

As an officer Gibbon, though not very effective, was fiercely efficient; and since his superiors were not, he exercised on occasion real authority. But the chief value of peregrinating the South of England, from Alton to Winchester, from Ringwood to Fareham, was best summed up — as so much concerning Gibbon is best summed up — in his own words: "The discipline and evolutions of a modern battalion gave me a clearer notion of the Phalanx and the Legions, and the Captain of the Hampshire Grenadiers . . . has not been useless to the historian of the Roman Empire."

It was not yet to Rome, however, that Gibbon hurried as soon as his regiment was disbanded: it was to Paris, where he breathed an atmosphere, he entered into a way of life, that were at least as vital to him as those of London and Lausanne. Moreover, now was the perfect moment for imbibing this new element that his temperament craved, since he had quite banished certain other elements he did not want. The spiritual life, early and immaturely embarked on, had been early and unregretfully cast aside; for religion Gibbon would thereafter feel no need. The emotional life, flaring up before Gibbon came of age, produced no second crisis; for romance Gibbon would in future sigh no more. The physical life, the thirty months of camps and countermarches, had ended with the peace; for action and the out-of-doors, Gibbon would not even briefly pine. What now beckoned was intellectual and social life only, the life — in the age that gave the phrase its luster — of the scholar and the gentleman.

3

THANKS to his French essay, to some letters of introduction, and to the prevailing Anglomania, Gibbon achieved the entree in Paris: through Mme Geoffrin he got to know Helvétius and d'Holbach; there were morning calls and evening parties; operas, dinners, duchesses, a whole enchanting milieu where the life of the *monde* and the life of the mind were one. "In a fortnight . . . I have heard more conversation worth remembering," he wrote to his stepmother, ". . . than I had done in two or three winters in London." But socially he was, for all that, pretty much an *arriviste*, and in fine company still something of a duffer; besides, if he was to enter society not just as a writer but as a man of fashion, it would prove highly expensive. Money had to be husbanded for an Italian journey; and Gibbon husbanded it, after fourteen weeks in Paris, by revisiting Lausanne.

He was welcomed back; the scene of his adolescent recantation began ministering to his adult desires. "A holiday resort for all Europe," Lausanne offered much by way of well-bred intellectual intercourse: all sorts of cosmopolites and notabilities stopped over, summered, wintered there. Gibbon resumed his friendship with the scholarly young Deyverdun, began his friendship with John Holroyd, the future Lord Sheffield — they were to be the two warmest friendships of his life. There he saw Voltaire act again — "a very ranting, unnatural performance" — and mingled with some pleasant girls who, by banding together into a *Société du Printemps*, went freely about with young men, unchaperoned and unscathed. He saw Suzanne there, too — a governess now, who might make a most charming friend if she could be dismissed as a fiancée; yet — as things stood — "*fille dangereuse et artificielle*," to be kept distinctly at arm's length.

But the young scholar at Lausanne quite kept pace with the young worldling: thoughts of Italy were uppermost, and the matter of career, of the project that should crown it, was never far away. Burrowing for the one, studying for the other, he read on and on — books, learned journals, the first thirty-five volumes of the *Bibliothèque raisonnée*; writing, at the same time, a 214-page treatise on Italian geography. His were detailed preparations indeed; and when the coming of spring "unlocked the mountains," he set forth, like a scholar knight, for Italy.

Turin first, where Gibbon, being presented to the King's daughters, "grew so very free and easy, that I drew my snuff-box, rapped it, took snuff twice" — a scandalous violation of presence-chamber etiquette. Then Milan, Genoa, Bologna, Florence, whose annals he perhaps still toyed with chronicling; then Pisa and Lucca, Leghorn and Siena; and finally, at the beginning of October — with sudden beating pulses — Rome. "From the Milvian Bridge," he wrote in his Journal, "I was in a dream of antiquity." "After a sleepless night," he recalled long afterwards, "I trod with lofty step the ruins of the Forum; each memorable spot where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, or Caesar fell, was at once present to my eye." The dream held: avoiding society, neglecting to go kiss the Pope's slipper, Gibbon inhabited the past, talked "with the dead rather than the living." The dream deepened; and suddenly, amid a concourse of images, there came what proved a moment of inspiration: —

It was at Rome, on the fifteenth of October 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted fryars were singing Vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the City first started to my mind.

Commentators are careful to remind us that the friars were singing in the Temple, not of Jupiter, but of Juno; but a man, in the moment of encountering his destiny, perhaps ought not have a too clear sense of his whereabouts.

The clock had struck, but a good many years were to tick away before Gibbon would read — let alone write — with his whole mind and force about Rome. In his own opinion, they turned into the least happy years of his life — partly, no doubt, because so little got done where so much was waiting to be; partly because full manhood had not yet brought entire independence, while independence itself, when it came, would at first bring cares. After wintering in Rome and Naples, he started for home, touched at Venice, all "ruined pictures and stinking ditches," paused for "ten delicious days" in Paris, where he encountered Suzanne, now Mme Necker, "as handsome as ever" and full of affection for her former suitor. As for Necker himself, he would each night "go to bed,

and leave me alone with his wife." "Could they," Gibbon demanded of Holroyd, "insult me more cruelly?" But now that love had flown out of the window, lifelong friendship might come in at the door.

Back in England, Gibbon made headway in London society, when not condemned to provincial society by visits to his father. There was work to show, too: an essay on the sixth book of the *Aeneid*; and with Deyverdun — who came over each year from Lausanne — a series of critiques, the *Mémoires Littéraires de la Grande Bretagne*, and the beginnings of a book about Switzerland. The chief profit from all this was less how to write history than what language not to write it in. French was now to be abandoned for English — even if an English that had a certain air of Latin. Five more years, in any case, slipped away, during which Gibbon had but very slowly advanced "from the wish to the hope, from the hope to the design, from the design to the execution" of the *Decline and Fall*. Moreover, as his plans matured, his project itself grew larger: what was first envisaged as the decline and fall of a city broadened into that of an empire.

In 1770 when Gibbon — now thirty-three — was at last deep in his subject, his father died. Having to settle a somewhat tangled estate and remove his stepmother from Buriton to Bath diverted Gibbon from his studies again; but these obligations accomplished, he was fully and permanently free.

4

IF no vulgar climber, Gibbon had yet to make a place for himself in London, which he did chiefly through people he met outside it — at Lausanne, in the militia, in Rome. He became, in his own sedate, pompous, snuffbox-rapping fashion, something of a diner-out and a quite prodigious clubman. There was a Roman Club, dotted with earls and spattered with honorables; there was the old Augustan Cocoa Tree; and Boodle's and Almack's and Brooks's; and White's, that great stronghold of Tory rulers; and the Literary Club, where a Tory held forth for posterity and ruled. There was finally what in those days was as much club as legislature, the House of Commons. Despite having very good friends at the Literary Club — Garrick and Sir Joshua in particular — he was not very vocal there. He and Dr. Johnson disliked each other; Johnson — whom no glass house ever deterred from throwing stones — dilated on how ugly Gibbon was; and Gibbon, speaking of Johnson, on how ursine.

In the House of Commons, where he owed his seat to a cousin, Gibbon was less vocal still. He sat, from 1774 on, for almost ten years; but though they were scarcely humdrum years, he was the most silent, as also the most steadfast, of Tories. He not only never spoke, he did not very often listen: the

great speakers, he remarked, filled him with despair, the bad ones with terror. On the subject that most agitated the House — the American Revolution — Gibbon, having looked into the facts, took King George's side. He presently confessed, however, that it was easier to approve the justice of that side than the policies; and he eventually murmured that one might be better off humbled than ruined.

To be sure, Gibbon found the year 1776 momentous enough, for on February 17 was published the first volume of *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Into it had gone many years of reading and writing and polishing and recasting — the scholarly resolution, really, of a lifetime; and in the course of those years Gibbon had not simply mastered his subject, he had forged a style.

The various modes of worship which prevailed in the Roman world were all considered by the people as equally true; by the philosopher as equally false; and by the magistrate as equally useful.

It was a style that in good time would breast the Bosphorus as well as the Tiber: —

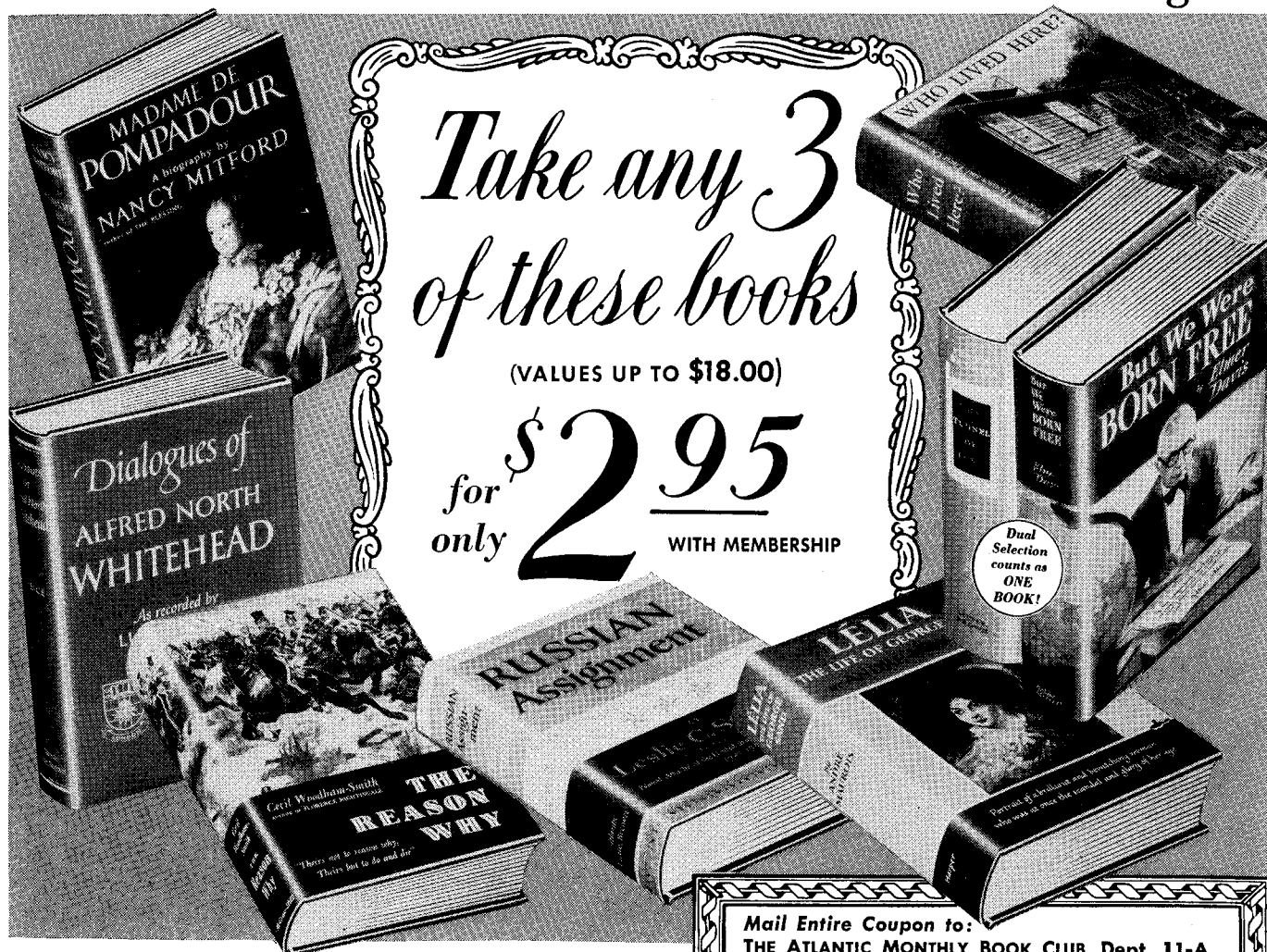
The dissolute youth of Constantinople adopted the blue livery of disorder; the laws were silent, and the bonds of society were relaxed; creditors were compelled to resign their obligations; judges to reverse their sentence; masters to enfranchise their slaves; fathers to supply the extravagance of their children; noble matrons were prostituted to the lust of their servants; beautiful boys were torn from the arms of their parents; and wives, unless they preferred a voluntary death, were ravished in the presence of their husbands.

Sentences had learned, as seldom before, to be endowed with majesty while being crammed with violence and overlaid with malice.

The success of the first volume was instantaneous and tremendous. "My book," wrote its author, "was on every table, and almost on every toilette." Horace Walpole hailed it with rapture; Hume's praise recompensed "the labor of ten years"; nor, said Gibbon, "was the general voice disturbed by the barking of any profane critic." Godlier critics were, to be sure, in different case. They violently attacked the even now notorious fifteenth and sixteenth chapters for being attacks, themselves, on Christianity: so much so as for Gibbon to say later that, had he foreseen the effect on "the pious, the timid, and the prudent," he would perhaps have softened those chapters. But as he had not foreseen the effect, he chose instead to rebut an assailant named Davies in a *Vindication* quite as trenchant and almost as pitiless as one of A. E. Housman's floggings of his fellow classicists. Toward the Church itself he showed, in his personal life, no animus, and is said to have kept, during his later years, a Bible at his bedside.

Thereafter he was an extremely famous man. Yet he never ceased working, though he might in-

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interrupt one kind of work for another. The second and third volumes of the *Decline and Fall* were five years appearing, partly because of Gibbon's interest in chemistry and anatomy, and his dive "into the mud of the Arian controversy." When in 1781 the two volumes did appear, there was not the furor of five years earlier; but there was not, on the other hand, the need for it. The Duke of Gloucester might respond with his famous "Another damned thick, square book — always scribble, scribble, scribble — eh! Mr Gibbon?"; and less high-born critics might register complaint or disappointment. But the scope and solidity of Gibbon's *History* were beyond dispute, and the new books "insensibly rose in sale and reputation to a level with the first."

5

SEVEN years more were to elapse before the three final volumes appeared, by which time Gibbon would have long since quitted London for Lausanne. The move, which he never regretted, was partly a matter of money: with the fall of the North administration, Gibbon lost his seat in Parliament and some £800 a year on the Board of Trade. The clubman and diner-out who needs must drastically retrench to squeak through in London could live in perfect comfort by removing to Lausanne. He had a deep affection for the place: he had been happy there, or at any rate young; he could live there now with immense prestige; and, most enticingly of all, could perhaps share the burdens of living with his old friend Deyverdun. In September, 1783, he returned once more to Lausanne. Thereafter the greatest historian of the age varied the writing of his history with whist and chess, strolls or calls on neighbors, and bread and cheese for supper.

Caught in this serene light, he stands forth to much his best advantage. He is a curious figure: among a few men in history no less ridiculous than sublime. On the one side, it would be hard to overpraise the achievement of Gibbon, who was equally the architect of a monumentally vast and classic work and of an exquisitely proportioned Georgian existence. To be sure, he had the good judgment to get himself born in the eighteenth century — an age that encouraged its scholars to be men of the world, and an age that, while shielding the better-born from all brusque intrusions, did not shut out light and air. Intolerably stilted the age could be, but it was never oppressively stuffy: its complacency was that of statues rather than churchwardens. To Gibbon's ironic temper, to his urbane, dry, skeptical set of mind, England offered much, Paris and the Continent still more. A hundred years later, scholar and gentleman would not have been so closely or so harmoniously welded; a hundred years later Gibbon would have belonged to the

Athenaeum instead of Almack's, been a regius professor rather than a member of Parliament, overflowed with neurotic crotchets rather than seignorial airs; the enormous and continuous advance of scholarship would have allowed him far less time for society, the marked deterioration of society would have doomed him to a pundit's role, or a don's. Not his personal experiences only, but his very angle of vision, would have become a great deal more provincial: he would have escaped to the Continent to be caught in the toils of German "method"; or, like his distant kinsman Lord Acton, might have whittled away his brilliance trying to cope with some 60,000 books.

If Gibbon can't help seeming comic, the wonder is he doesn't seem more so. Extremely short, increasingly fat, extraordinarily ugly, he stressed his shortcomings by his habit of preening himself. There is the tale of Gibbon getting down on his knees at fifty to pay romantic court to Lady Elizabeth Foster and being too fat to get up again; servants had to be summoned and an accident invented.

Again, there is the pendant to the tremendous compliment that Sheridan paid Gibbon in his great oration at the opening of the Warren Hastings trial. No parallel could be found for Hastings's crimes, Sheridan thundered, "in ancient or modern history, in the correct periods of Tacitus or the luminous page of Gibbon." Wanting a second portion of praise, Gibbon — who was present — affected deafness and asked his neighbor what Sheridan had said. "Oh," he got back, "something about your voluminous pages." He habitually conducted himself like a prelate and wrote of himself as though he were dead. Yet, having smiled, we must end by acknowledging how stupendously the man succeeded. In a way, the comic side only emphasizes his success; in other words, there is no pathetic side — the few small shadows derive from the sunlight in which he basked. His, moreover, is a serenity that his age, for all its reputation, seldom attained to — that age that steeped Johnson and Boswell and Gray in melancholy, that saw Swift and Smart and Cowper go mad. Gibbon represents the triumph — however large or limited it may seem in itself — of the eighteenth-century ideal. No doubt, to revive the old fling, he mistook himself at times for the Roman Empire; but so perhaps did the eighteenth century mistake itself for Gibbon.

Even that twilit flash of inspiration among the barefooted friars at Rome had to be long pondered in broad daylight before being acted upon. It was a real inspiration, moreover, because it told him, not whom for the moment he loved but whom he should marry. The Roman Empire was a *parti* rather than a passion, which is perhaps why things so magnificently succeeded. No mere callow infatuation at the outset, it turned with time into a

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real union, into twenty years and more of fond, devoted, truly close companionship; and when on that June night, between the hours of eleven and twelve, he set down the last words of his *History* in a summerhouse in his garden, he felt impoverished as well as elated, widowed as well as set free. It had been an all but unparalleled alliance. To be married to the Roman Empire, even in its declining years, is a formidable exertion; but Gibbon proved more, even, than its worthy mate: he emerged its undoubted master.

On finishing the *Decline and Fall*, Gibbon himself carried the manuscript of the last three volumes to London. It was purchased for the then great sum of £4000, and published — with a dinner to mark the occasion — on Gibbon's fifty-first birthday. All particulars of its reception pale before the fact that it was everywhere received as a classic. In the 165 years since, its prestige has hardly diminished and more probably increased. Much has been said and must continue to be said in derogation; but the work remains one of the grandest of all *achievements*. It was most sharply attacked in the generation after it was written — by Romantics who as greatly disliked its style as its tone. To Shelley, Gibbon was "cold and unimpassioned"; to Coleridge, worse even than the language was Gibbon's using "nothing but what may produce an effect. . . . All is scenical and, as it were, exhibited by candlelight." Even more classical-minded critics, even profoundly admiring ones, have deplored Gibbon's habit of sneering and his tendency to snicker. His erudite defender and eulogist, Porson, said what a thousand others have repeated: that Gibbon's humanity never sleeps save "when women are being ravaged or Christians violated." And yet, on this head, there is Cardinal Newman's characterizing Gibbon as "the only Church historian worthy of the name who has written in English."

Doubtless Coleridge put his finger on Gibbon's great limitation — on his being far more interested in creating effects than discovering causes. And though that, in the end, is only to point out his unequalled merit, clearly the *Decline and Fall* is the work of a dramatist rather than a psychologist or philosopher. A true thinker Gibbon was not, or even an acute student of human nature. A scientific historian he certainly was not; nor, had he been, would his *History* have so triumphed over 165 years; for what scientific theory of history, or of very much else, has ever held sway so long? The *Decline and Fall*, being art, is a presentation rather than a re-enactment; it stakes its all on a theme — plainly set forth in the title — rather than a theory; it shows no interest in depth, as it possesses no equal for span. As Suzanne said, it projects across chaos a bridge joining the ancient to the modern world. It remains too a great feat of erudition, whether in the amassing or the disposing of

its materials. If insight was blunted by prejudice or sacrificed to effect, accuracy — an accuracy that Robertson was impelled to verify and Porson was equipped to attest — was not. The inferiority of the second half of the *History* to the first, of the account of the Eastern Empire to that in the West, is partly a matter of inadequate scholarship, but much more so of temperament: to Gibbon what was Byzantine could only seem barbaric or decadent. But his book may call itself history even now when it is more than ever a triumph of literature.

His life's great work behind him, Gibbon, while ruminating new projects, began chronicling that life itself. He wrote no finished version, merely six sketches out of which, after his death, Lord Sheffield wove the Autobiography that bears his name and, better than the *Decline and Fall*, asserts and glorifies his manner. Gibbon had, in a sense, not so much a life to record as a way of life. Even those elements that smack of drama or hint at tragedy — expulsion and exile, stepmother and blighted romance — far from leaving scars, seem almost a vindication of the eighteenth-century precept, "Whatever is, is right." Yet if few lives have been, in a way, more undramatic, few have been better dramatized. Gibbon's fateful moment at Rome vibrates almost as memorably as Caesar's a few miles north of it; and not Hector taking leave of his family, or Mary Queen of Scots of the world, catches the light more vividly than Gibbon bidding his *History* adieu.

There is little for any biographer to add beyond where the autobiographer leaves off. Deyverdun died; but Gibbon obtained a life tenure on the house they shared and continued in the old way of living. The Bastille fell; but though the French Revolution shocked Gibbon, it scarcely discommoded him: indeed, by bringing the Neckers and other congenial spirits as refugees to Lausanne, it really brightened his existence. English friends also came to Lausanne, among them the Sheffields. Their sharp-eyed daughter found Gibbon's circle deadly dull, and thought their flattery "the only advantage this place can have over England for him."

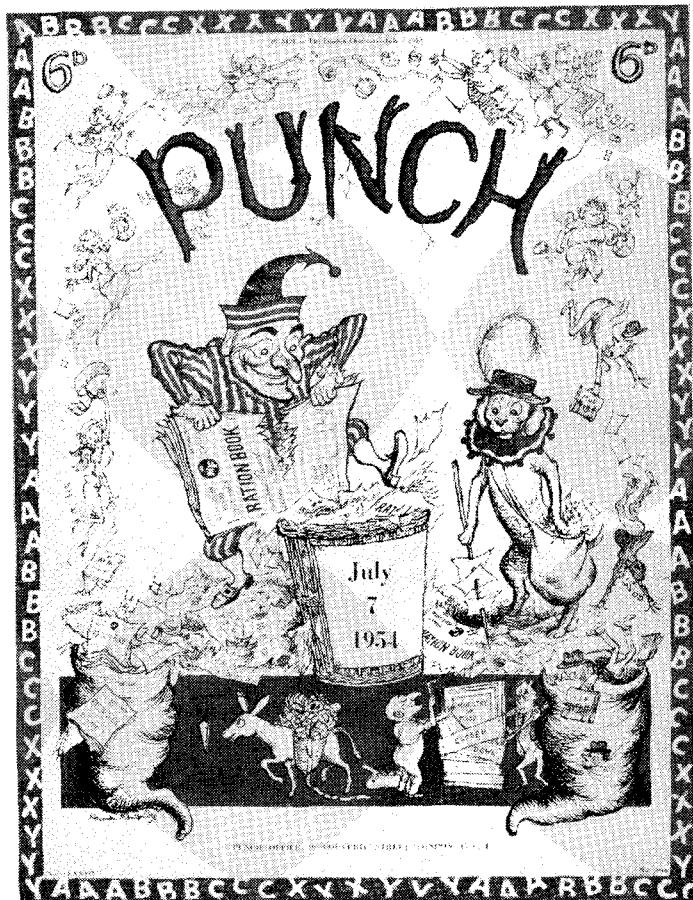
He talked much of an English visit; but the Revolution had made travel rather hazardous, and the visit kept being put off. The death, however, of Lady Sheffield in April, 1793, prompted Gibbon to return at once, to bring any comfort he could to his most intimate friend. But it was the friend who must soon think of Gibbon: back in England he took ill. A hydrocele, or swelling of the testicle, that had been diagnosed as far back as his militia days, and been totally disregarded ever since, now grew acute. Operations afforded temporary relief; there were even intervals of dining out and of driving to Bath and Apthorp and Sheffield Place. But there could be no cure; and Gibbon died in London on the 16th of January, 1794, at the age of fifty-six.

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published broadcasts by DYLAN THOMAS, two of which seemed of particular interest to American readers. The soliloquy on August Bank Holiday appeared in our August issue, and we now follow it with Mr. Thomas's evaluation of *The Welshman As Poet*. As originally presented on BBC, the text concluded with a reading of two of Mr. Thomas's poems by the director of the program. Both of these essays will be included in a book by Dylan Thomas, *Quite Early One Morning*, to be published this fall by New Directions.

THE WELSHMAN AS POET

by DYLAN THOMAS

1

WELSH poetry, written in the Welsh language, few of us can understand. The position — if poets must have positions other than upright — of the poet born in Wales or of Welsh parentage and writing his poems in English is today made by many people unnecessarily and trivially difficult. There are a number of young Welshmen writing poems in English who, insisting passionately that they are Welshmen, should by rights be writing in Welsh. Unable to write in Welsh or reluctant to do so because of the uncommercial nature of the language, they often give the impression that their writing in English is only a condescension to the influence and ubiquity of a tyrannous foreign tongue. I do not belong to that number. This is not a program of Welsh poetry or of Anglo-Welsh poetry — the latter is an ambiguous compromise. I am going to introduce, with as little explanation and criticism as possible, poems written in English by poets who either are Welsh by birth or have very strong Welsh associations. I want you to consider some of the poems in English that a small and distinguished number of Welshmen have written — mostly in the forty-five years of this century. I should prefer to call this an anthology with comments, rather than a brief lecture with quotations. There are not more than half a dozen Welsh poets of any genuine importance who wrote in English between 1622, when Henry Vaughan was born, and 1944, when Alun Lewis died, though there are many able and charming writers. All I can say, and all that the examples here can illustrate, is that Welshmen have written, from time to time, exceedingly good poetry in English. I should like to think that that is because they were, and are, good poets rather than good Welshmen. It's the *poetry*, written in the language which is most natural to the poet, that counts — not his country, island, race, class, or political persuasion.

We begin with Henry Vaughan (1622–1695). Before him was a magnificent tradition of poetry

in the Welsh language. Davyd-ap-Gwilym, for instance, a contemporary of Chaucer, is thought by most Celtic scholars to be as good a poet. Vaughan, who belonged to a very ancient Welsh family and who was educated in England, must surely have known ap-Gwilym's poems. But he certainly did not follow in the exuberant bardsmanship of that great court poet. He derived his style and matter from George Herbert. He wrote in a time when one poet *could* derive manner and content from another and yet be original. He read, too, and loved the poetry of John Donne, but he loved it most as he saw it reflected and transmuted in the work of Herbert. The world to Vaughan was "no less than a veil of the Eternal Spirit, whose presence may be felt in any, and the smallest part." Readers today may prefer him not as a mystical theologian but as a wonderful poet of pieces: a magician of intervals. They remember odd lines rather than odder poems. They think, perhaps, of this from a poem on the Grave: —

A nest of nights, a gloomy sphere,
Where shadows thicken, and the cloud
Sits on the Sun's brow all the year,
And nothing moves without a shroud.

Or a single image: —

. . . stars nod and sleep
And through the dark air spin a fiery thread.

Or, again, from "The Day-Spring": —

Early, while yet the dark was gay,
And gilt with stars more trim than day,
Heaven's Lily and the Earth's chaste Rose,
The green, immortal Branch arose,
And in a solitary place
Bowed to his father His blessed face.

And of the many superb opening lines: —

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to be
tasted,
others
to be
swallowed,
and
some few
to be
chewed
and
digested."

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I saw Eternity the other night
Like a great Ring of pure and endless light.

But I have chosen one poem, "The Night," in which the figures of his authentic and intense vision move across a wild, and yet inevitably ordered, sacred landscape.

Through that pure Virgin-shrine,
That sacred veil drawn o'er thy glorious noon
That men might look and live as Glow-worms shine,
And face the Moon:
Wise Nicodemus saw such light
As made him know his God by night.

Were all my loud, evil days
Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark Tent,
Whose peace but by some Angels wing or voice
Is seldom rent;
Then I in Heaven all the long year
Would keep, and never wander here.

But living where the Sun
Doth all things wake, and where all mix and tyre
Themselves and others, I consent and run
To ev'ry myre,
And by this worlds ill-guiding light,
Erre more then I can do by night.

There is in God (some say)
A deep, but dazzling darkness; as men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear;
O for that night! where I in him
Might live invisible and dim.

After Vaughan there is no other considerable Welsh poet — I needn't, I hope, explain again what I mean in this context by Welsh poetry — until the twentieth century. (Gerard Manley Hopkins, in the nineteenth century, was influenced by bardic forms and measures, but cannot, I'm afraid, be included in even the broadest survey of this kind.) Two hundred years and more pass before a Welshman comes into his own again. There were Welshmen, certainly, who rhymed in English, who wrote verse, who sometimes wrote poetry. But there was none who wrote a *poem*. Poetry is the material out of which poems are made. There was John Dyer (1700-1758) of Carmarthenshire, whose "Grongar Hill," an irregular Pindaric ode, is still remembered — if only as a name — by those who read poetry for a degree and by those who live near Grongar Hill. Dyer also wrote a blank verse epic in four books, *The Fleece*, in which he discoursed of the tending of sheep, of shearing and weaving, and of trade in woolen manufactures. Then there was Sir Lewis Morris (1833-1907), also of Carmarthenshire, who wrote nearly a thousand poems, many of them long: lyrics, idyls, tragedies; odes of welcome to the Trades' Union Congress, Swansea, 1901; triolets in ladies' albums; elegies on the deaths of statesmen.

The contemporary press compared his work with the *Odyssey* and *Faust*, with "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." He was lauded by Mr. Gladstone. From him you can draw the portrait of the worthiest and most popular type of Victorian professional poet.

2

Now we come into the twentieth century. From Edward Thomas, who was killed in France in 1917, to Alun Lewis, who died in India in 1944, there sprang into life a whole new body of poetry written by Welshmen. I do not think that there was in common between these poets anything but a love of poetry and of their own country. They did not to any marked degree derive from the same poetical sources. Edward Thomas, for instance, was devoted through all his short and too often melancholy life to the most English work of Thomas Hardy, John Clare the Northamptonshire peasant, and William Barnes the Dorset poet. He loved always the rich brown stables and paddocks of the painter George Morland and the loving landscapes of old Crome. He loved the fields, the woods, the winding roads; he knew a thousand country things: the diamonds of rain on the grass blades, the ghostly white parsley flower, mouse and wren and robin, each year's first violets, the missel thrush that loves juniper, hawthorn berry, hazel-tuft, new-mown hay, the cuckoo crying over the untouched dew, churches, graveyards, farms and byres, children, wild geese, horses in the sun. In the words of Walter de la Mare, Edward Thomas was a faithful and solitary lover of the lovely that is not beloved by most of us, at much expense. And when, indeed, he was killed in Flanders, a mirror of England was shattered, of so pure and true a crystal that a clearer and tenderer reflection can be found no other where than in these poems. Here is a poem of his written in Wales, "The Child on the Cliffs": —

Mother, the root of this little yellow flower
Among the stones has the taste of quinine.
Things are strange today on the cliff. The sun
shines so bright,
And the grasshopper works at his sewing-machine
So hard. Here's one on my hand, mother, look;
I lie so still. There's one on your book.

But I have something to tell more strange. So leave
Your book to the grasshopper, mother dear, —
Like a green knight in a dazzling market-place, —
And listen now. Can you hear what I hear
Far out? Now and then the foam there curls
And stretches a white arm out like a girl's.

Fishes and gulls ring no bells. There cannot be
A chapel or church between here and Devon
With fishes or gulls ringing its bell, — hark! —
Somewhere under the sea or up in heaven.
"It's the bell, my son, out in the bay
On the buoy. It does sound sweet to-day."

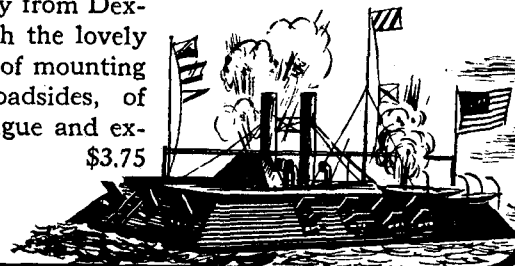
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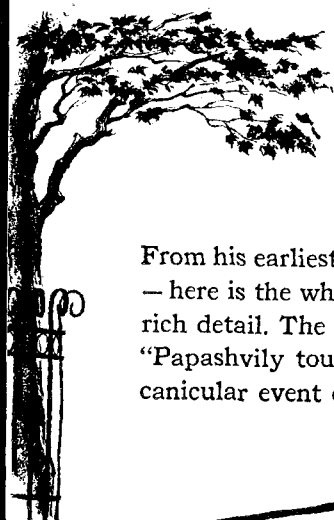
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Sweeter I never heard, mother, no, not in all Wales.
I should like to be lying under that foam,
Dead, but able to hear the sound of the bell,
And certain that you would often come
And rest, listening happily.
I should be happy if that could be.

Edward Thomas was thirty-nine years old when "a bullet stopped his song." Writing poems at the same time was another young man, also soon to be killed. This was Wilfred Owen (1893–1918), the greatest of the poets who wrote in and of the Great War, and one of the greatest poets of this century. Nothing further from Thomas's grave and tender meditations can be imagined than Owen's sensuous and pitiful elegies on the great *undying* dead of the massacred world about him. His earliest poems show a completely uncritical admiration — and even idolatry — of Shelley and, in particular, of Keats. But out of this he fashioned as true and just and exact an instrument as any in our language to express the enormous suffering and the unconquerable hope through death that was to be his and the heritage of his comrades. "To be able to write as I know how," he said in a letter from the front, "study is necessary; a period of study, then of intercourse with kindred spirits, then of isolation." It is a miracle how, in his short and warring life, in the dirt, the blood, the despair, the scarcely tolerable cold, the fire and gas and death of France, he contrived to achieve all his ambitions and to perfect his original technique. "My subject," he said, "is war and the pity of war. The Poetry is the pity." He is the *pleader* of the sufferings of men; he writes as the articulate dead: murdered manhood is given a great and dark golden tongue. Here is his last poem, "Strange Meeting"¹: —

It seemed that out of battle I escaped
Down some profound dull tunnel, long since scooped
Through granites that titanic wars had groined.
Yet also there encumbered sleepers groined,
Too fast in thought or death to be bestirred.
Then as I probed them, one sprang up, and stared
With piteous recognition in fixed eyes,
Lifting distressful hands as if to bless.
And by his smile, I knew that sullen hall,
By his dead smile I knew we stood in Hell.
With a thousand pains that vision's face was grained;
Yet no blood reached there from the upper ground,
And no guns thumped, or down the flues made moan.
"Strange friend," I said, "here is no cause to mourn."
"None," said the other, "save the undone years,
The hopelessness. Whatever hope is yours,
Was my life also; I went hunting wild
After the wildest beauty in the world,
Which lies not calm in eyes, or braided hair,
But mocks the steady running of the hour,
And if it grieves, grieves richlier than here.
For by my glee might many men have laughed,
And of my weeping something had been left,
Which must die now. I mean the truth untold,

¹ Reprinted from *Poems of Wilfred Owen* by permission of New Directions.

The pity of war, the pity war distilled.
Now men will go content with what we spoiled.
Or discontent, boil bloody, and be spilled.
They will be swift with swiftness of the tigress,
None will break ranks, though nations trek from progress.
Courage was mine, and I had mystery,
Wisdom was mine, and I had mastery;
To miss the march of this retreating world
Into vain citadels that are not walled.
Then, when much blood had clogged their chariot-wheels
I would go up and wash them from sweet wells,
Even with truths that lie too deep for taint.
I would have poured my spirit without stint
But not through wounds; not on the cess of war.
Foreheads of men have bled where no wounds were.
I am the enemy you killed, my friend.
I knew you in this dark; for so you frowned
Yesterday through me as you jabbed and killed.
I parried; but my hands were loath and cold.
Let us sleep now. . . ."

3

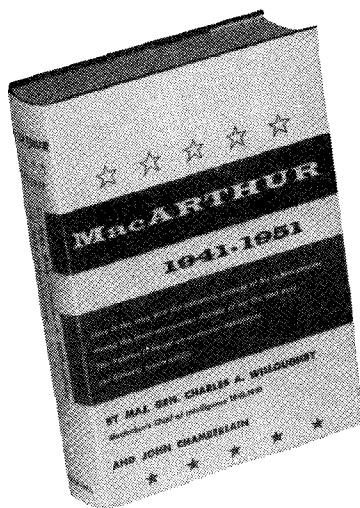
IN 1917, the year before Owen's death, a Welshman published from the Marshalsea Prison his first book of poems, *The Soul's Destroyer*. W. H. Davies (1871–1940) was born in Monmouthshire and apprenticed, very early, to a picture-frame maker. He tramped through America as a hobo, crossed the Atlantic many times on cattle boats, and was a peddler and street singer in England. Utterly poor and alone, educated by chance reading in the slums of great cities, he began suddenly to write verse which was in the direct tradition of Robert Herrick. From the very beginning to the end, during which he wrote voluminously, his poems were always fresh and simple and assured. There was inevitability in his slightest verses, unique observation in his tiniest reflections on the natural world. His most famous poems are about birds and clouds and animals, the journeying of the planets and the seasons, the adventure of the coming and going of simple night and day. But I have chosen two² of his more unfamiliar poems, which will perhaps show him to many in a strange new light, but in a light no less scrupulously fair and loving than that in which his kingfishers, his robin redbreasts, the little hunchbacks in the snow, all the inhabitants of his small and pure world, move about their mysterious errands in the sky and on the earth he so much loved.

THE INQUEST

I took my oath I would inquire,
Without affection, hate or wrath,
Into the death of Ada Wright —
So help me God! I took that oath.

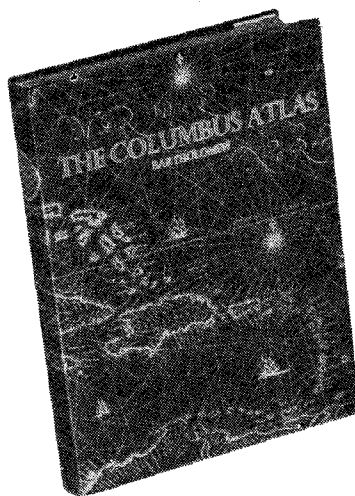
When I went out to see the corpse,
The four months' babe that died so young,
I judged it was seven pounds in weight,
And little more than one foot long.

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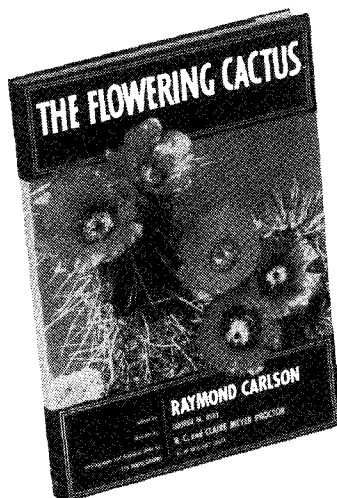
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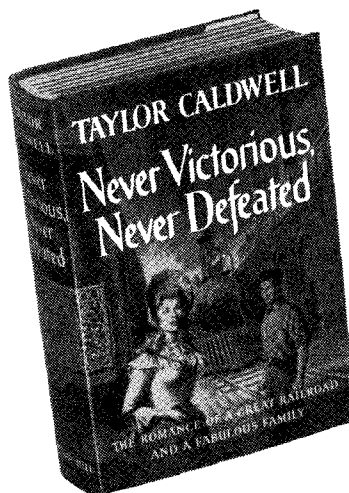
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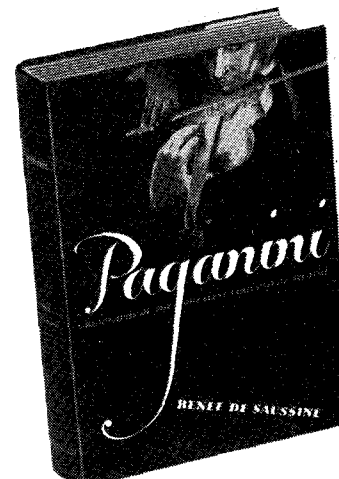
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One eye, that had a yellow lid,
Was shut — so was the mouth, that smiled;
The left eye open, shining bright —
It seemed a knowing little child.

For as I looked at that one eye,
It seemed to laugh, and say with glee:
"What caused my death you'll never know —
Perhaps my mother murdered me."

When I went into court again,
To hear the mother's evidence —
It was a love child, she explained.
And smiled, for our intelligence.

"Now gentlemen of the jury," said
The coroner — "this woman's child
By misadventure met its death."
"Aye, aye," said we. The mother smiled

And I could see that child's one eye
Which seemed to laugh, and say with glee:
"What caused my death you'll never know —
Perhaps my mother murdered me."

THE BUST

When I went wandering far from home,
I left a woman in my room
To clean my hearth and floor, and dust
My shelves and pictures, books and bust.

When I came back a welcome glow
Burned in her eyes — her voice was low;
And everything was in its place,
As clean and bright as her own face.

But when I looked more closely there,
The dust was on my dark bronze hair;
The nose and eyebrows too were white —
And yet the lips were clean and bright.

The years have gone, and so has she,
But still the truth remains with me —
How that hard mouth was once kept clean
By living lips that kissed unseen.

Davies lived much of his life in poverty and in sickening surroundings. It never made him angry — at least not in his poems. But out of the mining valleys of South Wales there were poets who were beginning to write in a spirit of passionate anger against the inequality of social conditions. They wrote, not of the truths and beauties of the natural world, but of the lies and ugliness of the unnatural system of society under which they worked — or, more often during the nineteen-twenties and -thirties, under which they were not allowed to work. They spoke in ragged and angry rhythms of the Wales *they* knew: the coal-tips, the dole queues, the stubborn bankrupt villages, the children scrubbing for coal on the slag heaps, the colliers' shabby allotments, the cheap-Jack cinema, the whippet races, the disused quarries, the still pit wheels, the gaunt tin-roofed chapels in the soot, the hewers

squatting in the cut, the pubs, the Woolworths, the deacons and the Gyppos, silicosis, little Moscow up beyond the hills, sag-roof factory and plumeless stack, stone-gray street, scummed river, the capped and muffled knots of men outside the grim Employment Exchange and the Public Library. Among these poets, Idris Davies is perhaps the only one who has attempted to shape his violence into real poems, and he often achieves a lyrical simplicity which in no way lessens the intensity of his hatred of injustice. In some of his poems he can even bring himself to write with a kind of sad and jaunty happiness about his people and his country.

Glyn Jones, now a schoolmaster, is one of the few young Welshmen writing English poetry today who have a deep knowledge of *Welsh* poetry itself, and he has tried in several English poems to use the very difficult ancient bardic forms. These forms rely on a great deal of assonance and alliteration and most complicated internal rhyming; and these effects in English, in the hands of the few who have attempted to use them, have succeeded only in warping, crabbing, and obscuring the natural genius of the English language. But when Glyn Jones is not experimenting in what must always be, to ears accustomed to English poetry, unavoidably awkward sound and syntax, he can write as surely as this. The poem, in which I think you will be able to detect straight away the influence of D. H. Lawrence, especially in the last stanza, is called "Esyllt."¹

As he climbs down our hill my kestrel rises,
Steering in silence up from fine empty fields,
A smooth sun brushed brown across his shoulders,
Floating in wide circles, his warm wings stiff.
Their shadows cut; in new soft orange hunting boots
My lover crashes through the snapping bracken.

The still gorse-hissing hill burns, brags, gold broom's
Outcropping quartz; each touched bush spills dew.
Strangely last moment's parting was never sad
But unreal like my promised years; less felt
Than this intense and silver snail caligraphy
Scrawled here in the sun across these stones.

Why have I often wanted to cry out
More against his going when he has left my flesh
Only for the night? When he has gone out
Hot from my mother's kitchen, and my combs
Were on the table under the lamp, and the wind
Was banging the doors of the shed in the yard.

4

AND so, lastly, we come to Alun Lewis, who was killed by accident while serving in India in 1944. Three of the very finest — perhaps *the* very finest it will be found in another and a quieter day — of

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the poets who wrote in the two Great Wars of this century were Edward Thomas, Wilfred Owen, and Alun Lewis.¹ All three were Welshmen. I have no comment, of any national reference, to add to that. Lewis was a healer and an illuminator, humble before his own confessions, awed before the eternal confession of love by the despised and condemned inhabitants of the world crumbling around him. He wrote: —

I have no more desire to express
The old relationships, of love fulfilled
Or stultified, capacity for pain,
Nor to say gracefully all that the poets have said
Of one or other of the old compulsions,
For now the times are gathered for confession.

And always humbly, never as a priest but as a servant, he heard them. He knew, like Wilfred Owen, that in war the poetry is in the pity. And, like Owen, he could never place himself above pity, but must give it tongue. Listen to these verses from "Odi et Amo."

I

Did the fingers of the hand
Touch the sweetest music on
The limbs and lineaments of love
Whose chords resolved in stillness, in the
Stillness of the heart in the white breast?

Did the anxious eyes of pain
Bravely bear the stigmata
Of the Christ in us, the livid
Weal of history bleeding in us again?

Did the loins in passion find
Divinity in substance, and in heat
A flame that gathered all eternity
Into the milky ways of night?

And did not hands and eyes and loins
Vow when this cruel deed began
Fiercely blindly to endure
With all the stubborn faith of man

The terrible anguish of the birth
That could not be prevented and the death
That must die, and the peace
That was dreamed of in the beginning?

II

My body does not seem my own
Now. These hands are not my own
That touch the hairspring trigger, nor my eyes
Fixed on a human target, nor my cheek
Stroking the rifle butt; my loins
Are flat and closed like a child's.

III

Yet in this blood-soaked forest of disease
Where wolfish men lie scorched and black

And corpses sag against the trees
And love's dark roots writhe back

Like snakes into the scorching earth;
In this corrupted wood where none can hear
The love songs of Ophelia
And the laughter of fear,

My soul cries out with love
Of all that walk and swim and fly.
From the mountains, from the sky,
Out of the depths of the sea
Love cries and cries in me.

And summer blossoms break above my head
With all the unbearable beauty of the dead.

And this poem, "Christmas Holiday": —

Big-uddered piebald cattle low
The shivering chestnut stallion dozes
The fat wife sighs in her chair
Her lap is filled with paper roses
The poacher sleeps in the goose-girl's arms
Incurious after so much eating
All human beings are replete.

But the cock upon the dunghill feels
God's needle quiver in his brain
And thrice he crows: and at the sound
The sober and the tipsy men
Jump out of bed with one accord
And start the war again.

The fat wife comfortable sleeping
Sighs and licks her lips and smiles

But the goose girl is weeping.

And let us conclude with the reading of "The Sentry" by Alun Lewis: —

I have begun to die
For now at last I know
That there is no escape
From Night. Not any dream
Nor breathless images of sleep
Touch my bat's-eyes. I hang
Leathery-arid from the hidden roof
Of Night, and sleeplessly
I watch within Sleep's province.
I have left
The lovely bodies of the boy and girl
Deep in each other's placid arms
And I have left
The beautiful lanes of sleep
That barefoot lovers follow to this last
Cold shore of thought I guard.
I have begun to die
And the guns' implacable silence
Is my black interim, my youth and age,
In the flower of fury, the folded poppy,
Night.

¹ Poems of Alun Lewis reprinted by permission of the Macmillan Co. and George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.



The Peripatetic Advertiser

We spent a reasonable amount of school time studying American history as it has jelled, then much of our percipient lives thereafter amending and extending our grasp on the illusive fact and sustaining fictions of the past. The liveliest aid and challenge to this percipience encountered in many a publishing moon is the **Youth's Companion**. (\$6.00) With a camera dissolve into a more lucid looking-glass world we move backward in time through a coming-of-age century, keeping an eye on the children, on the crusades and crotchets of their elders, reading the writers who then felt only the first intimations of immortality — and what is more, reading them for content rather than form.

The quality that makes this book so much to so many, of course, is the commentary by the editor, **Lovell Thompson**. He is, in turn, lapidary as in this comment on a poem by Robert Frost called "Ghost House"; *In New England the vanished town is the victim of hope, in the West it is the victim of despair. In the moist East the forest quickly comes back to make a lesser wilderness for a later pioneer. In the West the dry walls stand as a warning to the next comers, preserved by the triumphant climate like an enemy scalp* or eloquent as in the following passage on an article by John James Audubon; *Audubon drew them with the divine greed of first possession, with the startled, joyous eye of sudden ownership. The birds were denizens of an Eden. The artist was an Adam who named them one by one with his pencil and his brush. In this last new world the creatures understood their part. Drawing after drawing bursts with the inspiration that unites the fact of life with the human logic of design and provocative; No one has ever really explored the question of just what happens when the men of an old world come to a new land and start social evolution over again, going, it seems, halfway back to the Indians and starting up the old ladder in a hurry.* Those who read this Companion of America's youth will find themselves in a new Wonderland of American writing.



Praise is not always as provocative as this of **Edward Newhouse** by Dylan Thomas. "If I were to receive in the same mail new books by the dozen

best writers of fiction in America, Edward Newhouse's would be the first I'd read. He does to me what the movies did when I was ten. More than anyone else on either side of the Atlantic, he makes me want to know what happens next. And when it happens, it happens to me." **The Temptation of Roger Heriott** (\$3.00) is a novel of a man living one generation late for the shock-absorbition of inherited money, and one marriage-remove from a growing Texas fortune. With a little boosting he has reached the \$10,000 level to find that the footing is insecure there. The power of this book lies in the sense of recognition that you will bring to Roger Heriott, his wife and his children, the recognition that though this is not your own story, it could be that of your oldest friend.



Esther Warner can write as she does, with revealing beauty of thought and phrase, because she listens with an inward ear to what people are trying to communicate. Her first book, *New Song in a Strange Land*, established a quietly resolute Warner cult among readers. This new book, **Seven Days to Lomaland**, takes up the tale in a week's walk through jungle with her Liberian friends, the men and women who worked for her and with her. She had set out reluctantly to attend a trial by ordeal but the pilgrimage is made rich with the lore of the African's world, illiterate and lyrical, primitive and sage. The first reviewer, Virginia Kirkus, said of it, "A book to green the landscape of the heart, universal and timeless." (\$3.50)



With all three of these books there has been a feeling that at the end of the book the story is continuing, that eventually there is more to be known, but in this fourth — **The Last Hunt** by **Milton Lott** (\$3.95) — there is a sense of absolute finality. This is one of America's hours of domestic disaster when the plains were dark with the useless blood of the buffalo. It takes a certain toughness of mind perhaps to move into this harsh landscape but of those who do venture it, probably no one will ever forget the dedicated fight of a young Indian for something worth his life and more, or the shock of one small terrible instance of punishment exactly befitting the crime. A Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship Award and one of the best of them.



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THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

WE HAVE a fair stand of oaks that covers the path leading up to the top of our ridge, but just before the crest and extending for a mile along the plateau on top is a pine woods. The oldest pine which I have measured with the Thoreau embrace (with both arms outstretched it takes two and a half hugs) I reckon to be more than a century old; and because of a hornlike broken limb low down, it is known as the Rhino Pine. The juniors are well spaced, with the brown carpet beneath them making for easy rambles. Not a few of the oldest are at least a hundred, and except for an occasional windfall and one lightning-struck veteran, they are a well-preserved grove. Are — or rather, were.

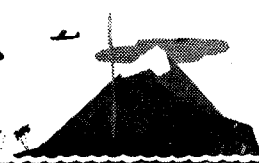
For five months of the year my Kerry Blue, Desmond, and I frequent the pines at least once a day. The length of the expedition varies with the time and light, for I am a commuter and many a day we do not enter the sanctuary until the golden or bronze dusk. But whatever the hour, there are certain way stations where we pause for reflection. These include the open knoll where Desmond sometimes doses himself with dyspepsia grass; the half-overturned rusty stump which the raccoons keep pushing into for grubs; the hollow tree which we suspect is Raccy's apartment house; the pine which was exploded by lightning, where I casually collect the white heartwood scattered in a radius of sixty yards; the swamp, with its dimpling insects and water hyacinths, lying below the old stone wall; and the hawk's nest. I have long known that there was a hawk in residence, but I did not discover the nest until Desmond discovered the squirrel corpse beneath it. These are our habitual observation points, and there may be other pauses when we see deer prints, hear the owl or kingfisher, or when Desmond is examining scents far beyond my detection, or suddenly tearing off in one of those great circles which are his way of expressing exuberance.

It was refreshing and lovely and it seemed permanent. Of all growing things, a tree is the most nearly immortal. The great ones like the Rhino Pine, so scarred and weather-beaten, yet green of top, are the epitome of ruggedness. Seeing them unchanged year after year gives us the illusion that we ourselves change little. To walk in this pine woods was to find tranquillity, though for reasons I never stopped to realize until it was too late. These evenly spaced boles with their canopy meeting overhead stood for order and calm; the path we had worn in the pine needles opened up continual vistas through which the soft shafts of sunlight illuminated a small, calm universe. All of us who walk for thought have our secret places which invite the mind. This was mine.

Everything about a hurricane is deadly to trees rooted on a northern moraine: the hours of torrential rain which weakens their foothold, and then the wind, gusty at first, but turning in on itself, as the eye of the storm approaches, so that the heavily leaved trees are wrenched and twisted in their self-defense. In 1938 the cruelest blows came late in the afternoon and lasted into the dark, but in Carol and in Edna — what effeminate names for such havoc! — the damage was done in daylight. An oak fighting for its life and without enough soil to hold it would lose its top or a great limb would crack, would dangle and then be stripped off. When the screaming velocity rose above 80 m.p.h. and our nerves told us we were close to the eye, we could see and hear the pines going down. Death came in two ways: the older trees, already somewhat rotted at the core, as the autopsy revealed, were snapped off anywhere from four to twenty feet from the ground; those still sound pulled out the great mushroom of the roots and went down like ninepins, carrying smaller trees under them as they fell. So they lie today, in windrows and crisscrossed, body on top of body, as though pushed down by a giant thumb.

For two days there were no birds to be seen: they had found refuge in thickets and were not yet venturing forth; when at last they emerged, the hawks — not one but three — were gliding more boldly than I have ever seen before, and the small birds did not gang up against them. Wasps and bees were everywhere; their nests destroyed, they were angrily invading kitchens, cars, golf courses, as nervous as the rest of us; but the angriest rasp in the air was that of the power saw which echoed from hill to hill as the fallen trees were cut up. This is a loss which cannot be remedied in our lifetime, for the

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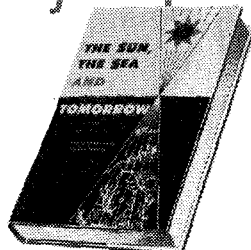


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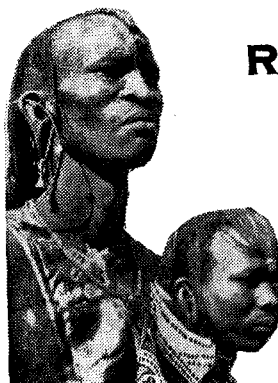
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places can never look as they were. The shade trees which were the glory of the North Shore, down; the old elms in the Common and Public Garden, down; the conifers which once made a green wall along Common Lane, down; the elms on Coolidge Point, down; the forest plantings which Olmsted laid out on Moraine Farm back in the eighties, down; the oaks in the Arnold Arboretum, down. Whether it was the show place, the village green, the quiet wood, or the suburban maple which screened your porch from the neighbor's — these are what we have lost and will long remember.

Who pecks whom at Pompey's

Hamilton Basso is a Southerner who was born in the French Quarter of New Orleans and who now finds the air of Manhattan and Connecticut salubrious for his writing. He is a staff member of the *New Yorker*, where his reviews and profiles have made him welcome, and when a novel is in progress he holes up in Weston, Connecticut, until the job is done. *The View from Pompey's Head* (Doubleday, \$3.95), his new novel, is a loquacious, unhurried, pleasant-toned story of a New York lawyer, Anson Page, a Southerner by birth, who is sent down to his home country on the Carolina coast to ferret out the facts in a difficult case. Page is approaching the perilous forties. He isn't sure he is still in love with his wife or his job, and this visit to Pompey's Head, his birthplace, envelops him in nostalgia and reignites his interest in his old flames. The cutbacks to his youth are many and devious, for he keeps probing himself on why he ever left Old Pompey and whether Manhattan is worth the price.

The lawsuit which has taken Page south involves America's foremost novelist, a Hemingwayesque character named Garvin Wales, now blind and living in retirement on an island off Pompey's Head. Over a period of years, Wales had permitted his editor to withhold some \$20,000 of royalties which were paid in small installments to an unknown woman. The editor is dead, the woman has disappeared, and Mrs. Wales in her jealous way wants the publishers to pay back the money, which she says the editor had no right to appropriate.

Now this is a good case; the relations between Page and his senior partner, Mr. Barlowe, are well drawn; their deductions give us something to work on, and the hue and cry would be absorbing if the author really gave it a chance. But again and again he cools off our interest in the suit with long — interminably long — interruptions in which "Sunny" Page relives his boyhood in Old Pompey. Sunny and all his contemporaries are obsessed with the pecking order in this smug little ancestor-worshipping community. It is an obsession which I do not share and of which I have had quite enough after fifty pages. Sunny's rekindled love affair with Dinah Blackford is made to seem a part of this elaborate

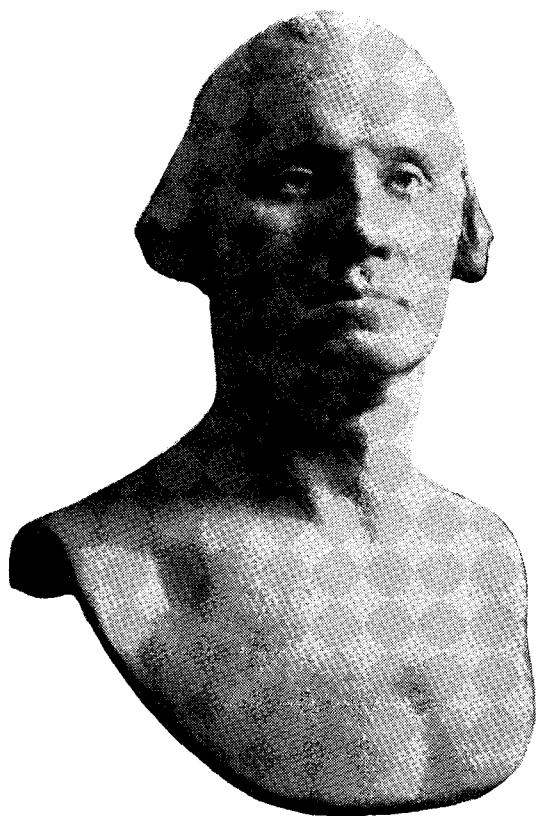
"Shinto Tradition," but in point of interest it is much less skillful than Page's dealings with the jealous, watchful wife of the aged novelist. The many, many pages on the pecking order throw this story out of proportion and at times out of focus.

The tomb in Manhattan

My Brother's Keeper by **Marcia Davenport** (Scribner, \$3.95) is a tour de force which is sure to appeal to those who like the macabre. Her novel has its origin in fact. We all remember the newspaper story of a few years back, of the two aged brothers who had walled themselves up in an old brownstone house in Manhattan: how they were found dead, and how, for days after, the police needed gas masks to root their way through the incredible tons of rubbish, old newspapers, pianos, and the memorabilia of a lifetime in which the hermits had entombed themselves. It was a gruesome story of dependence and mania, and the stench of the long-sealed rooms almost came to you as you read the newsprint. This is the happy mystery Miss Davenport sets herself to unravel — who began the tyranny, were the boys ever able to escape, and how long and with what motives did they fester in age? The Momism — only in this case it is Grandmomism — begins on the first page of Chapter One of the novel, and from this point forward you know that Seymour and Randall Holt haven't a chance. They may be allowed to come up for air, but in the long run — and the book must be over 200,000 words — fate and Miss Davenport will tease, malfarm, tyrannize, and defeat them at every turn. For me as for them, this is a dreary, not to say lugubrious, prospect. So is the book.

The long-suffering Bob

To read *The Benchley Roundup* (Harper, \$3.50) is to reread some of the most laughable prose of the past thirty years and to be reminded of how much we still miss **Bob Benchley**. He had the most ingenious way of submitting himself to exasperation. The causes of his annoyance he would describe with wonderful accuracy, and with a slow burn. Thus he remembers the dreary oratory which as a cub reporter he had had to listen to in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf ("If These Old Walls Could Talk!"); thus he depicts the joy of playing Dealer's Choice in a poker game with ladies present ("Ladies Wild"); thus he recalls the hazy delight of returning to college for a football game ("Back to the Game"); thus he recounts those special qualities which make Sunday afternoons unendurable ("The Sunday Menace"); but the worm always turns, in a Benchley essay; the moment comes when the gentle sufferer can stand no more, and this is the fun of the thing — to see him rise in his wrath and impale the nuisance with the deftest of phrases.



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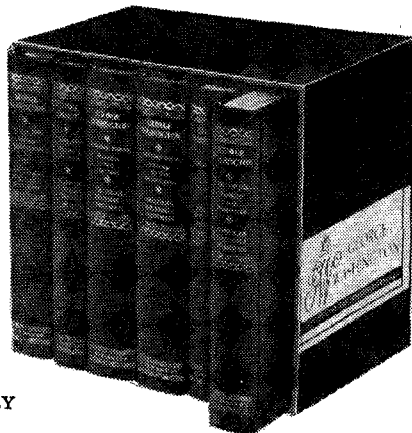
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The Editors Like

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THE JOURNAL OF EDWIN CARP by *Richard Haydn*. (Simon & Schuster, \$3.50.) Mr. Carp is a mild little Englishman whose troubles with his fierce mama, leaking roofs, musical instruments, and an accidental toupee are reported with absolute seriousness and make an enormously funny book.

THE TOLL GATE by *Georgette Heyer*. (Putnam, \$3.50.) Another of Miss Heyer's Regency comedies, light, deft, and full of astonishing thieves' slang, thanks to the presence of a corruptible Bow Street runner and a feckless highwayman.

The Ladies

THE WILDER SHORES OF LOVE by *Lesley Blanch*. (Simon & Schuster, \$5.00.) A witty, mischievous, elegantly written account of four nineteenth-century European ladies who, for various eccentric reasons, went East and native.

JOAN OF ARC by *Lucien Fabre*. (McGraw-Hill, \$5.00.) Clearly a labor of love and piety, this biography describes St. Joan in terms of her own time, with a great deal of interesting, not generally current, detail.

A BLESSED GIRL by *Lady Emily Lutyens*. (Lippincott, \$4.00.) The letters of a Victorian damsel to an elderly clergyman, most of them about the girl's struggle against the improper advances of a third-rate poet. Nobody ever had more fun playing with smoke than Emily, and it's a pleasure to watch her at it.

Lives and Letters

PORTRAITS by *Desmond MacCarthy*. (Oxford University Press, \$3.50.) These essays concern all sorts of people, from Voltaire to Patrick Campbell; all of them are gracious, easy, and lit with unpretentious wisdom.

THE ANNOTATOR by *Alan Keen and Roger Lubbock*. (Macmillan, \$4.00.) Mr. Keen thinks he may have hold of a copy of Hall's *Chronicle* with marginal notes by the young Shakespeare. He doesn't claim to have proved his case, but in trying to do so he has turned up some very provocative information about Shakespeare's contemporaries and possible connections.

TURGENEV by *David Magarshack*. (Grove, \$6.00.) As Russian authors go, Turgenev led a quiet life, but his ideas and temperament are so interesting in themselves that this thorough, straightforward biography is absorbing reading.

EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGU by *Jonathan Curling*. (British Book Centre, \$4.50.) The son of Lady Mary (of the letters and the row with Pope) was a giddy rogue who wrote books, played politics, and swindled his way around England, Europe, and the Near East. He was a picaresque novel all by himself and died at last triumphant, unrepentant, and a Moslem.

Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



THE methods of the anthropologist and the boundless curiosity of Americans about American life have together given birth to a novel kind of social study addressed to the general reader. In the past few years, to cite a few examples, I have read articles and books about the "folkways" of Hollywood, of the great corporations, and of the mass media, in which the authors tackled their subject in a somewhat similar spirit to that in which Margaret Mead scrutinized the Mountain Arapesh, the Mundugumor and the Tchambuli of New Guinea. Now **Malcolm Cowley** blends this approach with that of the cultural historian in a study of the American literary scene since the Second World War: *The Literary Situation* (Viking, \$3.75).

A large section of Mr. Cowley's book is devoted to "A Natural History of the American Writer" — how writers get started; how they earn their living; their working habits; their social life; what they wear ("no blue double-breasted suits"); their diversions (not golf or bridge but tennis or badminton or ping-pong); their vices; their public status. Occasionally, the information presented lapses into the ludicrous — "the desk, which is often a table, may be small or large" (or conceivably middle-sized); but a survey of this kind makes amusing reading if one is interested in the mores of the writing tribe, and the economic facts will startle those who have any rosy ideas about the literary *bourse*.

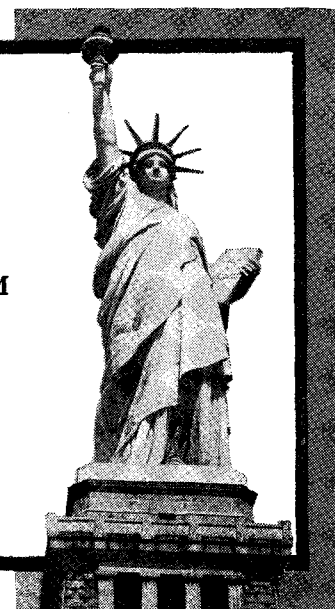
In the early 1950s, the average income derived by Americans from writing books was "well below the average earnings of Southern mill hands, and not much above those of cotton sharecroppers." Authors' royalties, in percentage of the retail price, were a bit lower than in 1940 and much lower than in 1910. Only two poets earned a livelihood from their poems — Robert Frost and Ogden Nash. One statistic of a different nature is worth quoting: in 1953, the publishers of paperbacks issued 259 million copies and 1061 new titles.

On the critical side, Mr. Cowley opens with an unusually balanced appraisal of both the qualities and exasperating failings of the New Criticism, which has occupied a central place in the literary world since 1940; and he goes on to discuss the content and characteristics of serious post-war fiction. In the overall view, he finds that American literature since the forties has been moving from sociology

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ROBERT S. HOLZMAN

Stormy Ben Butler

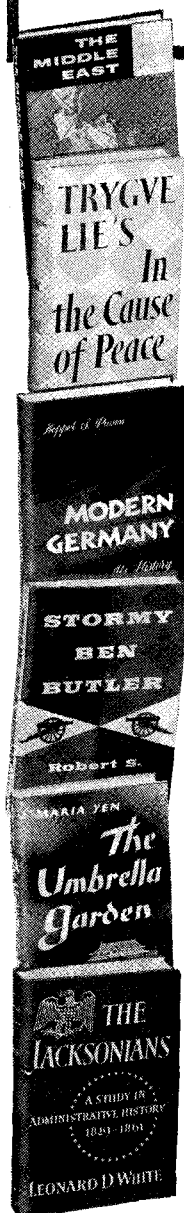
If you haven't met Ben Butler, you've missed one of the most sensational figures who ever graced the American political scene. During the Civil War he was headlined *second only to Lincoln!* Controversy still surrounds the name of General Ben. Butler—explosive on the battlefield, in the courtroom, on the political platform. This lively biography, based on sound scholarship and judgment, skillfully captures his fiery spirit. \$5.00

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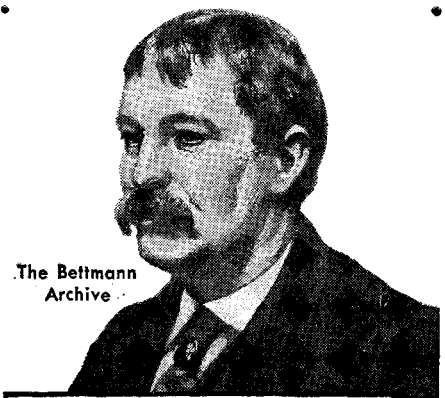
to psychology, from political to personal problems — from the public to the private.

Cowley's most interesting pages, perhaps, are about the group of sensitive and introverted novelists — Jean Stafford, Truman Capote, Paul Bowles, Frederick Buechner, Carson McCullers — to whom he gives the awkward label "new fictionalists" on the theory that there is some correspondence between their artistic outlook and the New Criticism. The real background of this fiction, says Cowley, is a generalized horror of contemporary reality, and its authors would like to achieve a broadly symbolic or mythical quality. But disillusionment, a sense of helplessness in the face of what is happening in the world, has led the "new fictionalists" to narrow their focus to private lives that are excessively private; and it is difficult, as Cowley states, "to create an archetype of modern life by recounting the private experience of a few isolated individuals in some untypical setting." All in all, Mr. Cowley has done a valuable job. While closer to competence than to brilliance, his book is sensible, perceptive, and readable.

Americana

My next two titles — *The Tastemakers* (Harper, \$3.75) by Russell Lynes and *The American People in the Twentieth Century* (Harvard University Press, \$3.75) by Oscar Handlin — are also, in their different ways, unconventional additions to American social history.

Mr. Lynes, the managing editor of *Harper's* magazine, is perhaps most widely known as the author of that memorable article, "Highbrow, Lowbrow, Middlebrow," which forms the penultimate chapter of his present book. *The Tastemakers* tells the story of the people and pressures that have shaped American taste since the 1830s — in art, architecture, and industrial design; in the *décor* of homes, hotels, saloons, offices, railway carriages, river boats, ocean liners, and the tonier offices. Mr. Lynes sees three distinct phases in the journey he is charting. First came the Age of Public Taste, in which the tastemakers — architects, designers, merchants, and messiahs — sought to induce in the general public a higher appreciation of the arts and a greater sensibility to surroundings. Then came the Age of Private Taste, when the tastemakers concentrated on the



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"WE are eight or ten men already, and one of them is Howells," said Robert Frost. In the sense that William Dean Howells was the representative spokesman of his age Frost is right; Howells is an important, if neglected, part of our heritage. And this is the theme of this reappraisal of the man, his times, and his contemporaries.

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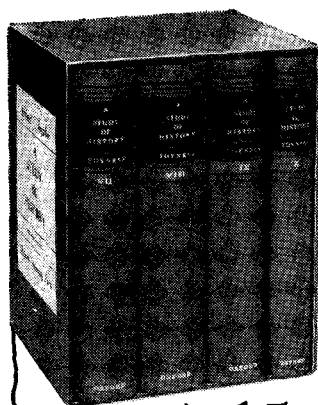
very rich, in the expectation that they would serve as models for the *hoi polloi*. Now we have entered the Age of Corporate Taste: the taste-makers are working through the big corporations and the mass communications media.

Mr. Lynes, a skillful writer with a spirited and often witty touch, has made the most of his subject matter; and the forty pages of pictures form a notable contribution to the text. When the story opens, the high points of American taste were the Greek Revival house; gaudily flowered carpetings; parlors cluttered with *bibelots* which Mrs. Trollope disdainfully described as "pretty coxcomalities"; and modest museums whose glories were eight-footed pigs, mastodon bones, and paintings of tremendous battle scenes. Today, American museums house a sizable fraction of the world's great art and their annual attendance is 55 million; on the other hand, the favorite paintings of Americans, sales figures show, are those of a commercial artist called Huldah — "pictures of Parisian women with big black eyes and frilly things around their necks."

This much, however, is certain: Americans have become inordinately taste-conscious. "One of the things that is most the matter with American taste," says Mr. Lynes, "is that those who worry hardest about it are not worrying about enjoying the fruits of their taste." Twelve decades ago, the cry was that most Americans were primitives in regard to taste. Now, Lynes concludes, many Americans have let themselves be tyrannized into cultivating taste merely for taste's sake.

Oscar Handlin's *The American People in the Twentieth Century* is a study of this nation's development in terms of the changes that have taken place in the life and thought of the minority groups; and it forcefully drives home again the truth that diversity is the very essence of American life and its chief source of strength. Professor Handlin (whose previous book, *The Uprooted*, won a Pulitzer Prize) has a quality that is rare among academic authors — an instinct for brevity. And he is, for good measure, an eloquent writer.

At the opening of the century, two out of five white Americans were foreign-born or the children of immigrants; and the tide of immigration has continued to make a vital contribution to the fluidity of American



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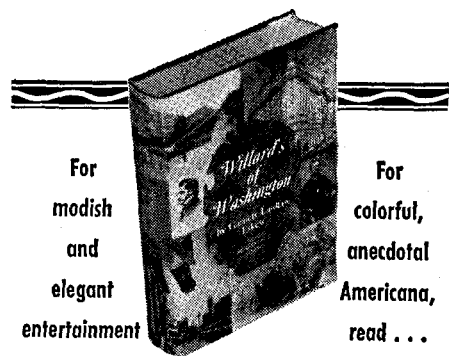
society and to the expansion of the economy. The vision of the melting pot, with its ideal of inclusiveness, has often been severely challenged by bigots and xenophobes of varied stripe, and the stresses on minorities were exacerbated during the two World Wars and the great depression. But the American system has weathered these stresses with remarkable success. Ethnic societies and affiliations have been changing in character since the end of the last war. They have been losing their defensive aspects and their overtones of hyphenated nationalism. They are becoming, instead, a source in which men find pride in their antecedents and a vitalizing sense of individuality. The associations formed along ethnic lines in America, Handlin concludes, are today "adding richness and strength to its democratic way of life."

The great debate

Realities of American Foreign Policy (Princeton University Press, \$2.75) by George Kennan is a short volume notable for its sanity, its penetration, and its steadfast recognition of the complexity of issues and the inescapable limits of foreign policy. Mr. Kennan starts out with the argument that American diplomacy has suffered from self-centeredness and utopianism. We have tended to assume that our moral values, which are the product of a particular cultural tradition, have validity for people everywhere; and we have set our sights on utopian objectives such as a conflictless world produced by contractual agreements.

Mr. Kennan sees no way in which the power of Communism can be *swiftly* shattered that would not entail calamities far worse than those we face: it is hard to conceive how a policy of "liberation" could be properly implemented without eventually provoking an atomic war. The champions of such a policy proceed from a despairing assumption which Kennan finds questionable: namely, that Soviet power, unless it is rapidly destroyed, will *inevitably* expand. Kennan's rejoinder is, firstly, that the unpredictable plays a crucial role in history; secondly, that determined resistance to Soviet expansion plus conditions within the Soviet Union could *gradually* cause Soviet power to recede (as it has receded in Yugoslavia, northern Iran, and to some extent Finland).

Kennan's final chapter discusses



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ways in which the United States can develop itself as "the unifying factor" of the non-Communist world. If our preachment of unification to Europe is to carry any weight, we must make a resolute effort, he emphasizes, to become more outgoing ourselves (in such matters as tariffs, travel regulations, and immigration policy); and we need to cultivate a greater receptivity in the world of ideas.

The spirit of Kennan's book is summed up in his statement: "We must become gardeners and not mechanics in our approach to foreign policy." The mechanical approach asserts that if the lights went out in China, it was because those manning the generators in Washington were incompetent or treacherous; that if more coals were to be heaped on the anti-Communist furnace, the added heat would warm our friends and scorch our enemies. But the lights have gone out in Indochina, despite the presence in Washington of a new crew pledged to allow no failures of the American powerhouse; the added heat radiated by our present policies has dismayed our allies, and now we are troubled by dissension.

The moral of all this is not necessarily that our present policies are at fault, but rather — as Mr. Kennan seeks to show — that in the sphere of foreign policy, as in gardening, there are mighty forces at work which we did not create and cannot mechanically control.

Power and Policy (Harcourt, Brace, \$5.00) is an arresting if controversial appraisal of the power-political situation on the eve of what **Thomas K. Finletter** calls Phase II of the Atomic Age — the phase in which Russia will have the bombs and planes to deliver a devastating attack on the United States. The author's thesis is that if our retaliatory power is to remain an effective deterrent, there must be a radical change in our military policies, involving the expenditure of an additional \$6.5 to \$8.5 billion for several years on air defense and "Atomic-Air" expansion.

But even a massive build-up of defensive and offensive weapons, Mr. Finletter argues, will not insure security in Phase III of the Atomic Age, which will be upon us around 1960; at that time intercontinental missiles with fission and atomic warheads will be available in quantity, and atomic weapons will be in the hands of countries which are not reliably on our side against Communism. How then



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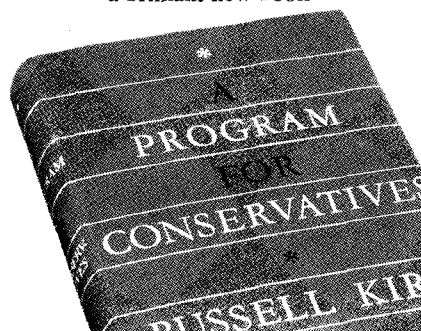
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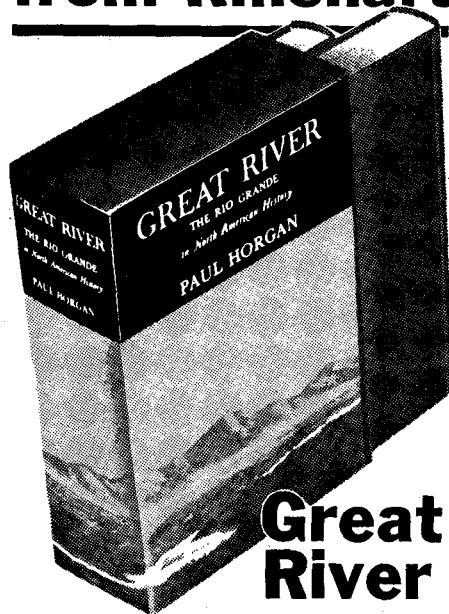
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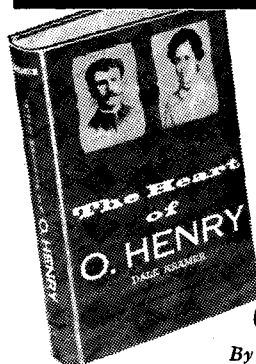
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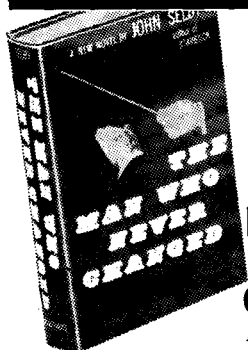
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is the search for security to be pursued? Mr. Finletter takes an uncompromising stand against the proponents of preventive warfare — a course he dismisses as utterly suicidal. His own prescription is that, while building up overwhelming retaliatory power, the United States should work with the utmost energy (a) to secure Russian acceptance of a plan of rigorously enforced disarmament administered by the United Nations; (b) to make its own citizens consent to the invasion of national sovereignty which this plan would entail.

Together with its dramatic thesis (which is rather repetitively stated), Mr. Finletter's book has a good many persuasive and important things to say. The thesis itself is forcefully reasoned and documented, and from the standpoint of pure logic there is no contradiction in prescribing both rearmament and fresh approaches to disarmament. But pure logic operates only on the abstract or mechanical plane. If the human element is fully taken into account it would seem utopian to expect the average taxpayer to fork out more dollars for large-scale military expansion and, simultaneously, to accept the idea of presently scrapping all the nation's armaments.

Manhattan madness

The two novels which follow — *Federigo, or, The Power of Love* by Howard Nemerov (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.75) and Dawn Powell's *The Wicked Pavilion* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50) — are both entertainments of the higher order, in which the foibles and pretensions of sophisticated folk are punctured with wit, style, and discernment.

Mr. Nemerov's story opens with an action of immeasurable deviousness. Julian Ghent — a New Yorker employed in the *avant-garde* of advertising, aged thirty-six, and seven years married — mails himself a letter signed *Federigo*, which reads: "A word to the wise. Your wife, sir, is too much alone. And not always alone." Julian, whose friends find his marriage an especially good one, is suffering from boredom; and the letter stratagem is designed "to give the nature of things a slight push." His plan is to leave the letter where his wife will see it, and later to use it as justification for the infidelity he has vague ambitions of committing. The letter, however, turns Sylvia Ghent's thoughts in precisely the

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same direction (despite the fact that her psychoanalyst convinces her that she dreamed it). Thus Julian falteringly starts pursuing — and Sylvia hesitantly starts showing herself receptive to — the classic remedy for the seven-year itch.

Federigo is a novel with several facets — a burlesque in which there lurks a serious monograph on Manhattan madness; a farcical drama of the climacteric of middle life; a morality with the sardonic point that the quest for adultery can lead to the rediscovery of marital felicity. Even when he turns his hand to a field as heavily lampooned as advertising, Mr. Nemerov, a clever and stylish writer, manages to regale us with fresh extravagances in which there is the glint of truth. This second novel of his reveals him as a comic artist of real originality.

With Dawn Powell, we leave behind the audacities of farce and enter the domain of comedy proper. The time of *The Wicked Pavilion* is 1948, the place Manhattan. Its chief motif might be described as the last-ditch stand of Partisans of the Twenties against the Forties, climaxed by their final surrender, which is symbolized at the novel's end by the closing of the Café Julien — fictional offspring of a mating between the ghosts of the Old Brevoort and the Lafayette.

The Café Julien is the novel's focal point, a sort of unholy Holy Place presided over by the spirit of the age in which all the world was young. It is the *deus ex machina* which repairs a beautiful romance that has let itself get fractured. Its telephone rings, and a disconsolate young man parlays himself into obliging female company. Its marble-topped tables are the last remaining altars where the bohemian spirits who majored in Art and Free Love in the twenties can continue their tribal rites and armor themselves with illusion and bravado.

Miss Powell's portraiture is really brilliant — deft, witty, very often deadly, but not without undertones of compassion. Among her morally disheveled cast of characters, there is a talentless painter who finds consolation in his solitary achievement: "I have failed in love and in art, but I have raised a beard"; a middle-aged millionairess who has heavily subsidized painting — not for art's sake but to keep herself uninterruptedly supplied with her favorite brand of

lovers; a Portuguese fisher boy who, after being knocked into shape as a gigolo by the sister of a Very Proper Bostonian, demonstrates that this is still the land of opportunity; a Party Girl, who builds a career for herself on the fact she isn't quite pretty enough to be taken for a professional gentleman's companion; and a celebrated restaurateur who cannot fry an egg.

The loves, quarrels, dishonorable schemes, and misadventures of Miss Powell's people form a narrative in which the going is always lively and

unpredictable — a bitter-sweet commentary on a raffish section of Manhattan life.

Fiction from abroad

The Tortoise and the Hare (Coward-McCann, \$3.50) by Elizabeth Jenkins, a Book Society choice in England, is a novel of real literary distinction. The situation is a mordant variation on the age-old drama of "the other woman." In this case, the wife is young, attractive, completely feminine; and the rival to whom she finds herself losing her hus-

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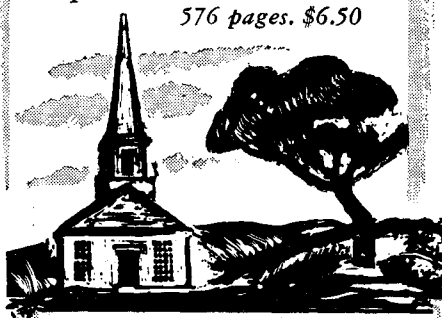
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bination of awkward spinsterhood,
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forcefulness of character. The story's
pace is on the slow side and its drama
remains rather low-keyed, but the
admirable characterization and fine
craftsmanship make the book seduc-
tive reading. Miss Jenkins writes
with impressive insight, subtlety of
feeling, great precision and charm.

Louise de Vilmorin, who has long
had a fashionable following in France,
is now being introduced to American
readers with a short novel, *Julietta*
(Messner, \$3.00) and a 54-page novel-
ette, *Madame De* (Messner, \$2.50). A
crisp and economic stylist, she writes
about love and the tangled web of
amorous deception with connoisseur-
ship and an astringent sense of humor.
Though her impish plotting draws
too freely on hackneyed twists, she
has the gift of confecting a story as
easily consumed as a *soufflé au Grand*
Marnier. Both *Julietta* and *Madame*
De are unquestionably *slight*; but
they lead me to associate the word
with an unassuming little ring at
Cartier's or a little black afternoon
dress by Dior.

The Bridge over the River Kwai
(Vanguard, \$3.00) is a thoroughly un-
usual novel. **Pierre Boulle**, a French-
man who served in the last war with
a British Commando-type force in
Southeast Asia, has written an excit-
ing story of action which centers on
a situation that is simultaneously
droll, pathetic, and appalling. An
English Colonel, taken prisoner by
the Japanese, heroically resists their
efforts to make his battalion build an
urgently needed bridge until the Jap-
anese commander, reduced to abject
despair, concedes the Colonel's point
that captured officers are exempt
from labor and entitled to supervise
the work of their men. Colonel Nich-
olson's devotion to his principles —
the sanctity of military discipline and
etiquette, and the upholding of British
prestige — is so deeply ingrained and
so inflexible that, though he is es-
sentially a good man, his behavior
partakes of lunacy. Once Nicholson
has in effect been put in charge of the
bridge-building, his sole concern is to
show the Japanese what superior stuff
Britishers are made of by building
them a perfect bridge in record time;
and he frustrates an attempt by his
own countrymen to blow it up. I

find it hard to believe that any of the
Colonel's counterparts in real life
were quite so bemused by their prin-
ciples, but I may be wrong. Even if
exaggerated, Nicholson is a memora-
ble characterization of a British type
which is not exclusively military, and
Mr. Boulle's novel is in every respect
an admirable job.

Here is another unusual item, mor-
bid but moving: **Joan Henry's** *Yield*
to the Night (Doubleday, \$2.75). This
is an account, told as an inner mono-
logue, of the last days in the life of a
woman waiting in the death cell to
be hanged for a crime of passion. I
found it compelling reading.

Autobiographies

Now seventy-seven, **His Highness**
The Aga Khan, spiritual leader of
a far-flung Muslim sect, the Ismailis,
is a legendary personality who has
had a remarkably full life. The pub-
licity about him has focused on his
spectacular wealth, derived from trib-
ute paid him by his followers; on his
great racing stable; on his second and
third marriages to beautiful French-
women. We are apt to forget that he
has played a busy role in world affairs
for half a century.

Since the age of twenty-five, when
he became a member of the Viceroy's
legislative council in India, the Aga
Khan has many times been involved
in major negotiations between British
and Indians, Muslims and Hindus,
which have shaped the course of In-
dian history. During the thirties, he
was a delegate at the League of Na-
tions, and in 1937 was elected the
League's president. He has enjoyed
the personal friendship of England's
sovereigns from the time of Queen
Victoria; has known well most of the
statesmen on whose decisions the
great events depended, and many
leading figures in the artistic world.
"Never in my life," he writes, "have
I for an instant been bored."

Readers of *The Memoirs of Aga*
Khan (Simon & Schuster, \$6.00) will
not be able to say quite as much.
What could have been a fascinating
story is at its best moderately inter-
esting. For the Aga Khan has chosen
to write what might be termed an
"official" autobiography. The public
image of him as a pleasure-loving
leader of the fashionable world does
not do him justice, but the image
would never have arisen if his cus-
tomary regime had been as hard-
working and austere as he pictures it
to be. His judgments of people are

PERSPECTIVES 9 USA

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Artist and ROBINSON JEFFERS
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Law MARK DEWOLFE HOWE
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NATHAN GLAZER
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Narrative WILLIAM FAULKNER
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uniformly favorable. And he is monumentally discreet about a number of matters in which some candor would be most welcome. In the mid-thirties I spent some time in the same resort hotel in France as the Aga Khan, and he appeared to be a much less solemn personality than the figure which emerges from this rather stiff self-portrait.

An exact contemporary of the Aga Khan, born on a Texas farm, has finally come through with the story of his life, which chronicles fifty years of involvement in American politics: *My Name Is Tom Connally* (Crowell, \$5.00) by **Senator Tom Connally** as told to Alfred Steinberg.

At fourteen, Connally was ready for college; at twenty-two he started law practice; and a year later, he entered the Texas Legislature. Elected to Congress in 1917, he served for twelve years in the House of Representatives, and for twenty-four years in the Senate, where he was Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee from 1941 to 1952.

The story that Connally has to tell from this strategic vantage point could hardly fail to be extremely interesting. And to those who share his passionate internationalism, his detailed account of the long, hard, but steadily victorious fight against the isolationists is stirring reading. I don't think, however, that Connally adds anything of major significance to the record, though occasionally there is a noteworthy difference of emphasis. Connally, for instance, minimizes the contribution of the "brain trusters" to the New Deal, and stresses that Roosevelt was "his own Brains Trust."

The Senator's collaborator has not let Connally's famed grandiloquence show up very noticeably in the text, but there is one glorious example of it. During the Senate debate on the United Nations charter, Connally pointed to the Senate wall and thundered: "They know that the League of Nations was slaughtered here in this chamber. Can't you see the blood?—There it is on the wall." Connally once told Molotov that he reminded him of a certain Texas lawyer. This lawyer was at a meeting where he objected to every proposal made. Finally, he said: "I'm going home now. It's time for supper. And when I get home, if supper isn't ready, I'm going to raise hell. And if it is ready, I ain't going to eat a damn bite!"

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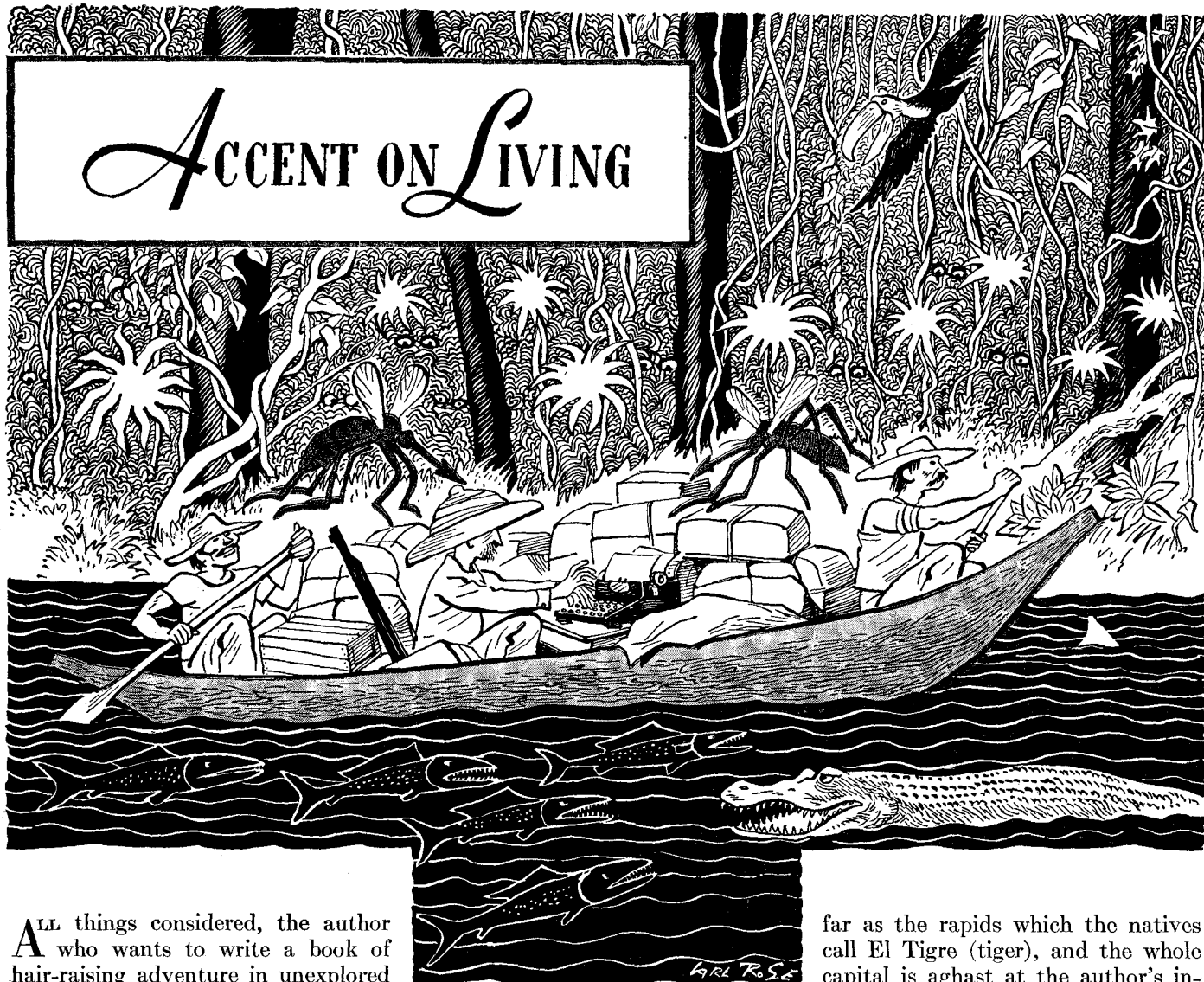
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ACCENT ON LIVING



ALL things considered, the author who wants to write a book of hair-raising adventure in unexplored country is likely to get the best run for his money in South America. Ideally, he will set out for the headwaters of some river, a little-known tributary of some better-known river. He may never get there and he may push no further than the confluence of the tributary and still another river, a thousand or two miles downstream, but it's always better to try for the headwaters in the first instance. It leads tone to the rest of the story. The literature of exploration runs heavily to headwaters.

Any old thing will do as the reason for the author's expedition, which will be, primarily, his quest for a fabled species of bird, butterfly, monkey, or plant, so rare as to be thought all but legendary. But the author has also been commissioned to photograph and study a remote tribe of Indians in their native haunts, thus insuring for himself several chapter headings on their mysterious "secret" rites, which usually have something to do with puberty. How the author

ever wangled such a commission in the first place is hard to imagine; as the book will show, he was scarcely the man for it, but there's a great deal of interest in puberty, and publishers have to settle for what they can get. Thus committed, the author embarks for one of the South American capitals and begins toiling away on the book.

Just to make sure he won't run out of copy later on, the author begins with a rather copious description of the capital. He stays there several weeks, ostensibly waiting for his cameras and equipment to arrive, but in reality to gather many conversational warnings from old-timers around town about the dangers of his contemplated travel. "Up the Gilligolari? Heavens, man, have you lost your mind?" The speaker was Evans, the gray-haired, genial American consul, himself the leader of many an expedition. . . ." Only the German, Kluck, had ever gone up the river as

far as the rapids which the natives call El Tigre (tiger), and the whole capital is aghast at the author's intrepidity. Ten pages? Twenty? Time to begin loading those supplies.

A word about the supplies. The English adventure writer prefers to travel with only a rook rifle and a pair of sneakers, but the American goes in heavily for supplies. "How we were going to cram those three tons of boxes and crates into two frail dugouts I'll never know . . ." and the reader will have to figure that one out for himself. But the supplies are important. There must be supplies so that the author can lose half of them every time one of the frail dugouts — why should a dugout be so frail? — tips over. The author usually budgets around six or seven tip-overs, spotting them at useful intervals and thus cutting down the supplies to an eventual one sixty-fourth or one hundred-twenty-eighth of what he originally had. I mention this because some of the more forgetful authors have a way of losing *all* their supplies again and again. One, in my recent reading, kept losing not only his precious shot-

gun but also his trusty .45 and *all* his ammunition, right up one river and down the next; yet his weapons remained ready to hand whenever the witch doctors began eying him too professionally.

Head-hunting, generally speaking, is pretty well on the wane in present-day South American books. The author may find a few heads here and there, but these are more like keepsakes than trophies — just something that the Indians have never got around to throwing away. But there must be tension in the book, other than what can be squeezed out of incessant downpours and the swarms of mosquitoes (“I was soon drenched to the skin” or “I was soon bitten from head to foot”), and the most dependable tension items are (a) the piranhas, and (b) the author’s feeling that he is constantly being watched by unseen savages hidden in the impenetrable jungle along the banks of the Gilligolari (“Hostile eyes were following my course every foot of the way, I felt certain . . .”).

Once the author boards a rickety little paddle-wheel steamer and shoves

off from the capital, the book is mostly river — river, rain, mosquitoes — until he unloads at the last settlement and starts looking for dugouts of a suitable frailness. At all stages, he is hailed for his daring in tackling the dread Gilligolari, and there is much head-wagging over his intention to photograph the fierce tribe of Camisoles; more references to Kluck, the German, and his misfortunes in 1909. But he succeeds in hiring a crew of Indian boatmen — no boatmen, no book, obviously — and from here on it’s the reassuring drone of the outboards. “Suddenly a huge wave caught us and our engine began to splutter. I thought we were lost, but the gallant little machine recovered in a few seconds and we chugged merrily on through El Tigre (tiger).”

The mysterious rites of the Camisoles, I regret to say, are never quite so exciting to the reader as they were to the author; in fact, the Camisoles — celebrated up and down the Gilligolari for their warlike ways and their hatred of the white man — prove to be a dismal lot. The author has been worrying about them all the way, but

their chief is readily propitiated by a packet of old phonograph needles, and the whole expedition is welcomed to the rites. It appears that the Camisoles stage these rites about once a week; even as the author arrives they are laying out great tubs of a repulsive-looking liquid, with a peculiar yellow froth on top and little pieces of odds and ends floating about in it. The author is obliged to fill two or three chapters with what he had previously heard about the ceremony and the initiation of the youths who had reached the age of puberty, for the rites themselves are anything but complicated, he finds: all hands simply begin, at nightfall, drinking calabashes of the repulsive-looking liquid — a home brew of sorts — and in short order they are all, youths included, good and drunk.

We need not take too seriously the search for the rare butterfly, monkey, or that sort of thing. Even if he finds it, the author will probably lose it in the final tip-over, from which a scant one two-hundred-fifty-sixth of his gear is saved.

CHARLES W. MORTON

FUEL INJECTION

by ROGER HUNTINGTON

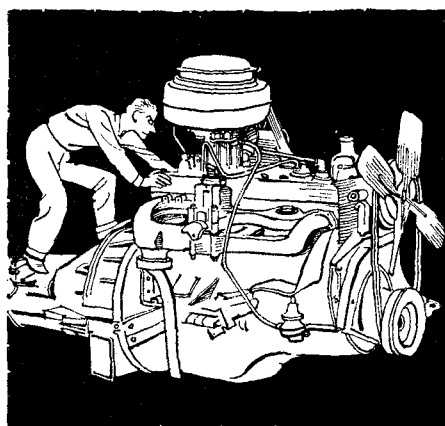
ROGER HUNTINGTON, who lives in Lansing, Michigan, has written extensively for motoring publications in this country and England.

It’s very frustrating for an engineer to have to live for years with a functionally inferior device just because the right way to do the job costs too much money.

A perfect example is the carburetor on the family car. Here is a component with an extremely exacting assignment to fill — a marvel in practical, bread-and-butter engineering, but a technical blind alley as far as the designer is concerned. Look at the basis of the problem. The liquid gasoline used for power in an internal-combustion engine must be mixed with a certain proportion of air in order to burn in the cylinders. Is it logical to mix the gasoline and air in a separate device outside the cylinders and feed it to them through a tortuous network of tubes? This is the situation with a carburetor.

There are a number of inherent dis-

advantages in this layout that cannot be resolved. For one thing, it is impossible to get equal proportions of fuel and air to every cylinder of an



engine. Air turbulence in the manifold tubes, gravity and centrifugal forces in the high-velocity air flow, tend to separate the heavier droplets of gas from the air, feeding some cylinders overrichly and starving others.

The point is, too “lean” a fuel-air mixture in any one cylinder will cause

it to knock (detonate or preignite), burn valves, and misfire — in that order. So the carburetor designer must adjust his instrument to meter a sufficiently rich over-all mixture to keep the leanest cylinder out of trouble.

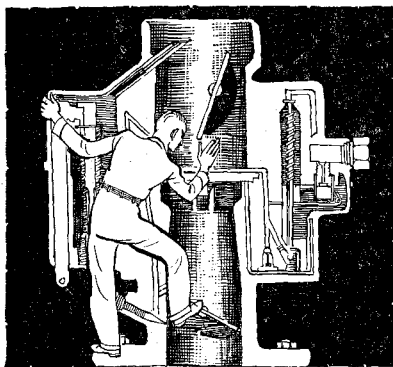
There are other difficulties. When the designer puts heat on the manifold to vaporize the liquid gasoline droplets and improve the mixture distribution, the power drops off and the engine may start knocking badly. One final indignity: in order to assure decent throttle response when the gasoline and air are mixed away from the cylinders, the carburetor must incorporate some device that literally floods the manifold with raw gas when the driver punches the accelerator pedal hard.

What is the ideal method for feeding fuel to an automobile engine? The faults of the carburetor can answer that: inject the gasoline directly into each cylinder (or into the port passage leading to the cylinder just above the inlet valve) and draw only pure air on the suction stroke. This, in a nutshell, is the principle of “fuel

injection." The method is actually being used on several small German economy cars, and fuel injection is the real reason behind the performance of the new 160 m.p.h. Mercedes-Benz 300 SL sports car. With the aid of direct fuel feed to the six cylinders, 240 horsepower is developed on filling-station gas from an engine about the size of a Nash Rambler's. Other Mercedes-Benz models are scheduled to use fuel injection in the near future; in fact, the idea is catching on in engineering departments all over Europe.

Providing a separate fuel feed for each cylinder wipes out the disadvantages of conventional carburetion in one stroke. The fuel-air mixture proportions can be precisely controlled and perfectly distributed. This alone is worth two or three miles per gallon over present mileages with overrich carburetor settings. The engine gets more work out of every drop of gas. Furthermore, if engineers take full advantage of the close fuel feed control offered by fuel injection, new combustion chamber designs are possible that will allow higher compression (for more efficiency) without need for expensive super-octane gasolines. Even with present engines and fuels the "breathing" restriction caused by manifold heaters and carburetor passages would be eliminated — which would add some 10 per cent to the power without other changes.

There's certainly nothing new about the method. Dr. Rudolf Diesel injected fuel directly on his "compression-ignition" engine before the turn of the century; fuel ignition is the very basis of the diesel theory. There were crude attempts to adapt it on spark-ignition gasoline engines as long ago as 1907, and many successful applications of it have been developed



since. Hitler's Luftwaffe standardized fuel injection on all combat planes in the mid-thirties, and it is widely used in commercial aviation today.

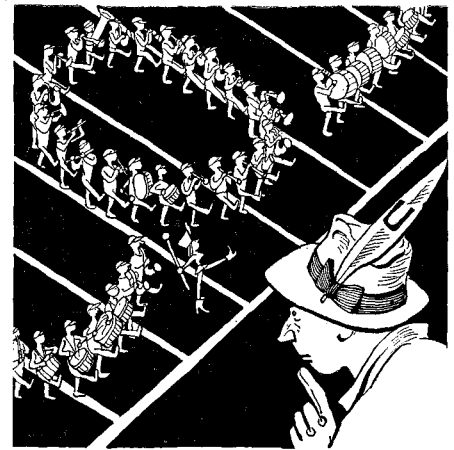
But — as is so often the case with

a technical improvement — the drawback that keeps it from more ordinary use is cost. The little pump needed to inject the tiny shots of fuel into each cylinder on each intake stroke tends to be complicated and expensive. One injection may be only one one-thousandth of a cubic inch, and there may be over 200 of them required per second. An added problem is the control unit for the pump, which is necessary to give just the right amount of fuel feed in accordance with the amount of pure air going to the cylinders. This means more cost and complication. There are many parts, ultraclose-tolerance machining is required, and assembly is complicated. Injection pumps on diesel truck engines today cost around \$400 at retail. Mass production could bring this down, but not enough, and the automobile industry men estimate a really practical fuel injection pump should not cost much more than a big four-barrel carburetor, perhaps under \$100.

Detroit's current "horsepower race" is stirring a new interest in fuel injection, and engineers are searching for every means of getting more power and torque without cutting into economy too seriously. Fuel injection is a logical step. But the obstacle has been the development of a practical, economical pump design. The pumps on most diesel truck engines for the last twenty years, using a separate plunger unit for each cylinder to inject the fuel, are out of the question in point of cost. But after several years of diligent research, the pump manufacturers have achieved a basic design that can make fuel injection practical for ordinary passenger cars.

The new pumps use only one plunger unit — making six or eight times as many strokes per minute — with a rotating "distributor head" to route each measured shot of fuel to the proper cylinder through a metal tube. The principle is much like an ignition distributor, with the injection nozzles replacing the spark plugs, and with tubes instead of wires. The unit is simple, rugged, has fewer parts, and can be mass-produced at a cost competitive with a four-barrel carburetor. Simplified mixture control units have also been developed, and are even now undergoing extensive road tests in all sections of the country.

Fuel injection is coming on the American family car as surely as the sixty-year-old piston engine itself will someday give way to the simple gas turbine.



AND THE BAND SPELLS ON!

by RALF KIRCHER

RALF KIRCHER has published three books of light writing, and many pieces in magazines and newspapers. This is his first appearance in the Atlantic.

TIME was when I was puzzled only by football itself, the game being such a confusing jumble. But I was complete master of the half-time ceremonies. When the band marched down the field tooting our old "Fight!" song my pulse perked up nicely. When the players wheeled at mid-field, faced the stands, and, after a hushed pause, raised the sweet strains of "Alma Mater Mine," no one crushed hat to heart with warmer fervor than I, and no eyes grew misty more quickly.

Today, however, for organized and premeditated confusion, the half-time shenanigans of the bands have taken the play away from the teams. At a whistle from the drum major, the ranks dissolve and each player starts off on a brisk course of his own. My spirits sag: they are going to spell something! Yes, they are going to spell HOWDY or WELCOME DADS or ATTEND THE HOMECOMING BINGO AT THE MEN'S GYM TONIGHT or some other message that I can never quite decipher.

I try, however. "Look," I say, "they have spelled out MACARTHUR IN '56 — no, wait! It looks more like TO HECK WITH TECK — that must be it, although it also looks a little like WELCOME TO HOT SPRINGS."

A stranger behind me takes brusque exception to these guesses. Apparently he knows the band leader or has seen the script, because he says they are spelling WELCOME GRADS. I stand corrected. I also stand indig-

nant. Having flunked out in my junior year, I am not at all touched by these greetings to grads. Grads, indeed! GREETINGS TO EVERYBODY WHO GOT THE BITE PUT ON HIM FOR THE NEW FIELD HOUSE would be more like it.

The whistle again, a rattle of drums, and the players scatter to another formation. Now they appear to be spelling something for the visitors in the other stands. 'That is the visitors' problem, not mine.

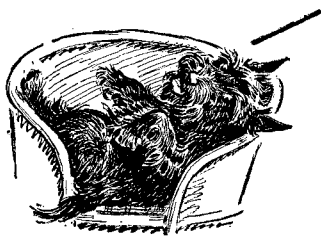
If bands would promptly retire after the spelling bee, I might learn to forgive them, but this they will not do. Now that they are warmed to their work they must make pictures. If their school symbol happens to be a panther, they have to draw one. This scatters musicians from end zone to end zone, some imagining that they look like a panther's head, others pretending to resemble a panther's body and legs, while six or seven others fancy themselves the panther's tail, which they cause to lash angrily by running back and forth. This effort is largely unsuccessful. One hundred young men in red suits, carrying bass drums, tubas, trombones, and piccolos, cannot be made to resemble a panther or anything else.

In somewhat less critical vein I am bound to observe that drum majorettes seem to be enjoying an inflationary spiral. The band that had only one such toothsome ornament a few years ago now boasts a bevy, and some of the louder alumni are claiming that the trend is to more drum majorettes and fewer drums, and that the day is not distant when we shall dispense with the band entirely. Why, they ask, should we retain the services of an awkward trombonist who does nothing but dot *i*'s or run in a panther's tail, when he can be replaced by a deserving girl who not only is good to look at but who also hardly ever drops her baton except now and then? This, they insist, is the march of the times where bands are concerned.

Frankly, that is a viewpoint in which I cannot fully concur. For bands seeking a viewpoint in which I *can* fully concur, try this one: Don't spell at me, because I cannot read you. Don't draw at me, because I cannot make you out. Just march out and play at me, because this I understand so well I can hardly keep from sobbing. As for drum majorettes, up to twelve will not damage things whatever.



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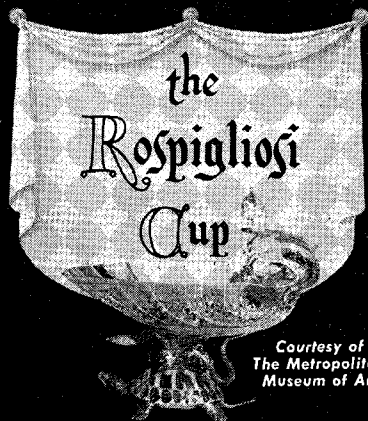
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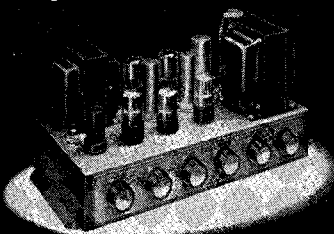


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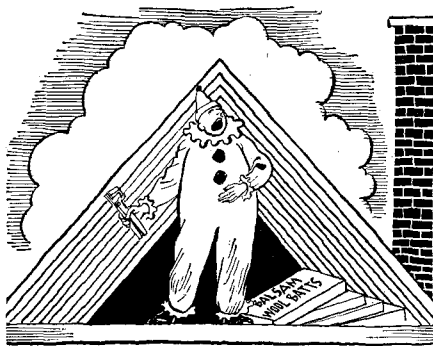
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SCORE THIS, GIUSEPPE!

by SCOTT CORBETT

SCOTT CORBETT, who moved from Missouri to live in East Dennis on Cape Cod, is the author of a pleasant book about his new surroundings, *We Chose Cape Cod*. Another musical piece by him will appear in the near future.

ONE thing I have never understood is how workmen in the building trades can go about their business so calmly.

Whenever I build or install anything, every moment is charged with drama. No Italian tenor was ever more excitable than I, ever lived more intensely, felt more keenly, suffered more miserably. Talk about running the gamut of the emotions! Compared with the four-lane jobs I run up and down on, the average gamut is a mere mouse trail.

When I had finished insulating our attic recently, I realized that what had happened was too big to be material for a mere Great American Novel. It had a sweep to it and a violently tragic quality which were made to order for opera. All I had to do was get it set to some somber, brooding music shot through with flashes of fire, and the Metropolitan Opera House would be the next stop. Was ever situation more fraught with overtones of that great theme, the tragic struggle of Man against Fate? I can see it clearly now as a gripping, tragic opera, *Una Nuova Falsitta* ("One False Move").

After a brief, morbid overture, the curtain rises to disclose a gloomy attic. A trap door is pushed up (the Metropolitan could light this thing beautifully) and the tenor, Don Scotto, climbs cautiously up into the attic carrying a single light bulb on an extension cord. His light discloses several rolls of balsam wool insulation and some tools he has previously brought up.

He looks around the vast reaches of the dismal attic and sings the touching aria, *I attico aparechi tutte enormi* ("This job looks tougher now than it did when I let that salesman sell me the insulation"). For a moment he is despairing, but then he plucks up his courage and sings the jaunty *Bravado me non deserto che dice magazzino* ("Remember that article in *Beautiful Homes* that told how easy it was") and he sets to work.

Almost before he has started, however, his wife, Donna Elisabeta, thrusts her head through the trap door. In a brilliant coloratura showpiece she announces, *Don Roberto telefono importa* ("He says it's important"). A passionate duet follows in which Don Scotto refuses to stop and climb down to talk to Don Roberto, while Donna Elisabeta insists he should. When he threatens to stab her with a pair of tin snips she flees, and then Don Scotto, repentant, rushes down through the trap door and is heard falling off the stepladder as the curtain descends.

After a brief overture reminiscent of the opening one, except that it probes even more deeply into the wellsprings of human misery, the curtain rises on Act Two. Back once more in the attic, Don Scotto broods darkly on Don Roberto's telephone call, which was not really as important as he pretended. Then, once again, he sets to work.

What follows is all action. It cries out for wild and exciting music with plenty of cymbals and kettledrums. Don Scotto lays boards on the crossbeams and inches forward on his stomach, under the rafters, straining forward to fasten the far end of a strip of insulation with his staple gun. Sweat pours off his forehead, his jaw works, his lips move in silent prayer (*O Dio mi bendo silento!*). His eyes blaze with excitement as he presses his gun against the insulation batt flange, then grow wide with horror as he makes a grim discovery — he is out of ammunition! And the box of staples is out of reach. He has to inch back to them and reload lying on his side. His voice breaks as he sings the plaintive *Buorno non e necessario!* ("Why was I born?").

At this moment, Don Roberto arrives outside with a henchman, Don Basso. They are heard chaffing Donna Elisabeta, and Don Roberto begins the mocking *I pagliacci credo savecchi?* ("Is that clown trying to save money

again by doing it himself?"). Don Scotto soon hurls defiance at Don Roberto out the attic window and the four voices blend in a quartet which is unquestionably the high point of the opera.

Then Don Roberto and his follower depart, and Don Scotto vows vengeance in the terrible *Trumpeto I Uno!* ("Next time we play bridge I'll trump his ace").

Remember that all this is no mere contrived and implausible libretto such as most operas are burdened with. It is substantially, to all intents and purposes, exactly what happened to me.

The great moment, of course, the rush of tragedy which had been impending all along, came in that instant when my foot finally slipped off a beam and went through the thin ceiling below. (*Una muova falsitta!*) I reeled back from the horrid sight of the guestroom floor as seen from the attic, and my final anguished cry (the curtain would of course fall at this point) was alone enough to inspire any composer.

Verdi did this sort of thing awfully well. I wish that he were still around where I could get hold of him.



THE MARMALADE CAT

by VIRGINIA E. DUNBAR

THE marmalade cat
has a tail like a plume,
he's fluffy and fat:

has a paw like a petal
bald as a hand
and pricked with nettle.

With a tongue of Braille
he scrapes his back
he combs his tail

on a box in the sun;
and his hind leg goes
up like a gun.



by JOHN M. CONLY

Anderson, Leroy: A "Pops" Concert (Leroy Anderson conducting his "Pops" Orchestra; Decca DL 9749: 12" LP). Good light humor in music is rare, making this record almost worth buying for "The Typewriter" and "Sandpaper Ballet" alone, even without the other ten delightfully catchy little Andersonian titbits — three have appeared in other collections — it contains. The recording is first-rate.

Bach: Goldberg Variations (Gustav Leonhardt, harpsichord; Vanguard-Bach Guild BG 536: 12" LP). Mr. Leonhardt, a 26-year-old Dutch musicologist, here is competing against Wanda Landowska, on a Victor reprint, and Ralph Kirkpatrick, on a '52 Haydn Society disk. Landowska brings out the dance essence hidden in much of the music; neither of the others does. But her sound is old; theirs is new and extraordinarily faithful. Leonhardt has a declamatory vigor in his playing that makes me prefer it slightly to Kirkpatrick's.

Beethoven: Piano Concerto in D, Op. 61 (Helen Schnabel, piano; F. Charles Adler conducting "Vienna" Orchestra; SPA 45: 12" LP). This is, of course, the Violin Concerto transcribed for piano as solo instrument. Beethoven made the adaptation himself, showing in the process how completely the initial concept had suffused the work, for even he could not make it sound like a Beethoven piano concerto! Still, it is interesting, and here it is very well played and recorded.

Berlioz: The Damnation of Faust (Charles Munch conducting Suzanne Danco, David Poleri, Martial Singher, Donald Gramm, McHenry Boatwright; Harvard Glee Club, Radcliffe Choral Society; Boston Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM 6114: three 12" LPs, with French-English translation and notes by John N. Burk). This vast and exciting "dramatic legend" comes magically to life in what is probably the BSO's best recording on microgroove. Fantasy

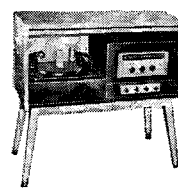
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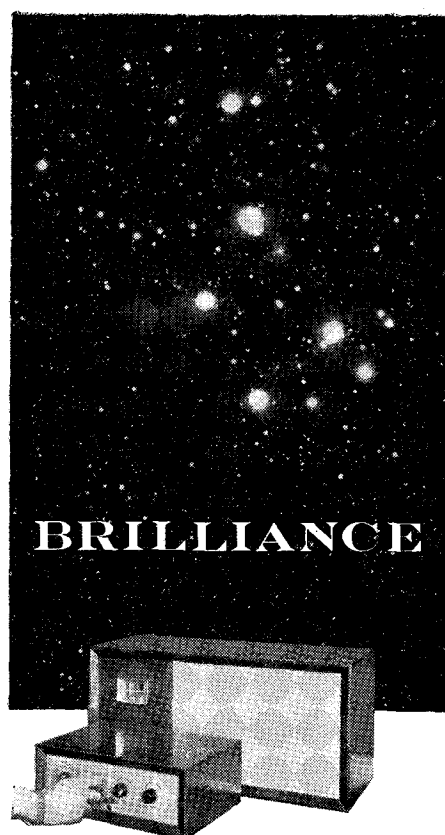


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in the grand manner was a specialty of Berlioz's, and apparently any Berlioz specialty is a Munch specialty. The singers, all competent, also entered into the spirit of the thing, and so did the engineers, to judge by the awesome sound they have captured.

Chabrier: Seven Piano Pieces with Saint-Saëns: Five Piano Pieces (Ginette Doyen, piano; Westminster WL 5294: 12" LP). Chabrier, a bedeviled French government lawyer most of his life, wrote much cheerful and inventive music in which the only problems were tonal. All such, Mlle. Doyen solves here delightfully, and the crisp and witty Saint-Saëns music fares equally well at her well-educated hands. The piano sound is splendidly reproduced. The selections are a fine, varied assemblage, including Chabrier's *Bourrée Fantasque*.

Chopin: Concerto No. 1 in E Minor (Artur Rubinstein, piano; Alfred Wallenstein conducting Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra; RCA Victor LM 1810: 12" LP). People interested in Rubinstein and/or Chopin as pianistic phenomena should buy this. The piano performance is terrific, and Wallenstein isn't bad either. To the general music lover, however, I suggest listening also to the Gulda-Boult version on London, recently reviewed. Gulda isn't quite Rubinstein, but he's very good indeed, and everything else about the London record is superior. It's hard to appreciate Rubinstein when his piano sounds like a secondhand up-right.

Mozart: Violin Concertos No. 3 and No. 4 (Arthur Grumiaux, violin; Bernhard Paumgartner conducting Vienna Symphony Orchestra; Epic LC 3060: 12" LP). Taken as a pair, these are unbeatable, and a very safe buy. Grumiaux combines flashing virtuosity and fine taste, Paumgartner holds a sane pace, and the Philips-Electric technicians have achieved exemplary fidelity.

Mussorgsky-Ravel: Pictures at an Exhibition with excerpt from *Franck: Psyche and Eros* (Arturo Toscanini conducting NBC Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM 1838: 12" LP). When Toscanini plays the *Pictures*, every brilliant touch of Ravel's orchestration comes to light, and a thrilling experience it is. RCA Victor's fidelity is the highest yet lavished on this confection of inspired sounds, too. Nothing more really need be said, need it?

Offenbach: Gaîté Parisienne with **Meyerbeer: Les Patineurs** (Arthur Fiedler conducting Boston Pops Orchestra; RCA Victor LM 1817: 12" LP). A Fiedler *Gaîté* was one of Victor's first LPs, now officially retired by this brisk, bouncy, extreme-fidelity version, garnished with Meyerbeer's melodious "Skaters" ballet-music as bonus.

Prokofiev: Alexander Nevsky (Mario Rossi conducting Ana Maria Iriarte, mezzo-soprano, Vienna State Opera Chorus and Orchestra; Vanguard VRS 451: 12" LP). Prokofiev's cantata, based on the score he wrote for Sergei Eisenstein's 1938 movie of the same name, deals with the thirteenth-century defeat of the invading Teutonic Knights by a Russian peasant army under Prince Alexander Nevsky. It has been available in an early Columbia LP with Jennie Tourel, which still sounds pretty good, but nothing like this one. The Vanguard is a real spellbinder: beautifully played; sung in Russian, as it should be; and recorded with almost startling presence-effect. It's a good record to have around; it reminds people that the Russians have something to be patriotic about besides Mr. Malenkov.

Rimsky-Korsakov: "Antar" Symphonic Suite; Great Russian Easter Overture (Hermann Scherchen conducting London Symphony Orchestra; Westminster WL 5280: 12" LP). Mercury has this same sonorous pairing on an "Olympian" release, with Paul Paray and the Detroit Symphony. Scherchen has more fun with the scores, and I find Westminster's high fidelity a little more credible.

Sarasate: Danzas Españoles (Ruggiero Ricci, violin; Louis Persinger, piano; London LL 962: 12" LP). About 50,000 fiddle students and enthusiasts have bought the redoubtable Mr. Ricci's London records of the Paganini caprices. The same folk will want this well-recorded Sarasate album and a companion disk, a Paganini recital which includes the almost weird "God Save the Queen" Variations.

Schubert: Symphony No. 9 in C Major (Arturo Toscanini conducting NBC Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM 1835: 12" LP). The single disk is housed in a book album which contains a four-page appreciation of Schubert by André Maurois. No doubt it will sell well, but it won't satisfy everyone. It has majesty and

excitement, but also an unrelenting tension which sometimes seems at odds with the music. The recording is good, though the trombones occasionally sound uncomfortably close.

Schumann: Cello Concerto in A (Pablo Casals, cello; Prades Festival Orchestra; Columbia: 12" LP). This is the first concerto Pau Casals has recorded since he made the Dvořák in Prague, before World War II. (It is being reviewed from a test pressing — wherefore no master number or list of the short pieces which will fill out the disk.) The Old Master moans and grunts audibly, and his touch is rougher than it once was, but the amazing insight is still at work and the result is something beautiful: Schumann seems a size larger than he usually does. It is not supposed to be generally known (the assignment apparently wasn't cleared with the union), but Eugene Ormandy is the conductor.

Strauss: Also Sprach Zarathustra; Salome: Dance of the Seven Veils (Fritz Reiner conducting Chicago Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM 1806: 12" LP). Since Clemens Krauss died, Reiner may well be the world's best Richard Strauss interpreter, and here he certainly sounds like it. Even to people not normally swept away by Strauss, the tremendous roaring introduction to *Zarathustra* will be thrilling; and to Straussians, so will all the rest. Chicago's richly resonant Orchestra Hall probably had something to do with the astounding tonal impact of the record.

Strauss: Salome (Clemens Krauss conducting Christel Goltz, Julius Patzak, Hans Braun, Anton Dermota, other soloists; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; London LL 1038/39; two 12" LPs in album with text). Krauss is the only unmatched asset in this. Christel Goltz obviously knows her part, but doesn't get it across on records; nor can any of the others steal the show. The sound is not very vivid, either. London's standard is high, and perhaps they'd have held this if Krauss were to be around for another try. As is, it barely outshines a recent routine Columbia version with Rudolf Moralt as conductor.

Verdi: Falstaff (Arturo Toscanini conducting Giuseppe Valdengo, Frank Guarrera, Herva Nelli, Cloe Elmo, other soloists; Robert Shaw Chorale, NBC Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM 6111: three 12" LPs with illustrated text). This is the 1950



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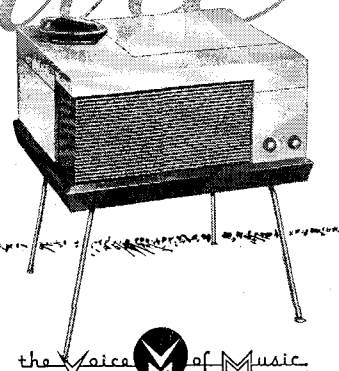
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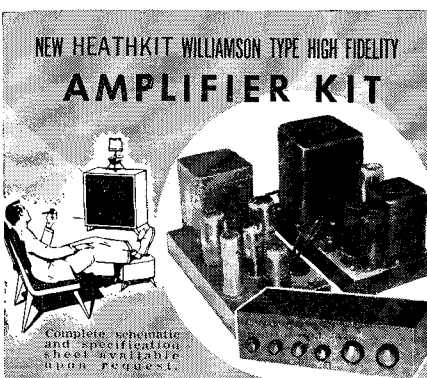
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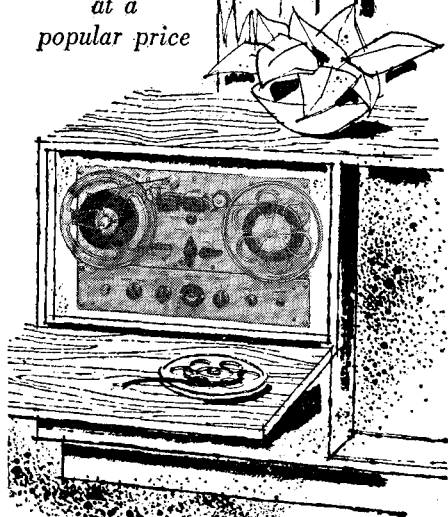
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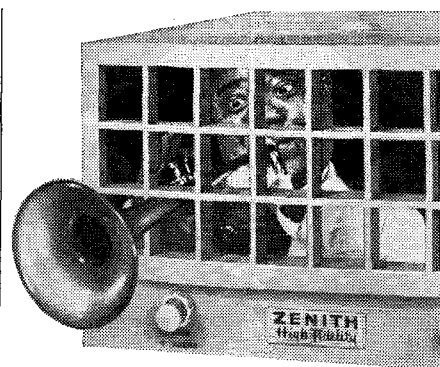
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broadcast transcription, faultlessly processed by the Victor engineers for listeners who have been awaiting it long and none too patiently. Val-dengo is a good Falstaff, but there isn't much real virtuoso singing here, which doesn't matter at all. This is philosophical Verdi, and Toscanini is the man in the world to make the most of it. Everything is under control — and what inspired control! — as the great and dreadful comedy moves to its close. This will never stale.

Verdi: La Traviata (Gabriele Santini conducting Maria Callas, Francesco Albanese, Ugo Savarese, other soloists, chorus, Orchestra of Radio Italiana, Turin; Cetra C-1246: three 12" LPs in album with texts). In direct contrast to the old Toscanini set, where the Maestro was all and the singers mere responsive instruments, the new Cetra is built around one singer — Maria Callas. Not that the other participants aren't good. Albanese and Savarese, neither known here, measure up very handsomely, and Santini conducts a solid, Saturday-afternoon kind of performance. But Callas is *it*: she carries the drama, not always in perfect voice but electric in personality. The reproduction is only so-so.

Dave Brubeck Quartet: Jazz Goes to College (Brubeck, piano; Paul Desmond, alto sax; Bob Bates, bass; Joe Dodge, drums; Columbia CL 566: 12" LP). The tapes for Brubeck's first major-label recording were made at three Midwestern campus concerts, but the sound is very good. This group's improvisational chamber-jazz playing has set something of a nation-wide standard in its field. The reciprocating inventions of Brubeck and Desmond are fantastically clever. Sample "Le Souk" or "Don't Worry 'Bout Me" in this collection, if your ideas are still young.

Burl Ives: Coronation Concert (Burl Ives, folk-singer with guitar; Decca DL 8080: 12" LP). Nobody ever thought to make Burl Ives ambassador to anywhere, but it might not be a bad idea. Anyway, he went on his own hook to the coronation of Elizabeth II in London and sang a concert in Festival Hall. It was recorded, and is worth listening to. Not many of the songs aren't already in his recorded repertoire, but the British audience seems to have inspired him (and they certainly applaud him!). He hasn't sounded so good in a long time.



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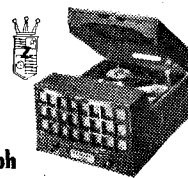
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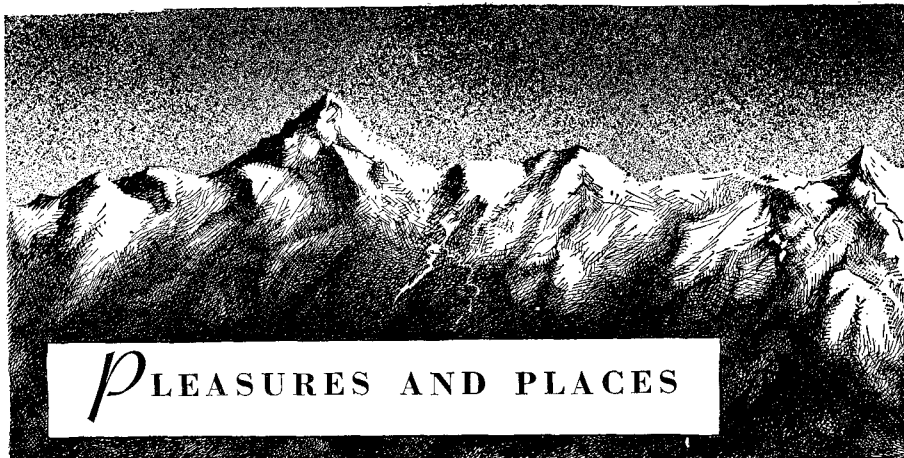
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PLEASURES AND PLACES

SUNRISE ON EVEREST

by ALAN MOOREHEAD

War correspondent and world traveler, ALAN MOOREHEAD is the author of many books and magazine articles. He was born in Australia and makes his home in London.

IT is an odd experience coming up to the hill stations in the Himalayas now, especially in the winter months when there are not many visitors about. In their day these places were perhaps more British than any others in India, and despite everything the atmosphere lingers on. The spire of St. Andrew's Church still rises up from the bazaar, and in the boarding-houses (The Labyrinth, Alice Villa, Beechwood, and Kenilworth) you will still find faded portraits of royalty hanging on the walls. Queen Victoria is indestructible. Her effigy in marble, surrounded by a square fence of iron spikes, stands there in the center of the town as adamant as granite. "Empress of India," the inscription runs. "A true woman . . ."

But now, suddenly, the British are not there any more. It is rather like going into an old gold-mining town after the mines have closed down, except that in this case the local mountaineers remain and the gold still exists in the form of the most stupendous scenery in the world. In time no doubt the indigenous life of Central Asia will flow back over the scene and cover it as effectively as the sea covers a sunken ship, but just at this moment one is constantly looking over one's shoulder expecting to see some Guards officer coming in from golf, or perhaps his memsahib taking tiffin on a sunny balcony overlooking the valley.

The easiest way up to Darjeeling is to fly for a couple of hours from

Calcutta to Bagdora at the foot of the mountains, and then hire a car or get aboard the toy train that takes you straight out of the sweltering Indian plain to the tea gardens and the magnolia forests 7000 feet above. This is one of the true frontiers of the world. Within an hour you are shivering in your tropical clothes, and you marvel that you could ever have wanted to get out of the sunshine into the shade. Abruptly everything is entirely different, and most of all the mountain people with their splendid Mongolian faces and their habit not only of smiling but of almost bursting out laughing with pleasure when they meet you on the road.

Even when they are picking tea from the low bushes on the hillsides, or breaking stones at some road-building camp, the women carry their babies slung in little cloth hammocks on their backs, and these babies peer out at the landscape with shining black-button eyes. When they cry the women joggle their shoulders gently up and down and presently the noise subsides. I have heard a theory that the Sherpas and the other mountaineers are so small because for the first two or three years of their existence they are carried about in these cramped quarters; but whether or not that is true, the fact remains that they are staggeringly strong, cheerful, and handsome. Just at first, too, they all look very much alike and bear a close resemblance to their hero, the Sherpa Tensing, who climbed Mount Everest last year. He lives in Darjeeling and is often seen around the town.

The clothes, of course, help a good deal. It is a normal thing for a man to possess a pair of embroidered felt boots coming up to the knee, and a gold brocaded hat edged with enormous fur earlaps, but some of the priests are much more splendid. They wear yellow padded jackets, scarlet

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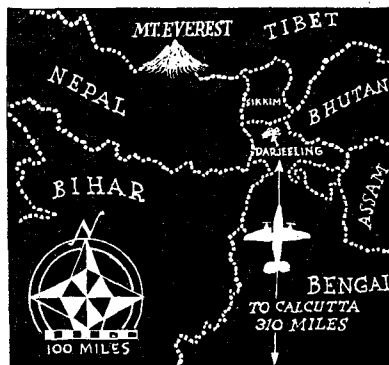
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trousers, and a pointed black cap of the kind that is usually associated with magicians in the Middle Ages. When such a figure comes looming



through the mountain mists, you too feel like breaking out into warm smiles of welcome.

The other thing that immediately gives you a feeling of having passed out of India into a new country is the bazaars; up in the Himalayas they become more like an open-air public club. Darjeeling bazaar is a frantic mixture of the religious, the profane, and the strictly practical. Most of the stalls, arranged in little streets in the open square, contain bright piles of oranges and pineapples, brass cooking pots, heaps of grain (colored an unexpected pale pink), and the special sort of silver anklets and beaded necklaces in which the women like to invest the family savings. But in the midst of these there are other shops selling holy emblems of the Buddha, more particularly prints and oleographs executed in colors which one can only describe as messy bacon and eggs.

Then, nearby, are the gamblers. There is a passion for gambling among the mountaineers. They squat on the ground with a soft circular leather pad between them. On this they crash down the dice in a wooden cup, emitting at the same time a loud, fierce cry of "Hoy." The game is played at high speed, and there is a truculent to-hell-with-it-all air about the players. Win or lose they grin broadly and, like as not, go off and buy another printed prayer from the stall nearby. High up above them — so unbelievably high that the mind is oppressed with a sense of the futility and puniness of all human affairs — towers the wild panorama of the Himalayas.

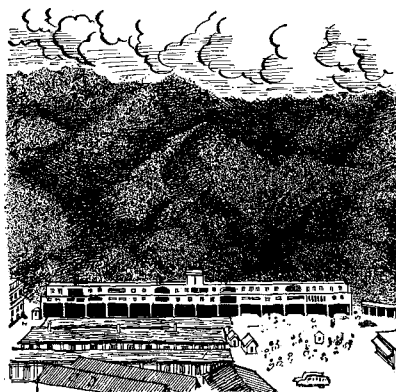
On the afternoon I arrived the usual seasonal clouds were hanging thick on the mountain crests, but at that height they are constantly swirling about and changing direction, so that at one moment we saw nothing,

and then for an instant a superb crystal pyramid rose out of the storm so far above the earth that it seemed to be floating on its own in space. We stood there for an hour on our hotel balcony watching this spectacle, not perhaps transfixed, but wholly unwilling to go inside out of the freezing cold lest we miss something.

The first object of everybody's visit to Darjeeling is to catch a glimpse of Everest 120 miles away, and the best way of doing this is to drive out before dawn to Tiger Hill, about 6 miles from Darjeeling and another 1500 feet higher up, and to stand there in the darkness until the sun comes up. Then, with luck, the clouds part and the mountain stands shining there before you. This is the principle of the thing; and since so many thousands have done it before, it is not a really adventurous undertaking. In point of fact, however, I found it to be the most bizarre experience I have had in India and quite unexpectedly moving.

It was bright moonlight when we got up at 4 A.M., and as we half expected, no car arrived. An hour's desperate telephoning finally produced a small Sherpa in a very small four-seater. He had the unbothered professional air of a man who has everything under control, and we drove off down the icy road just as fast as the car could be made to skid around the corners. Halfway up Tiger Hill we came to an abrupt stop in the hoarfrost, and then, swathed in blankets, we trudged on up to the top.

It was the precise moment to arrive. A dark red furnace light was coming up over the eastern rim of the world from the direction of Tibet, and presently the streak of peculiar apple-green that one sees only at dawn began to expand along the horizon. By now it was plain that while all the rest of the sky was clear, a heavy bank of cloud lay over the spot where Everest was supposed to be.



Some genius of the conventional has erected a sort of concrete bandstand on the crest of Tiger Hill, and we stood there stamping our feet in the frost and peering out into the uncertain light. The Sherpa chose this moment to express the view that our chances of seeing Everest were absolutely nil. For weeks at a time, he added gloomily, the clouds never shifted from that quarter, and nearly everyone he brought up here went away disappointed. When we asked why we had not been warned of this he answered, with some reason, that we would have come anyway.



At this point a lady from Boston in a mink cape and a young soldier on leave from Korea suddenly appeared on the bandstand. To this day I do not know how they got there or what they were doing in India, but it seemed a perfectly rational visitation at the time; something like a casual meeting on the deck of the *Queen Mary* or at Niagara Falls. The young man's pajamas were showing under the cuffs of his trousers. We exchanged sandwiches from our breakfast parcels, and presently an equally unexplained Mongolian boy appeared with a pot of hot tea which we laced with whisky. This brought a sprightly note into the conversation. Bangkok, the lady announced, was a dismal place and Calcutta was not much better. Directly she got down off these mountains she proposed to make for the Khyber Pass. It seemed that she had an airline ticket that enabled her to go anywhere in the world, and just now she was concentrating on some of the more unlikely spots she had discovered on the map. She drew her cape more firmly round her shoulders and stared out uncompromisingly in the direction of China.

Meanwhile bewildering things were happening around us. All the valleys below were filled with a lake of formless gray mist, and out of this the sun came up, red-hot. Its first rays hit the slopes of Kinchinjunga, which is

only a few hundred feet lower than Everest and has never been climbed. Immediately the snow there turned a pale fresh yellow and all the underside of the long cloud from Everest developed a tinge I had never seen before, a purplish-pink and of a texture like the finest muslin. Everest itself remained firmly hidden.

After nearly an hour had gone by I walked over to the edge of the hilltop and picked up one of the printed Buddhist prayers which had fluttered down to the ground from a pole nearby. The paper was torn and sodden with frost, but one could still make out a few lines of script and a border design of fishes. I brought it back to the bandstand and held it up to the mountains as a prayer of my own. A few minutes later the Sherpa came up and directed our attention to a faint grayish-white patch among the clouds in the distance. That, he said, was a small segment of the lower slopes of Everest. We were enchanted. It was not so much what we saw, for that was nothing at all, as it was the childish pleasure of knowing that from now on we should be able to say that we had seen the mountain. A few seconds later the gray patch was gone.

The sun, however, was strengthening very rapidly. Presently all Kinchinjunga opened out before us; and since it was so much nearer than Everest, only 45 miles away, it was a much finer sight. A plume of white



cloud was blowing off the final crest into an ice-blue sky, and we could now define the silhouettes of all the other peaks around us, especially the actual pass, a great V-shaped declivity in the highest mountains, that leads into Tibet. I imagine it would be impossible for anyone to look at this sight without a strong feeling of mystery and excitement.

Then, suddenly, all Everest broke into view. The cloud bank divided along its length, one half lifting clear

up into the sky; and there, against a pale blue background, was the great pyramid of the mountain. It was pure white. The top is very sharp, but from this angle the higher slopes appear to lead down gently into the crests below.

I recall feeling something a good deal stronger than pleasure at this vision: it was more like a sensation of triumph; and I don't remember ever having experienced anything quite like it before. From this distance the mountain was not much higher than the surrounding peaks, but it had a mesmeric effect, and one concentrated upon it to the exclusion of everything else. One began to comprehend just what it was that drove successive expeditions on until they got to the top; this was the ultimate allowed to the human eye, and there were no other landmarks on this earth beyond it. Even to stand there on the bandstand on Tiger Hill made you feel that you had touched one of the limits of human experience.

Beyond Everest the mountains roll away apparently without end into China and Tibet. To the south all India lies below. And because the horizon is a continuous succession of jagged peaks, you have the illusion that you are in the center of a circle and somewhat above it. This tends to give you a slight sensation of drunken glory, such as divers are said to have when they go down to great depths in the ocean. What Hillary and Tensing must have felt when they got to the top can hardly be imagined, except that Tensing himself put the matter very well. "I thought of God," he said, "and the nobility of his works." And he added simply, "The happiness comes after."

As we were looking, the sun shone out more and more boldly on that white triangle in the sky, and for another hour the mountain remained poised before us; it was still there, reaching upward, when we came down from the hilltop at seven o'clock and got into the car. We realized then how bitterly we should have been disappointed if the clouds had not lifted and in just that way. The lady from Boston vanished somewhere, presumably in the direction of the Khyber Pass. The rest of us drove back to Darjeeling. It was still unbearably cold, and the pain of getting into a hot bath at the hotel was excruciating. I noticed with surprise that we had forgotten to drink the rest of the whisky.



MORE NOTES OF AN UNNATURALIST

by DAVID MCCORD

WOOD DUCK

THE wood duck builds her sheltered nest
Within a hollow tree above
The water she is thinking of
When summer, like the egg, is mute.
But after all, the water's best:
Her day-old ducklings jump the nest
As sure as peace forsakes the dove.
And maybe it is mother love,
Or maybe they are not distressed,
Or maybe she is just astute
Since maybe it requires a shove
To teach the young idea to chute.

MANTIS

THE praying mantis doesn't pray:
He simply likes to pose that way.
The sect which he's an insect in
Leads with its left and not the chin.

VULTUR GRYPHUS

LET us ponder
The condor:
Biggest thing
On the wing —
A subject not cultural
But vultural.
*Any on view
In the U.S.?*

A few.
*Down in the Andes —
Or up?*

Yep. Some dandies,
But *high*. Where there's *Donder
Und Blitzen*, there's condor:
Bald head and bare neck.
There he is!

What! That speck?

GRUB

I do not recommend the grub —
The young of *what?* Aye, there's the
rub!
The fox and bear, they have a cub;
Wings on the loose produce a grub.

HOLSTEIN

I BOUGHT a little Holstein calf:
It wasn't Holstein but by half.
And half a Holstein, bull or cow,
I'd call a Halfstein anyhow.

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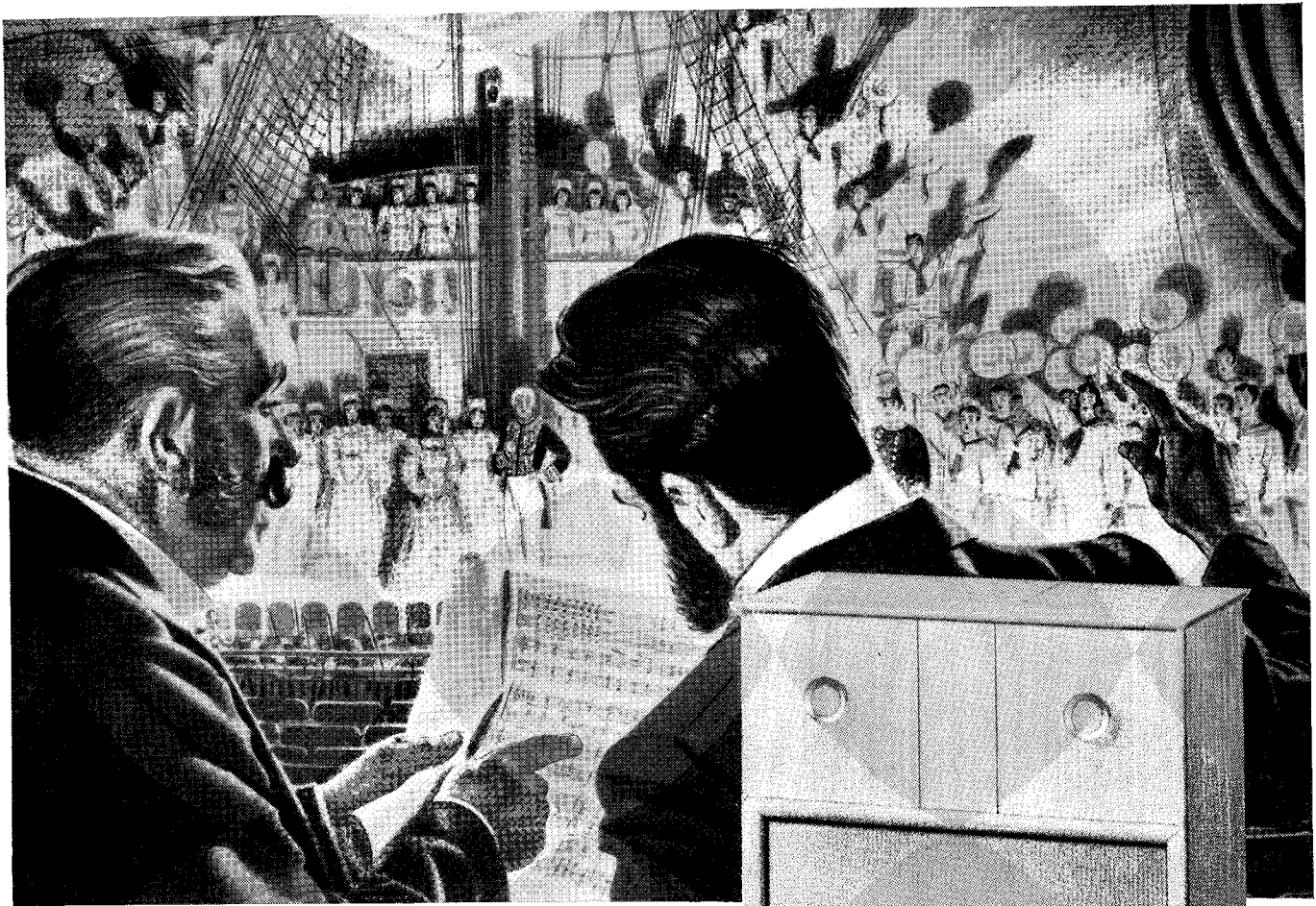
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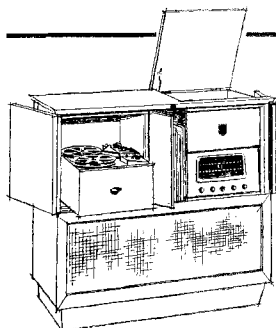
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OLD CROW ALMANAC

FALL
1954

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and information of general use and interest.

Published to inform and delight whiskey
fanciers among farmers and city-folk alike.

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Senator Henry Clay's Punch Recipe For Congenial Gatherings

WHAT HENRY CLAY didn't know about politicking you could put on the tail of a coonskin cap. He knew well how to win folks over to his camp and he won them over best when they could partake of some of his famous Kentucky hospitality. This included a special punch he conjured up himself, which went as follows:

Sen. Clay's Kentucky Punch
2 gals. of water 1 qt. gum-arabic
2 gals. Jas. Crow's Bourbon Whiskey
2 ounces time of orange peel
2 ounces time of lemon peel
1 ounce time of gentian
1/4 ounce time of caradmand
April 20, 1871

Fun is the pepper-
and-salt of everyday
life, and all the really
wise men who have
lived have used it
freely for seasoning.
—JOSH BILLINGS



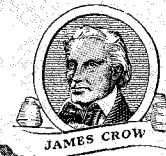
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A TOAST

Here's to the three
great American birds!
May you always have one
on your table, one in your
pocket and one in your glass
—the turkey, the eagle, and
Old Crow!



The Moon and Time for Good Whiskey-Making

IN THE old Kentucky frontier days everyone went around saying:

"Mix your mash in the
moon's first quarter,
And your whiskey will taste
just like it oughter."

Of course, if there was spell of cloudy weather that hid the moon's first quarter, no whiskey got made that month. Which was probably a good thing, because most distillations in those days were fit to fill neither cup nor watering trough.

To all of this moon-made uncertainty, James Crow put an end in 1835 when he brought pure science to the art of whiskey-making, and established Kentucky whiskey as the finest made.

Plough deep while sluggards
sleep, and you shall have corn
to sell and to keep.
—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



A Confederate General's Letter

GEN. JOHN HUNT MORGAN, in time of peace a southern gentleman, in time of war leader of Morgan's Raiders, once wrote a friend: "Let me know how I can get some Old Crow whiskey to you. The return mail will carry you a demijohn..."

(John Hunt Morgan to Dr. Henry Fox, Lexington, Ky., 2 Jul. '58.)

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